

“Where Chinese Drive.”

“WHERE CHINESES DRIVE.”

ENGLISH STUDENT-LIFE AT PEKING.

BY

A STUDENT INTERPRETER.

*WITH EXAMPLES OF CHINESE BLOCK-PRINTING,
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.*

“from the destined walls
Of Canabdu, -et of Cathoon Can”
Par. Lost, xi

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學者明
才辯不為
不多而卒
傳其道乃
質魯之人
爾

Ch'êng-tzŭ Comm. on Lun Yŭ, xi. 17.

“Among the Students there was certainly no want of men of intelligence and ability; yet, after all, the only one who has left us a record of their ways is this dull simple scribbler.”

The same, adapted.

P R E F A C E.

On the Pecho.

DEAR S——,

CH

You complain that I^{AR} never answer your letters, and that when I do I tell you nothing; and you add (it seemed unkind) that I might as well be in England, a home-keeping youth, as before. I meant to refute you, but an uneasy conscience tells me you are not altogether wrong, and insists on a penance—for you, I expect, as well as for myself. Partly to satisfy this desire of yours for some account of my states of being during the last two years, and partly to show you how mistaken you were in wishing for anything of the sort, I send you this. It is but a rough sketch, such as Our Special Artist, when in a hurry, might despatch from the Seat of War, with a “here are houses,” or “insert men and boys,” scrawled over the blank spaces. These you must fill up as you will; and may believe, as you

please, that I agree with Mr. Archibald Forbes in thinking a personal element indispensable, and so introduce my “Bertram” and “O’Hara”—or that, on the other hand, these had their prototypes, sayers and doers, of whom they are shadows. At any rate, take my sketch as a fair representation of Student Life in Peking, from a Student’s point of view—and more than this it is not intended to be. So I shall hope to be pardoned by you, as well for not writing then as for what I have written now.

Yours,

T. A. D.

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"WHERE CHINESES DRIVE."

I. THE FIRST OF CHINESE CHINA.

THE narrow fields that divide the Foreign Settlement from the native city of Tientsin are for a traveller Pekingwards the boundary between two worlds. So far, modern comfort has wrapped him round, modern science has made his path smooth. Each port at which he has touched since he left Europe has been, as it were, a new Europe in miniature—*plus* Asiatics of various shades of yellowness or blackness, who in these places of macadamized roads and gas-lamps and many-storied houses seem far more foreign than the "foreign residents" themselves. Since he reached what is, geographically speaking, China, his days have been spent in Western steamers, Western hotels, Western streets: life in China, Chinese China, he has had no experience of. Once past the floating bridge of boats that crosses the Pei-ho above Tientsin, he will learn more of it. Meanwhile he is waiting in Tientsin, a bale of goods to be forwarded to Peking—for there are good-natured

people in the Consulate who know, as he does not, his wants, and are kind, and will make all ready for his first journey in China.

There is a choice of ways. You may go by road through Ho-hsi-wu; or by boat to T'ungchow, and thence as you will—pony, donkey, cart, canal—to Peking. The road journey has been done on horseback, with relays of ponies, in a few hours: with a cart, or on a cart, however, it takes two or three days. The carts (of which more anon) are small, and so travellers with heavy luggage avoid them; the roads are—unspeakable, hence people with ideas of comfort go by river. But whichever route they choose, they must lay in a stock of provisions (unless their digestions are powerful and their sensibilities not at all acute, in which case they may trust to chance Chinese provender), and further take with them bedding, and, if the weather is warm, mosquito curtains. There are foreign stores in Tientsin where almost every conceivable eatable can be had potted or tinned. Of these, not the least important are butter and milk, for milch-cows are rare in the north, and of churns there are few or none, as the natives themselves would have no use for them. Besides these, a few tins of soup and of sausages will help to break the monotony of insipid chicken and flavourless mutton that else makes meal-time uninteresting on the road. A cask of water is indispensable, a few loaves of bread advisable (Chinese bread is like a suet-pudding that has got itself baked by mistake, and is somewhat underdone at that). Knives, forks, plates, and glasses, are luxuries. Many have done the journey with only a

clasp-knife, a series of Chinese bowls, and that curious earthenware spoon which the people here go in for, and which resembles nothing so much as a sauce-boat.

So far I have got along, in a halting sort of way, without a single "I," but it has been difficult enough; whether through want of practice in this sort of journal-making, or through excess of egotism, I cannot say. But now I think I shall drop the impersonal. And, after all, there is a sameness in this journey that will allow any traveller to consider himself a type, and his experiences those of nine-tenths of the people who go up the Pei-ho to Peking. For I chose (or rather I followed the advice given me in Tientsin) to go by boat. As I knew nothing of the language or of the ways of the country, it was necessary to have some kind of interpreter and guide. They have any quantity on stock at Tientsin—"boys" who speak a little English, or what does duty for English among the Chinese—and can cook, and have done the same by many of one's predecessors. Their fee for the whole business is five dollars. My boy was named Yung erh—Yung No. 2, the second in the Yung family (as I discovered later on)—and he was not a boy in any ordinary sense of the word at all, as he owned to thirty-five. I fancy he was a good average boy—but the subject of boys generally we will postpone, as it is of too great importance to be treated parenthetically. Somebody was kind enough to hire a boat for me and to see my luggage on board. We started at about six in the afternoon. As I had very little else to do for the next four days but study the ways of house-boats in general and of mine in parti-

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cular, I "was enabled to make a few observations" on them, which, if you do not take any keen interest in boats, you will indulgently omit.

The house-boats on the Pei-ho are for the most part some thirty-five feet long and about six feet at the greatest breadth. Two-fifths, or one half of the length, is taken up by the "house," one-fifth at the stem is given to the steersman, and some two-fifths form a deck from which to work the sweeps at the bows. The roof of the cabin is three feet or so above the level of this deck, its floor, two or three feet below. The house is usually divided into three compartments, some eight, six, and four feet long respectively. The first is the sitting-room, furnished with a clumsy square table, a wooden chair or two, and a square stool. It is entered from the deck, and one has to squeeze through the first two feet, and drop down the second—unless some more considerate boat-owner has provided a pair of steps. This entrance—door you cannot call it—of six feet by three, is further divided by the mast, or the pole to which the towing-line is attached, as the case may be, and can be closed by shutters fitting in a groove. The sides of the room have also their shutters, mere varnished planks (if the varnish is fresh and the day hot, a headache is hard to avoid), numbered according to the side, right or left. Sometimes lattice-work, in the common rectangular pattern and covered with paper, is added; rarely a little pane or two of Canton glass takes the place of the paper in the centre of the pattern. The next room is the sleeping-compartment. Nearly its whole length is taken up by a wooden platform a foot

and a half high, intended to serve as a bed. In an ordinary boat there is little or no division between these two rooms: in a slightly larger and more ornamental one, latticed panels with little doors, glazed and curtained, separate them. There is a similar division between the sleeping-room and the little ^{one} behind—reserved to boys and cooks, and ^{some} are ^{so} not describable. The arched roof of the ^{estate} to ^{jump} stretched on a framework of ⁱⁿ their shoulder ^{batting} ^{ropes} of matting encumber the top, with punt-poles, tow ropes, oars, and the like. If the wind is adverse the mast is unshipped, and lies clumsy and bepitched along the length of the roof, projecting each way to stern and bows.

The boat is moved by sail, or by scull and sweeps, or by punt-pole, or by towing line. The sails are of matting or canvas, large, not unpicturesque against a red sky, with horizontal battens of bamboo to every ten inches of height. The sweeps are made in two pieces, a pole of some five feet, to which is riveted a flat board for a blade. They are worked in a whole and pin, the pin sunk in a socket, and movable, oar and all, in one piece at pleasure. As Chinamen, they say, must do everything backwards (this, like most epigrammatic

strictly speaking, row. To help his wrist he has a transverse bit of wood fixed to the handle of his sweep, making it look like the handle of a spade. The oarsman on the bow-side strokes. Not that 'Two keeps time: he is most aggressively independent, and this

absence of combined action affects one's equilibrium seriously at times. There may be but one oarsman, assisted by a man at the stern who works a huge scull of triangular shape, and, considering its clumsiness, works it well. The punt-poles are very long, with spike and hook at one end and spade-handle at the other. They are worked from the shoulder, the punter running barefoot along a narrow ledge outside the house. The towing-line passes over a pulley at the mast-head, or at the head of the spar set up for the purpose, and can be paid out to any reasonable length. It is in two pieces at least, a knot at the end of one line fitting into a loop at the end of another. This extensibility and divisibility are made necessary by the nature of the river. The Pei-ho would out-Meander Meander. One minute you are sailing N.E.; a bend, and you turn S.; presently S.W.; then with a sharp curve half round the compass again.

For, as the soil between Peking and the sea is but a series of layers of dry mud, without stones to give it even a decent sort of coherence, the stream finds no difficulty in changing its course at will. The spring floods will wash down a hundred feet of earth, to presently carry it to the other shore. A long low bank is formed, rising daily. Next spring it will be covered with weeds; another year, and it may pay taxes as good corn-land. Meanwhile, two parties are dissatisfied, doubtless: the farmer whose land the river has filched, and the tracker who on one shore finds his towing-path gone, and on the other has to make a long *détour*, and pull a boat a

a case the boat may be in shore one minute, the towing-line shortened to a few feet: a curve in the river, and the trackers start off running, while the line is rapidly given out by the steersman. Every now and then the trackers will avoid such a curve by fording the stream, the water up to their necks. And if the boat get aground, as often happens where there are so many sand-banks, the boatmen never hesitate to jump into the river and shove her off with their shoulders. The crew of an ordinary house-boat consists of four men as a rule. Two will be on shore tracking, one at the rudder, and the fourth with a long punt-pole, sounding the depth of the water and staying off passing vessels. Here the noose and knot come in: there is no time, or room, perhaps, for one boat to sink her towing-line when meeting another, as our bargees do. There is no trouble, though; the man at the bows with his punt-pole hooks hold of his own line, unlooses the knot, and waits. The boats passed, the line is flung on board again, and the knot refastened. . . . But I am losing myself in my subject.

We pushed off, as I said, about 6 o'clock, and for a long distance had to make our way through a crowd of junks of all sizes that lay above the Customs' barrier—below which alone are steamers allowed to ply. The Chinese do not go in for a harbour-master, apparently, for to my inexperience there seemed to be no opening among the shipping. But my master-boatman was equal to the occasion. Seizing the long punt-pole, and watching his opportunity, he would stick the hook into any part of a neighbouring boat that came handy, and

by dint of pulling and pushing, squeeze through. The men on the other boats did not seem to mind a bit; even when they were going in the same direction as ourselves, and we hooked on to them, they were perfectly apathetic, as long as the pole avoided their bare legs. So we managed to get along, past the entrance of the Grand Canal and the ruins of the French cathedral, past innumerable dirty mud-huts crowning dirtier mud-banks, through two floating bridges formed of barges—it was such a bridge that was removed to cut off the escape of their victims by the mob on Midsummer Day, 1870—till at last we got clear of the filthy town. A strong breeze sprang up, the sail was set, and the boatmen.

dark, and my boy lit the paper lamp that hung ju inside my cabin, and prepared dinner. I never could make out how he managed to cook, and to cook so well, in the little square box, for it is nothing better than does duty as a galley. But even with his cookery I dined in very picnic fashion, with my one knife and fork, a cup for a glass, salt and pepper on little squares of paper, and minus most things else. The table was only two feet square, and very rickety, and presently the breeze dropped and the boatmen took to sculling out of time, whereby I lost half my soup.

In another hour or so we anchored for the night. My boy had made up a bed in the inner cabin with a railway rug and some blankets, and so I should have been comfortable enough if it had not been for the mosquitoes. And just before I put my lantern out I caught

sight of a cockroach, watching my movements with great apparent interest. I went for that cockroach, but he slipped into corners and avoided me, and I gave him up finally, and turned in with an uneasy sense of his presence. I soon had a very uneasy sense of the presence of the mosquitoes, and at last I got up—no knowing then that China boys are accustomed to bein waked at all hours, and thinking I would not disturb the poor fellow's slumbers—and tumbled out the cloth from a trunk until I came across a mosquito net I had providentially brought with me. After several unsuccessful attempts to hang it up, I opened my umbrella and spread it over that, then crept underneath and slept unbitten. I found the mangled corpse of the cockroach under me when I woke up.

However, I was better off than others were, who had to spend the night on long cane chairs, exposed in rear as well as in front, to the mosquitoes. They preferred not to sit down for some days afterwards. When two or three men are coming up together it is usual to have a separate boat for the cook's galley and the boys. The system has its disadvantages. You are in one boat, your friend in another, and your provisions in the third. You agree to breakfast together. The next morning you wake up, feel hungry, and go on deck. No boats are to be seen, and you do not understand the language. You yell to attract attention. It makes you hungrier. Then you get excited and land, and rush frantically down stream. After a mile or two, you come to a good straight reach and see that they are not there, and return hurriedly and find all three boats lashed toge-

ther and your friend smoking a cigarette and apologising. He had waited round the bend just up stream for you an hour or more; everything was getting cold, and he was hungry and so fell to. Why had I gone off down south in such a hurry? . . .

These bends in the river are trying to one's patience at the best of times. If you are anxious to get to your journey's end, and learn from your boy that it is only ten miles off, you feel happy, and go on with your novel. Then you look up and see among the fields a sail moving along in the opposite direction: beyond that, again, is a mast proceeding in the same way as yourself. The effect of the sail and mast among the crops is so peculiar that at first you do not begin to draw deductions from it. When you do, you anxiously cross-examine your boy, and learn that his ten miles mean ten miles by road: by river, it is nearly forty, and you cannot be in till to-morrow.

Life on a house-boat is rather monotonous at any time; but when it rains, one must be divinely philosophical to take any interest in it at all, until the rain rouses you to a keen sense of disgust by trickling through the roof and running down your neck, as it is pretty sure to do. I suppose it is my luck, but if there is a leak anywhere it is certain to be over my chair or my pillow, according as the rain comes on in the daytime or at night. Meanwhile the boatmen have all burrowed under the planks of the fore-deck, into a hold about six feet by three or four—and yet when the storm is over they do not seem flattened much more than usual.

When several men are going up stream together, they can get up some sort of diversion by tossing their empty tins or bottles into the river, and having shots at them with revolvers as they pass. The anxiety of the boatmen to secure the bottles, which are in great demand among the Chinese, and their joy and satisfaction when these have run the gauntlet safely (as they usually do) and are netted by the last man, cause a faint glow of excitement, while the judicious calculation of probabilities affords satisfaction to a mathematical mind, as one man put it who had made dollars by taking odds on the bottles. Sometimes some more fortunate traveller will meet with at least the promise of an adventure. On his way up to Peking, a few years ago, one of the then students left his cabin to see what was happening, for his house-boat had come to a stand-still, and the boatmen were evidently excited about something. Looking out, he saw two or three boats jammed together across the stream. On the bows of one of them stood a foreigner, his left hand covered with blood, while he was striking wildly at the water with a hanger. When the student had composed himself sufficiently to make inquiries, the other explained that his towing-line had got mixed up somehow with a barge, and in trying to get it loose he had cut his hand; he thought it would save time if he were to cut the rope instead. There was nothing much else the matter.

To a sportsman things seem brighter, except perhaps in the middle of summer. For one thing, your true sportsman possesses an amount of patience that passes

any ordinary understanding. For another, the Pei-ho abounds in wild fowl of many kinds, which in their innocence will approach near enough to the boat to be comfortably shot. On shore there are occasionally hares: pigeons, always and everywhere. The Chinese have a barbarian ignorance (may it never be enlightened) of the most rudimentary game laws, and they regard pigeons as *ferre nature*. You may go into what passes as a rick-yard in North China, and tumble over a score of them, while the farmer looks on unconcerned. If he objects at all, he does it apologetically. Paley shot a lot one day in the street, in front of (what we should consider) the owner's house. The man puffed away at his pipe in silence till the twenty-first bird dropped. Then he suggested mildly that his honour—Paley—had had a good time, and, as there were only four or five birds remaining now, perhaps it would be as well to leave them to go on with. They would rear a new brood for his honour's shooting next year.

As I was all alone, I was glad to meet with fine weather as a rule. When that obtained I spent most of my time on shore. It is very easy to keep pace with a boat, even going down stream, for there are any amount of short cuts to be taken. It is a little awkward, though, when you are a stranger in the land, to take what you think is a short cut, and presently find yourself stranded in a field of *lao liang*—millet twelve or fourteen feet high—with no apparent path through it, and the only way open to you to retrace your steps a mile or so. After this you humbly keep to the tow-path. This varies in breadth as much as the river, being now

a cart-road, now a bridle-track, now a mere path trampled through the crops; for, as I said, the river will every now and then wash down yards of bank, crops and all, and new paths have to be trodden out. The country near the river is generally carefully cultivated, rather in the market-garden style for the most part. The fields are watered from the river by means of an ingenious machine which, I believe, has been often described—a wooden trough inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, in which works an endless chain with flat boards attached at right angles. These, as they revolve round the pulleys at each end, lift the water to the head of the trough, whence it flows into the channels prepared for it. The machine is worked by a treadle, and more nearly resembles the paddle-wheel of a steamer than anything else I can think of just now. Besides this method of raising water, they use a bucket swung between two men, or an ordinary well-bucket and windlass. Suction-pumps are apparently unknown.

There is, as a rule, little to distinguish one field from its neighbour: a tiny ditch, a low earthen mound, a meagre line of plants of a different kind from the crops they enclose, or small stone pillars, four-square, with inscriptions in red or black, serve for boundary marks. These last form the usual delimits of the graveyards, so many of which are to be seen about here. I think it is Fortune who draws attention to the beauty of some of the cemeteries: one in particular, planted with silver pines, and ornamented with the stone pillar on the back of a tortoise that serves as a token of Imperial regard for the dead. In parts the country was exceedingly

pretty. The river wound about among waving crops, and in the distance, and often approaching nearly to the bank, were clumps of green trees. One reach I noticed of peculiar beauty. The stream flowed straight for a quarter of a mile, and then turned abruptly to the left. The background was formed by a semi-circle of trees standing out against the sky, and round the bend a boat was slowly passing. On the right a long line of grey barges was moored, for it was evening, and from two of them hung the red flag of their banner lazily flapping in the light breeze. That little patch of red had a wonderful effect in lighting up the picture. But I did not mean to weary you with descriptions of scenery or of Pechili husbandry.

I woke early on the second day of my journey, and found the boat still moored, so stripped and took a header off the side. Chinamen as a rule do not go in in this way, it would seem; for when I came up I heard a shout, and saw my boatman getting out his punt-pole, under the idea that I had fallen overboard, I suppose. I had no fancy to be hooked, and avoided him. But I was glad to call to him when trying to get on board again, for the boat drew little water and the stream was strong. This time he did not offer to use the hook, but caught hold of my hands, missed his footing, and tumbled backwards. I kept hold, and floundered on deck in a most undignified way. I resolved not to bathe from a house-boat again without a rope-ladder.

The yokes the trackers wear would do capitally for this. They are simply flat pieces of wood with ropes at each end, and easily adjustable to the towing-line.

There were never more than three of the trackers pulling at my boat at a time, but some of the heavy grain-junks going up stream require twenty or thirty. We saw many of these junks with their little yellow flags inscribed with the town of Kiangsu or Chekiang, from which the grain they carried had come. Sometimes we met a large ark-like structure, quaintly built in stories of a dark reddish wood, and apparently the house-boat of some person of condition. The people on board would stare at me, but calmly, for Europeans are no rarity now on the river. The faces of the women, whose curiosity one would expect to be a little more stirred, showed even less emotion; but then the thick coat of paint they wore hardly gave expression a fair chance.

But to go back to bathing. The Pei-ho is not a tempting river for a swim. The waters are thickly charged with mud, and are often quite yellow. Then the current is strong, and there are unexpected holes and eddies. But in parts the bottom is of fine sand, and the depth between four and five feet for a mile or more, as I have ascertained by walking or swimming after a boat going down stream. This yellowness of the waters has a curious effect sometimes. The sky is a bright blue, and just where sky and river seem to meet is a line of pale green. It seems so natural at first that you believe it really is due to the mixture of colours, and make a note to that effect, which is crossed out presently when you find it is only the fresh green of the young crops on a low bank. It is because of the badness of the river-water that it is necessary to

take a cask of fresh water from Tientsin to Peking. Otherwise the allotted peck of dirt would be unfairly exceeded, and that long before you reached T'ungchow. Yet the boatmen, when they are thirsty, do not hesitate to scoop up water from the river and drink it. And believe our troops in the campaign of 1860 drank it though usually after the earth had been precipitated by stirring the water with an alum-stick.

The four or five days I spent on board were passed in very much the same way. I rose, breakfasted, went for a walk on shore, and counted the hours till tiffin-time; tiffined, read, and counted the hours till dinner-time; dined, smoked, and calculated how soon I could with propriety go to bed. We anchored at the half-way stage on the evening of the third day. It was simply a collection of wretched wood-yards perched on a high mud-bank, and over-run with pigs and children, both very inquisitive; so I put up my shutters and set in dignified silence till they all left, then I went to bed. We reached T'ungchow two days afterwards in the early morning. The river flows parallel to the town wall in a straight reach of nearly a mile, I should say. It was very narrow here, and almost all the available space was, as at Tientsin, crowded with barges of all sizes, their flags showing a marvellous variety of shapes and colours. My boatman shoved good-humouredly through, and finally came to anchor alongside what would, if the place were a foreign settlement, be the hotel, but which is now only a stretch of ditty common. Here I found carts waiting, some thoughtful person in the legation having sent them to meet me.

A Peking cart is a study in itself. Imagine a box about four feet long and three feet square, with an arched roof (a large American over-land trunk with one of the smaller sides taken out would be very near it), fastened securely to two beams eight inches or so thick, and projecting some two feet in one direction and five feet in the other. The whole is to be supported on a pair of wooden wheels in iron tires, and to be drawn by a mule or dilapidated pony. Such are the main features of a Peking cart. The projection behind of what in front forms the shaft is made, by means of cross-pieces, into a sort of shelf, on which luggage may be strapped. They call it the "cart's-tail" in Peking. Most carts have little windows on each side covered with gauze, or sometimes glazed. Outside are often little shutters hinged to the roof, and in front, in hot or rainy weather, is an awning stretched from the roof over the mule's head, where it is supported by a couple of sticks. The driver sits on the left on the splash-board, or runs alongside. They are most awkward arrangements to get into. You have to first sit on the shaft, then wriggle yourself into the cart backwards. When you are inside you find only a mattress, no seats of any kind, and so, like a tailor or a turbaned Turk, you squat cross-legged. But the torture endured until you get used to it and hardened and callous! The roads are terrible, a succession of ruts and deep puddles, and the cart has no springs (they would be broken in ten minutes if it had), and goes lumbering along, first bumping into a hole, then rolling over an unexpected stone, until the wretched traveller, his head flung against on each side, and his elbows

livid with bruises, loses patience and prefers to walk. In one of the earlier embassies, Lord Amherst's, I think it was, an unfortunate man who was not strong enough to ride or walk was conveyed in one of these affairs, and, being too weak to keep his head from striking against the sides of the cart, suffered in consequence severe concussion of the brain. But, of course, the inventor of the thing ran no danger of that sort, and did not think it necessary to allow for remote contingencies. His fellow-countrymen appreciate his invention; you will see two, or even three, fat Chinamen jammed into a cart, and smoking or reading, and apparently having a good time. I did not, however, anticipate anything of the sort for myself, and decided to go on foot.

We left the boat about eight in the morning and passed through part of the town, with narrow filthy streets and open drains, then under the crumbling city walls into the country. Here I formed my first views on the subject of Chinese high-roads. Those I saw looked more like dried-up water-courses than anything else when they ran between banks, and like pools, fens, quagmires, marshes, anything dirty and stagnant, when the country was level. Indeed a high-road in North China is never, except perhaps by an unwary or thoughtless foreigner, put to what we should consider its legitimate use. The neighbouring husbandmen build small mud dykes across it, to prevent the rain-water from running off. When the ponds thus formed are not used for irrigating the fields, they are stocked with fish. Owing to this perverse habit my carts were often obliged to make a *détour* of three sides of a square, to strike the

road again fifty yards higher up. And so we wound about the country much like the Pei-ho: and though it was only supposed to be thirteen miles or so to Peking, I must have walked twenty at least. If I remember rightly, Mrs. Muter (in her *Travels*) says that she had to spend the night outside the walls of Peking, because, although her friends had told her that it was less than fourteen miles from T'ungchow, they forgot to say that it took more than seven hours to do.

In spite of the roads, perhaps in consequence of them, the country is often very pretty. Certainly it is flat, but there are plenty of trees planted along the paths or about the tombs. These are numerous, from the unpretending mound of earth in the middle of a grain-field to the mausoleum walled round and guarded at its entrance by a pair of stone lions. A common form of cemetery is a mean between these. In the centre of the space and lying back from the entrance is a large plastered mound, or sometimes a pair of them. On each side of them are ranged smaller mounds, the graves of the descendants of the man entombed in the larger one, I presume. The whole is surrounded by funereal-looking trees planted symmetrically. Sometimes a semi-circular wall of earth forms the background, but this is the only approach I saw to the omega-shaped tombs so common in the south.

This is fortunate, perhaps, for the cross-country traveller. It was at one of the southern ports, Foochow or Amoy, I forget which, that a man went out, it is said, with a gun and some hope of sport. The hillside along which he was walking was covered with graves, then

overgrown with grass. Presently the attendant Chinaman saw his master disappear, and heard muffled shouts for help. Peering cautiously through the grass he found him entombed; and as the lively struggles he was making showed that he was not exactly resigned to his condition, the coolie tried to get him out. When all his efforts were in vain, he shouted to some rustics near to come and assist. They tried with a rope for half an hour or so, but scarcely moved him. Finally they annexed the rope to a neighbouring water-buffalo. But the buffalo declined to stir and stood lazily flapping the flies off with his tail, and ruminating generally. All was despair, when the sportsman's gun, which he had fortunately kept hold of all the time, slipped, and, going off, lodged a charge of shot in the buffalo just where *St. Gengulphus'* foot, in the legend, caught the foul demon. Then both buffalo and man were moved—across country—rather too abruptly, perhaps, for comfort; but any excitement is pleasing after the monotony of two hours confinement in a second-hand grave.

It was just after passing one of the family tombs I was speaking of that I came across the prettiest bit on the way. The road ran through a green dell, and on each side were trees with hanging foliage, and right in front lay a sedgy pool that just caught the flickering sunlight through the leaves. The carters had no room in their soul for beauty: a sedgy pool was a sedgy pool to them—a thing to provoke bad language and to give them an extra quarter of a mile to go over. Presently, two miles or so from Tungchow, we hit upon the old high-road to Peking. It runs in almost a straight line

for forty or nearly fifteen miles, and is paved with large blocks of stone. It may have been of great service once, but now, like all public works in China, it has fallen into disrepair, and there are great gaping ruts between the blocks that are filled with mud in wet weather. If the cart-wheel stick in one of these it is more than the mule and carter between them can do to get it out, and a long delay is caused by the carter going

to get it out. As it requires no little skill and patience the carters leave the high-road, preferring a swamp to the broken pavement. While we were on this road we turned into a village hostel to breakfast. The inn consisted merely of a few rooms on each side of the entrance to a yard, and exposed to the full view of passers-by. As it was nearly noon, there were plenty of these; and, as I was a foreigner, they stopped to see me eat. My boy prepared breakfast from what he had brought with him, but I had sent back the things I borrowed from Tientsin, and may be I did not impress the natives with Western ways as much as I could wish. I had only a clasp-knife and my fingers to take my food with. However, they looked with interest, and seemed pleased when I cut up a Bologna sausage and handed the slices round on the point of my knife, with due regard to solemnity. The first nibbled cautiously at it, then passed it to a friend to taste. He tried it, and exclaiming "It's most" finished it at a bite. On the whole they were not ill-mannered, and certainly seemed good-humoured, as almost all the northern Chinese are. Soon afterwards we left the stone road, and struck

into the country. After winding about through fields and narrow lanes till nearly four o'clock, we found ourselves suddenly close to the wall of Peking. We entered the Southern or Chinese City by the Tung-pien Mén, or East Wicket, then turned to the right under the wall that divides the Northern or Tartar or Inner City (so many names has it among foreigners) from the Southern or Outer. Between this wall and what was intended doubtless for the city moat, but which is now little better, if any, than a sewer, is a bare tract of sand. This, I found afterwards, intervenes with but few exceptions between the wall and the moat all round the city. On this occasion I went along it only till I reached the Ha-ta Mén (the "Ha-ta Gate") where we entered the Northern City. All the gates of this city are surrounded by a bastion, in which there is an outer entrance—there are three in the bastion guarding the Ch'ien Mén or "Front Gate," in the centre of the south wall. After entering the Tartar City we presently turned to the left along what is known to the Europeans here as "Legation Street," past the French and German Legations to the "Central Imperial Canal Bridge,"—a bridge formed of large slabs of stone that once had, but has long lost, its parapets. It crosses a stream which enters Peking in the north-west, drains the ornamental waters of the Imperial City, and flows under the south wall of the Tartar City into the moat. Along the west bank of the stream runs a bye-road, north and south—at right angles to Legation Street consequently—and in this stands the British Legation.

II. EUROPEAN PEKING: EARLY DUTIES.

I do not mean to inflict on you a long and elaborate description of the city of Peking, or show erudition by an historical sketch in which Marco Polo and Sir George Staunton shall figure largely. (To be honest, I might, if I were sure of my dates.) It will be sufficient to remind you that the city is built with its walls facing the four points of the compass, and that all the main streets and nearly all the *ku-t'ungs*, or alleys, are parallel to the walls: in other words, run either north and south, or east and west. This has an important bearing on life in Peking, as it considerably simplifies the problem of how to find one's way about.

I said just now that the British Legation faces a bye-road running north along the so-called Imperial Canal. This last had once a substantial stone embankment; but that has fallen down in many parts, or been covered up, and now in the dry season the canal is a succession of filthy pools, dwindling daily, and exposing the mud and refuse that have accumulated there for years. In the rainy season, or when the flood-gates are opened to draw off the water from the

Imperial City, it is a little better; but there is never much current and always plenty of mud. The half-dozen Peking ducks which Ellerby had rashly promised to escort down south used to swim about in this canal, his boy and coolie relieving guard over them. Ellerby was much exercised about these ducks and the proper way to take them down the river. I am afraid to say how many treatises on natural history and the rearing of poultry he got through at this time: but he finally left, uncertain whether the right thing was to tie string to the ducks and let them swim down behind his house-boat, or to keep them in a pen on board, and land at intervals to give them walking exercise.

Some 600 yards north of the Central Bridge is another, known as the "Northern Imperial Canal Bridge," and it is between these, with a frontage of from 300 to 350 yards, that the British Legation stands. The compound forms an oblong of which the shorter side is about 130 yards long. On the north it is shut in by the Han-lin College; on the west for the greater part of its length by the Lüan K'u, or, as we called it, the "Imperial Carriage Park." South of this, still on the western side, is a bare space occupied in winter by Mongol traders, and known in consequence as the "Mongol Market." On the south side, a congeries of little Chinese shops. The whole is surrounded by a massive wall, which on the west, as being the wall of the Carriage Park and enclosing Imperial ground, is topped with yellow tiles. The principal gate of the Legation is in the centre of the eastern side, facing the canal. The gate-house has an upper story surmounted by a

flag-staff, and carrying the royal arms—the object of much admiring criticism on the part of stray Mongols and others, whom I have seen standing for many minutes gazing at them.

Entering the gate, on the right-hand are houses for the escort, of whom there are at present four, three of them married; on the left, the Second Secretaries' house, shaped like a gnomon. The complement of the gnomon is a lawn surrounded by a privet hedge. But lawn and hedge have both a somewhat intermittent appearance, in spite of all the care bestowed upon them. For grass will not grow in Peking, and the genius of the country is opposed to hedging. Close to the northern end of the lawn is a sun-dial, erected by Sir Edward Malet, whose name it bears. Beyond it is a well, and right opposite these—quite against the rules of *feng-shui*, the Chinese say—is the series of pavilions or halls that lead up to the Minister's residence.

This, with its approaches and out-buildings, occupies nearly a quarter of the Legation, and is the most striking feature of it. It faces south, as I have said, and is consequently at right angles to the gate. The whole of the northern part of the Legation was, before it was made over for the use of the British Minister after the campaign of 1860, the *fu*, or mansion of the Duke Liang. (It is now known as Ying-kuo Fu, 'the English fu,' but it is still sometimes described by its old name of Liang-kung Fu, 'the fu of Duke Liang.') Most of the main buildings, with the entrance-halls and pavilions, were preserved, and either restored, or adapted

to the requirements of a modern house. And so it comes that the two outer pavilions I spoke of above are altogether Chinese, though they are kept in a state of repair seldom seen in Chinese buildings. They consist each of two side walls of stone supporting the tent-like roof of tiles so characteristic of Chinese architecture. The tiles in this case are grey but with a border of green: the ridge of the roof too is green, and the whole is supported by wooden pillars, plastered, and painted vermilion. But the chief beauty of the pavilions is the wonderful emblazoning of the eaves. These are coloured in red and gold and green and dead blue, and do not look in the least gaudy, but altogether in harmony with the general design. They are protected from sparrow and swallow by an almost invisible wire netting. Through the pavilions runs a raised pathway of stone, to the foot of a flight of steps that lead up to the reception-room. On each side of the outer pavilion is placed a huge stone lion. Standing between these and looking towards the Minister's house, the full effect of this beautiful approach is seen; for the level of the floor of the first pavilion is a little higher than that of the second, and this again than the ground.

Properly there should be side buildings at right angles to these halls; but one of these has been replaced by a house for the escort, and one, that on the west, by the chapel, a small, not very ornamental erection. Opposite the chapel is a house, now occupied by the doctor; behind this, again, is the Chinese Secretary's house. The path, or road—for it is broad enough to be called so—between the doctor's quarters and the

chapel, runs south, past the Assistant Chinese Secretary's garden, the accountant's house, the little surgery and the stables, to the office, or Chancellerie, as it was called on State occasions. South of the office is the house of the First Secretary.

This portion of the compound has changed hands several times. In 1861 it was squatted upon* by some Prussian diplomatists, greatly to the distress of the Chinese Government, who insisted on their leaving Peking at once. The representatives of the then Treaty Powers offered to vouch for the respectability of Prussia as a country, but the Chinese insisted; and the Prussians finally left with the understanding, presently embodied in their treaty, that they were not to return for five years. The site was then purchased by the British Government for \$5,000 and occupied by Mr. Lockhart's Missionary Hospital. A few years later, the hospital was removed to the Ha-ta Mèn Street, and the Prussians (or rather Germans) came back, to presently transfer themselves and their new Legation to the much more spacious quarters which they now occupy on the south side of Legation Street. For the northern half of the British Legation, a rent of 1,500 taels, or between £400 and £500, is paid into the Tsung-li Yamèn (the Chinese Foreign Office) every year. It is the duty of the senior student to make this payment, and, in order that he might appear at the Yamèn respectably attired, a box-hat was, it is said, provided sometime about 1861, and is still at his disposal. But it is not often worn.

* See Dr. Rennie, *Peking and Pekingese*, vol. i. pp. 237-39.

North of the doctor's house is the Fives Court. From this, under the wall of the Carriage Park, runs the Bowling Alley. Opposite the Fives Court, again, is a converted Chinese building, now divided into a billiard-room, a reading-room, and a small stage. North of this are the garden and buildings of the Students' Quarters.

The Quarters consist of a long row facing south, having an upper story, and containing ten sets of rooms, five above and five below. The whole block is in the common style of foreign architecture out here, with verandah and balcony. Each set consists of a sitting-room about fourteen feet by ten, with a small store-closet, a bed-room, say ten feet square, and a bath-room. In the upper rooms the store-closet becomes a cupboard, the bath-room being lengthened to allow the door to open on the stair-head. There is a stern disregard of ornament in the interiors at any rate, but they were comfortable enough on the whole. The partition walls might have been thicker, but they were better than the lath and plaster affairs in the old quarters. There they used to request you to draw the charges of your revolver before you began to work, lest you should take to relieving your bewildered brain and suppressed energy by sending a bullet through the rooms, as one man did. They explained that such conduct was apt to make them nervous and to unsettle their minds.

For some men's minds are so easily unsettled. Horton, like the poet Gray, had a dread of fire that commended itself to the funsters of his day. He was

awakened one dark winter's night by a banging at his door, accompanied by an evil smell, as of things burning, and a *crescendo* yell of "Fire!" He rushed barefoot into the passage, and was met by a sudden flame and cries of "Up-stairs, for your life!" so flew up-stairs, his night-shirt—for he had not then approved *pyjamas*—streaming behind him and flapping against his shanks. Arrived at the end of the balcony, the cold (there were twenty-four degrees of frost that night), and a quarter of an hour's reflection, made him consider that after all it was somewhat feeble to come up-stairs, seeing that it is the nature of fire to ascend; so he fearfully made his way down again. There, seeing no signs of fire, he sadly went back to his warm bed. He waded through a heap of charred brown paper to his door, only to find it locked. . . . It took Horton and the coolie and his boy nearly half an hour to effect a burglarious entry through his bath-room window: but it will take a whole brigade and at least one hose to persuade him to leave his bed again in any undue hurry.

The only furniture supplied us is, in the bed-room, a bed (a capital one), a chest of drawers (with a looking-glass), and a wash-hand stand; in the sitting-room, three cane-bottomed office chairs. This being so, the new student has to look about for means and ways of procuring furniture. If he has come just after a senior man has left, he can take over the latter's movables, and both are fortunate. Otherwise, the new comer will have to be content for the present with a Chinese table, a square awkward much-varnished thing, and meanwhile haunt any auctions that may be going on. These are

pretty frequent, though, as the European population of Peking is continually shifting. The only drawback to attendance at the sales is the number of Chinese present, who loll about on the arm-chairs and smoke and make the atmosphere oppressive. It is true they are *bona fide* bidders, but that is no consolation when you have resolved to buy some bath or coal-scuttle, and an obese old Chinaman, who really cannot want them for himself, runs you up.

But certainly there is one advantage to be got from allowing Chinamen to buy at auctions. They will purchase any number of odds and ends on the chance of selling them again piecemeal; and very often you can get a pair of boots or a dozen tins of marmalade much more cheaply at one of the native shops than you could hope to do at a European store, and in quite as good condition.

When several men come to Peking at the same time, as they all want pretty much the same things, and feel that it would be a waste of energy and dollars to run one another up, they usually toss or cut for choice. But chance is too often blind, and an æsthetic man gets let in for a pair of faded green curtains and a lumbering chest of drawers the auctioneer calls a "secretary," while the casual Philistine does the bidding for a dainty five o'clock tea-table which he and his pipe will utterly spoil in a week. The furniture market fluctuated a good deal. At one time there would be a run on desks, till the carpenter caused a glut by over-stocking; then arm-chairs would be at a premium and fetch amazing prices. So great was the demand once that a disap-

pointed bidder would hasten to secure the reversion of a chair in case the owner should leave Peking before him. It was not perhaps altogether pleasant for the owner, who, whenever the other man called to see that the property was not being knocked about too much, would feel like a tenant for life in the presence of the heir-at-law, and look around uneasily for an antimacassar.

A decade ago the students found life monotonous, and took to frequenting auctions, thereby, as they said, doing a kindness to the vendors and encouraging trade generally. Their habit was to run the things cheerfully up, and when they had reached a fair market value, to gracefully retire. Thompson and Newnham were the most constant in their attendance, and displayed the greatest enthusiasm and energy. But in time it came to pall even on them. One day Thompson went round to the sale of the household effects of the Rev. Mr. X., about to return to America with his family. Lot 54 was a rocking-horse, a piebald that had lost its tail. There was someone in the crowd (Thompson could not see who it was from where he stood) evidently anxious to get it, and Thompson thought it was his duty—for the good of the house—to do his best to impress that individual with a proper sense of its value. So he began to bid briskly. The other went on outbidding him. At last, when the thing had reached the respectable sum of \$45⁰⁰, Thompson suddenly desisted. His happiness, and the consciousness of well-doing, emboldened him, and when Lot 63 was put up, he started the bidding. It was for a double perambulator, and, curiously enough, the same man was bidding against him. Thompson,

finding the other plainly bent on getting it, ventured to offer \$50⁰⁰. It was knocked down to him. As he turned sadly away from the house he saw Newnham with a very long face. "Hang it," said Newnham, "I've made a fool of myself." Thompson was too depressed to take advantage of the admission; so Newnham went on, "There was some idiot bidding for a rocking horse—did you notice it, a battered old thing without a tail? I ran him up, of course. And got let in for it—for for-ty-five dollars! Deuce take it. But I had my revenge on the fellow. That perambulator——" Thompson looked at him severely, and they went their several ways.

The result of similar methods of procuring furniture was a curious and instructive mixture of styles. But though variety is charming as a general rule, it has its inconveniences at times. I was sitting in my room surrounded by recent purchases when an old resident called who had lately returned to Peking. After the usual remarks as to the voyage and my impressions of China, he looked round the room and began: "I remember that chair when I was here last—in '70 wasn't it? It belonged to poor Jackson. You've heard of Jackson? No? Cut his throat on it. I always said he was crazy. Why . . ." [Sundry reminiscences of Jackson's eccentric conduct on occasion]. . . . "And you've got that book-case of Keary's! I knew it by the scar: that's where Keary set fire to it. Found him one day with his furniture piled up in the middle of the room (now I come to think of it, I believe it was this very room). He sat on the top of the heap with a

match-box. Said he was going to cremate himself, but the idiotic thing wouldn't light. He was a queer fellow, Keary. A little off his head, perhaps . . ." [Several stories tending to cast doubts on Keary's sanity] . . . "That desk was Lovell's . . ." I may be over-sensitive, and it may not be the fact that the study of Chinese tends to madness or suicide: but I do not care to have my furniture used like the name of Charles XII., and by any casual visitor too. Besides, it gets depressing in time. For the future I shall buy everything brand-new.

But, seriously, it would be a great convenience if the Government, or someone in the Consular Service, would start some system of providing furniture for the rooms of, at any rate, the junior members of the Service, whether at Peking or at the ports. There are several methods in vogue at the Universities, for instance, almost any one of which might be tried. Perhaps on the whole the best system is that by which a yearly payment would be made by the occupier to cover the interest on the original outlay and depreciation in value of the furniture. Or if the original outlay were undertaken by the first occupant, it might be arranged that he should hand over the furniture to his successor at the original cost, minus so much per cent. per annum for depreciation. For convenience sake this last might be fixed at a uniform rate of say 10 per cent. The present system, or rather want of it, is a great trial to a newcomer and the cheerless appearance of his bare rooms most woefully depressing.

But this talk about auctions and furniture had nearly

made me forget that I left off in the middle of my description of the Students' Quarters. I was saying that the row of buildings which contained our rooms faced the south. It formed the north side of a small garden, on the west of which stood our Mess-room and Library: the latter the upper story of the former. The Mess-room was in conception a good room, but it always had a tendency to look dingy. I do not know why. It was fairly large: indeed, we once contrived to sit down forty to dinner. But that required care and a general clearing out of excrescences, such as stoves and sideboards. It was not often that our sideboard was removed; and even when it was unanimously resolved that we should have a blue dado carried round the wall (O'Hara had designed a stencil plate in the Greek pattern), the workman respected the sideboard. When O'Hara, with honest pride, introduced us to the dado, some carping critic discovered that the Chinese artist had carefully followed the lines of the top of the sideboard with a kind of blue aureole. He wanted to have the thing moved, and let us take in the situation completely, and know the worst. But we thought it would pain O'Hara too much, and forbore. And so the sideboard remains a fixture.

The Library was reached from the Mess-room by a side door opening on a flight of stairs. (We used to keep the Mess beer-barrel under this staircase, till someone suggested that it would be more satisfactory to have it under our eyes; besides, it would be handier to get at. So we moved it, and its successors, into the Mess-room.) I believe the architect intended the Library to

be used as a drawing-room, but in these latter days it was very seldom used at all. For one thing, it was bare and cheerless; and when we did make use of it, there had to be a general contribution of arm-chairs, tables, rugs, lamps, pictures, to produce at best a fictitious appearance of permanent comfort. On the east was a balcony; on the west, three windows overlooking the Carriage Park. Round the walls were ranged some old book-shelves. The books had to all appearance been sent out in a lump by some stationer anxious to clear off his superfluous stock, and little interest, consequently, could be taken in them. Two classes excepted: the volumes given by Sir Rutherford Alcock in, I think, 1869, and the books on Chinese subjects. The former (they included many novels) were read and enjoyed; the latter were read—some of them. This last division of the Library was very deficient. The greater part of the books were old tomes, such as *L'Histoire des Huns* or the volumes of Du Mailla; very few of more recent date than the first Chinese war, none, I think (except a single copy of Williams's Dictionary), than the second. This state of things seemed rather anomalous: for we believed that one object held in view by the founders of the Library was to assist us in our work. We were very rash in our judgments of men and things in those days.

Under these circumstances a certain degree of apathy regarding the Library and its contents was not altogether unnatural, perhaps. We were required to appoint a Librarian,* but his election proceeded on much the same lines as a Dutch auction. Gordon at last consented to

accept the office on condition that all rules were at once abolished, and that he was never called on to read any of the books. He received the thanks of the electors, and entered on his duties there and then. Our predecessors were not enthusiastic, we believe, at least not on this point: circumstances were too strong for them, perhaps. Occasionally, it is true, a man of zeal would arise and draw up catalogues and frame rules; but he was not shunned or avoided on that account. People regarded him as a very harmless sort of lunatic.

Ashton used to hold strong opinions on the immorality of borrowing books and not returning them. Fawcett had come round to his rooms to ask him to lend him Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, as he had lost his own. "I know, Jack," said Ashton, as he handed him the book, "that you'll let me have it back. You're not one of those fellows who look on a friend's book as though it were an umbrella, and annex it, and say nothing about it, but just keep it to fill up their own shelves. You see," he explained, "I have a place for all my books, and if one is lost it spoils the general effect." Fawcett said he agreed with him, and took the book. Then Ashton said, "If you don't mind, I'll just write my name in it." Fawcett opened the book at the fly-leaf, but Ashton did not write his name. Because there was another name there already. It was "John Fawcett, with his Father's best wishes."

Gordon as Librarian did not wholly neglect the sphere of his official duties. On one occasion he gave a children's party in the Library; on another, with O'Hara as joint host, a dance. One of the Foreign Ministers

honoured both with his presence, and, among the children, gracefully sank his plenipotential dignity, and joined *con amore* in blind man's buff and hunt the slipper. The ball (in Gordon's presence we thought it more polite to give it a courtesy title) was understood to have been a great success, and we have sunned ourselves since in Gordon's reflected lustre. In fact, we have come to be rather proud of that ball, and to think it highly creditable to the students as a body. In former times such things were of no account from their frequent occurrence; but we were the products of a later and a sadder age. We could not trip it lightly: we were grave and sombre, and therefore the better pleased to be gay by proxy.

On first joining the Mess the student pays an entrance fee of \$25⁰⁰. We contracted with the cook to supply us with breakfast, tiffin, and dinner at 50 cents—1s. 10d. or 1s. 10½d.—a day. All stores, such as condiments, jellies, tea, coffee, we provided ourselves: in regard to wine, each man had a separate account with the cellar. One of us acted as caterer, and another looked after the wine. Our cellar was a small out-house adjoining the kitchen. Just before Paley came up it had fallen in, and annihilated and otherwise spoilt 300 dollars' worth of wine. So a new and more trustworthy cellar was built, and Paley elected wine-caterer to fill it. His method was simple. He wrote to three or four wine merchants for their lists, combined them skilfully, and ordered a dozen of each kind. His selection was not approved of by the other students: they thought that twelve bottles of *vin ordinaire* would not go very far.

and they said that unless some miracle were to be wrought in their favour, such as the sudden and premature retirement of all the consuls and most of the senior assistants, they hardly felt justified in drinking Tokay. Paley reluctantly abandoned his idea in its integrity, and altered it to suit their narrower views. It is, as he says, the fate of most great men to be misunderstood, and no one is a hero to his fellow-students.

Mess bills, which on an average were some twenty-six dollars a month, were payable at sight ; for the mess-caterer would lie in wait for men who had just drawn their dollars, and so effect a prompt settlement. Indeed, it was a positive relief to pay him : for eighty or ninety of the clumsy coins are not the sort of thing you can take pride or pleasure in carrying about—at least, not for more than ten minutes or so. After that they become burdensome.

But the new comer had other duties more formidable and no less pressing than paying dollars—paying calls, for instance. Everyone under the rank of a Minister is expected on his arrival at Peking to call on all the European residents in turn. But, if he is new to the north, this often amounts to a positive hardship. He is only too willing to make the acquaintance of the people among whom he will spend in all probability the next two years ; but unless he can find some old resident with leisure and kindness enough to act as guide, he must trust to a boy or coolie to show him the way. In this case the coolie will be instructed in his own tongue by someone, and will drag the poor victim about from place to place, leaving cards, or seeing

people whose names he does not know. O'Hara got into trouble soon after coming up. He says, "It was the second day of my call-making, and I met on the way a lady, who said, 'I'm so sorry, Mr. O'Hara, that I was not at home when you called.' I did not know her from Adam—Eve, I mean: but I ran over in my mind the list of those I had called on, and suggested timidly, 'Mrs. X.?' She answered, coldly, 'I am Mrs. Z.' It seems the X.s and Z.s were not on speaking terms; but how was I to have known that? Besides, I was on my way, as I believed, to visit the Z.s, and, in my confusion, I said so. Thereon she observed, severely, as she turned away, 'Well, I suppose you know best, Mr. O'Hara, whom you have called on,' which was unreasonable, now, wasn't it? as I most obviously didn't."

I think some enterprising publisher ought to draw up a "Guide to Calling at Peking and the Ports," accompanied by maps of each place. As thus:—

PEKING.

Start in the Chiao-min Hsiang ('Legation Street') East, and call—

Place.	Chinese address and name.	Residents.
1. Netherlands Legation	Ho-lán kuo Fu	{ : : : }
2. French Legation . .	Fà kuo Fu . .	{ : : : }

and so on. The Chinese address and the Chinese name of the visitee should be given according to the local

pronunciation, and the Chinese characters appended, for convenience in inquiring your way about, or for sending messages. Attached to the scheme must be a clear and detailed account of the shortest way to call on everybody. Also, the number of hours, or days, it will take.

The roads in Peking are always muddy when they are not dusty, and offer little inducement to go afoot. Moreover, the distances from place to place are great, and the carts mere instruments of torture. Therefore it is almost necessary, and always advisable, to keep a pony. A large number of unkempt, untrained beasts are brought down every year from Mongolia. The most promising, as a rule, go on to Tientsin or Shanghai, or still further south, where, if they seem likely to turn out racers, they will fetch a good price. But besides ponies in the rough (literally—for a Chinaman never clips his pony, or cuts mane or tail), the new comer will probably find one or two for sale that have been owned and trained by foreigners. The height of these ponies varies from 12.2 to 13.3, and, as a rule, they are sturdy and sure-footed, and can do a great deal of work. Their price varies considerably. An ordinary, unambitious pony can be bought at from twenty-five to forty dollars; a racer will cost, in Peking, from fifty to a hundred.

O'Hara was rather unfortunate in his ponies. He had not much experience in the way of horse-flesh, he said, except on donkey-back at Suez on the way out, so he thought it as well to secure a mild-tempered beast to begin experimenting on. The *mafoo*—the groom—received orders accordingly; and a pony was

bought. Then O'Hara arrayed himself in full costume, and, with many misgivings, mounted. Some four or five of us were riding in single file down Legation Street, O'Hara modestly bringing up the rear. Just as we were passing the French Legation, we heard an exclamation, not loud, but undeniably deep, and, turning, saw O'Hara standing on the ground, one foot on each side of the pony. The situation seemed to suit the pony better than O'Hara, for it was sound asleep. We woke the beast up, and went on. And all that afternoon we had to stop every half-mile or so to arouse that mild-tempered pony to a consciousness of his duty; until O'Hara, in despair, said it was no use resisting the inevitable, and he would wait. We left him seated on a bank, gloomily contemplating things in general, while the pony slumbered contentedly at his feet.

He got used to the beast's sleepiness by degrees, but he complained it came over him at such odd times, in the middle of a gentle canter, for instance, and then it had a tendency to make him look undignified. So he sold the pony at last to the Chinese equivalent for a marine store-dealer, and purchased an animal of spirit. But he never appeared on this beast in public. It was three weeks before the pony allowed him to get into the saddle, and another month before he consented to his staying there. O'Hara used to practise riding him in the Mongol Market, with a huge sun-helmet on his head. He explained that the market was full of soft places where a tumble was really enjoyable, and, with a sun-helmet on, he rather preferred to dismount head first than otherwise. It saved time. He spent half an

hour trying to persuade Chapman to adopt that mode of getting down in future, and offered to lend him his sun-helmet. But Chapman said he thought the old-fashioned way suited him better. Then O'Hara called him a bigoted anti-progressionist, and left. He has that sun-helmet still, and points proudly to the numerous dents as to so many honourable scars. Each is to be labelled (like the alpenstock of the Swiss tourist) with name, date, and approximate cause of accident — as thus: 'Legation Street, Jan. 30th, cart; 'Mongol Market, Feb. 1st, dog'—until its general appearance closely resembles the plaster cast in the window of a consulting phrenologist.

It is very difficult to persuade Peking ponies to run abreast: they very much prefer to go in single file. This idea was so firmly rooted in the mind of my beast that he was for a long time almost useless for racing purposes. It was not that he could not go, but he was accustomed to have another beast in front of him. And so, when started abreast of a pony, he would look round with a dissatisfied air, and, on seeing the other, take the first opportunity of getting behind him. After that he would plough along contentedly enough, his nose in his rival's tail.

I suppose the habit is contracted in the crowded streets or narrow alleys of the city; but it is necessary sometimes in the country too, though not always agreeable, even there. Paley was riding through a rice-field one day with four other men. The path, the usual raised bank, was not broad enough to allow them to go abreast; so they went in single file, Paley

leading, and, as was his humour, at a gallop. Presently he caught sight of a coal-basket on the path in front, and prepared for a shy. Being forewarned he kept his seat; but to the rest the coal-basket came as a matter of surprise. Paley says the movement they executed could not have been done better if they had practised it for months. The first man went head-foremost into the paddy on the right, the second head-foremost into the paddy on the left; the third man was shot on the top of the first, and the fourth on the top of the second. They might have been in a four-oar. No. 3 kept his eyes on stroke's back, and got his hands out sharp; but bow, as Paley observed severely, was a little late. Yet they did not seem to enter into the humour of the thing, somehow, and were rather dull company, Paley complained, for the rest of that afternoon.

Fawcett's pony was, like mine, the creature of habit. The contemplative side of Buddhism had great attractions for him, and whenever a yearning that way came over him, he would stand still and contemplate for a quarter of an hour or so. Fawcett did not mind this so much; but when the contemplation was over, the pony made a point of rolling on the ground three or four times—apparently to relieve the tension of his mind. On these occasions Fawcett usually got off. But one day after the summer rains, just as they were crossing a swollen stream, the pony suddenly began to contemplate. On this occasion Fawcett did not get off—at least, not very well. He still ascribes six grey hairs and a tendency to rheumatism to his distress of mind

WHERE CHINESES DRIVE

at the time, and his subsequent ride home. And his dislike to approach running water on pony-back is almost hydrophobic.

There are stables attached to the Legation for some twenty ponies, and one of the escort men will provide provender. The present rate for this is twenty-five cents a day (about 11d.)—exactly double what it was eight years ago, I am told. The services of a groom, or mafoo, are usually shared between two men—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, two ponies: as those of us who kept two ponies monopolised a mafoo. He, the mafoo, is paid six dollars a month; so that the cost of keeping a pony was some eleven dollars a month, or a little over forty shillings. Of course, it always happened that there were incidental expenses—or the mafoo made out that there were. I rode my pony one summer only four times in the course of a month, and the mafoo sent in a bill for \$1:50, declaring he had been shod thrice. This is the worst of Chinese servants: they will “squeeze” you—get a big commission out of all purchases—and they have no sense of shame. And this brings me to a still more necessary undertaking on the part of a new comer than the choice of a pony, namely the choosing of a “boy.”

“Boy” is the term in vogue among foreigners in China for a body-servant. Of course the word has been attacked by philologists, who are never content to accept the obvious “birth and parentage” of a word, but must be looking for a strawberry mark somewhere: it is probably nothing more or less than it appears at first sight to be. The boy has charge of your rooms, and is

responsible if anything is missing from them. But as he only draws some six or eight dollars a month, it would be a hopeless task to try and recover from him the value of what is lost or stolen. Consequently it is usual to make all the other servants in the establishment secure him, so that when anything is missing, the value of it is divided among them. This they recognise as perfectly fair, and agree to readily enough: they share the risks in the certainty of sharing the booty. A foreigner strolled into a Chinese store somewhere down south, and was persuaded by the shopkeeper to try some sherry he had bought at a sale. The wine proved to be Manzanilla, and excellent of its kind, so the foreigner ordered a case or two to be sent to his house. That evening a friend was dining with him, and he mentioned his purchase, saying that the wine was really quite equal to some he had imported himself from Europe a month or two before. The boy was told to bring a bottle. The guest sipped it once, and then, his politeness and his regard for truth impelling him different ways, put it sadly down and sat silent. Then his host tried it, and raved at the boy. The boy took the bottle away and brought another. This was distinctly good, but the man thought the whole proceeding strange, and, though, as he said, he was not accustomed to bother much about things, resolved to overhaul his cellar. When he did, he found the boy had been in the habit of selling his wine to Chinese dealers and replacing it with a decoction of his own. The boy has since left that port for fresh fields.

We were no safer in Peking. One night, just as it

was getting light, Burnett was awakened by a noise in his sitting-room. He sang out, "Who's there?" in Chinese, and was answered in English, "Boy." This seemed satisfactory, and he turned over and went to sleep again. In the morning he found that not only his 'curios,' but even his curtains had been carried off, and, though the guilt could not be brought home to any particular man, with the evident connivance of some of the servants. On another occasion the thieves were more honest. They broke into the store closet in one man's room and carried off all his tea and sugar, but—apparently with some rudimentary notions of the 'difference between exchange and robbery—left in their place three large pots of jam. It was never discovered where the jam had come from, but I am told it was exceedingly good.

There is a watch in the Legation, as there is in most places and houses of any importance in China. Up till midnight or so, the watchmen go round singly, carrying a patched old lantern, and a small wooden instrument like a trough, about a foot long and four inches deep, with a handle at right angles to it. This they strike with a small stick to mark the number of the watch. The night is divided by the Chinese into five watches, which vary in length with the time of the year: the sum of the watches being the time between sunset and sunrise. In the Carriage Park, which, as I said, was next to the Quarters, several men beat the rounds together, and made a great fuss over it, tending to keep people unaccustomed to the noise awake and ill-tempered. After midnight the watchmen in the Legation should, I believe, go about in pairs, one with

a lantern, the other with a spear. I speak as a scribe in this matter, though. Anyhow, there is a story that the man in front once found the back gate of the Legation open, and was so struck by the fact, that he dropped his lantern and fled. The other man thought he was an unauthorised intruder, and was going for him; but he explained things, and then they went together to the escort man, whose house was near the gate, and roused him to an interest in the affair. When he came to look more carefully into it, he found that most of his possessions had departed with the thieves—his new uniform among them. But burglaries were, on the whole, happily rare. Once, indeed, thieves had the hardihood to try and get into the strong-room, and, being foiled by the lock, had apparently attempted to remove the door bodily.

Such clumsy methods as this, though, do not commend themselves to a Chinaman; at least, not to a southerner. A case of theft from an hotel was up before the Hong-Kong Criminal Court, I believe, it was. The complainant had lost his watch, and gave evidence that he had left it on the dressing-table when he went to bed. The hotel-keeper declared he was not liable, inasmuch as the plaintiff ought to have put it under his pillow. "Nonsense," exclaimed the judge, "I always leave mine in the watch-case at the head of my bed. . . . In fact," he added, as he felt in his waistcoat-pocket, "I've left it there now. I don't see the necessity for putting it under the pillow. The hotel-keeper is responsible, undoubtedly." The case ended, the judge returned home, and was met by his wife.

“My dear, what has possessed you to-day? Twenty Chinamen have been round, at the very least, saying that you wanted your watch, and had left it in the pocket at the head of your bed.”

“What!” exclaimed the judge, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. “Well, what did you do?”

“Why,” answered the lady simply, “I gave it to the first of them, of course.”

There is a certain analogy between this and a story current along the coast. The Chief Justice of Hong-Kong was trying a case in court, and had just commenced his summing-up. He was suddenly aware of a slight commotion in the court-room, and, looking up from his notes, saw a coolie carrying a ladder. He paused, and glared at the intruder: then sent the interpreter to inquire his business. The coolie said he had come to fetch the clock away for repairs. The Chief Justice had not noticed much the matter with it; and, anyway, why come for it at such an inconvenient time? Meanwhile, the coolie carefully adjusted his ladder, mounted it with great deliberation, one step at a time, and proceeded to slowly unfasten the clock. The Chief Justice chafed visibly at the delay, until at last he lost patience, rose, and ordered clock and man to be turned out of court. The coolie deposited his ladder—one attached to the premises—in the yard, wrapped the clock up carefully in a blue cotton handkerchief, thrust a stick through the bundle, and went slowly down the street. Days passed, and nothing more was seen of clock or coolie. In fact, nothing has been seen of either up to the present, and, as they have both been absent for

some years now, the probability is, nothing will. The Chief Justice, however, never afterwards encouraged larceny in open court.

I think, on the whole, that the China boy (to come back to him) is fairly honest: he expects to make a profit on everything he buys for you, it is true, but a European servant could hardly cast the first stone here, perhaps, and, besides, this is strictly in accordance with Chinese customs. If a place is to be found in the scale of domestic servancy (which would convey a false impression quite—except of the condition of the masters) for the “boy,” he would certainly rank degrees above the scout or gyp—he is cleaner and tidier, and only abuses you behind your back. If you have a wine on, he cannot listen (or understand, if he does) and carry reports to the dean’s staircase that may be productive of disharmony. And you have a pull over him that you certainly have not over the other. You have misused a bottle or two of wine. You call the boy and ask for the wine. He says you have drunk it, and brings the empty bottles in proof. You, feeling certain that you have not, say so, and cut his wages to the amount stolen. But suppose it is a scout in question. Hint that you are inclined to think that he must be mistaken, and, unless you are prepared to apologise, and “come down handsome,” you’ll get a lawyer’s letter, threatening you with an action for defamation of character, or half-a-dozen other statutable offences. I am convinced that we do these things better in China. I am not prejudiced against cheap labour or the heathen. Indeed, some boys will do a great deal for their

masters, waiting on them when suffering from an infectious fever with a careful attention that could hardly be surpassed. Such devotion—for only misanthropes or those one-idea'd people who prefer to take a worn-out epigram as a safe rule to judge men's (and especially Chinamen's) conduct by, would style it anything else—is often called for by kindness shown them in such ways as Chinese most appreciate. Wang san was an orphan, and had entered Ellerby's service when only thirteen. Ellerby felt for his desolate condition, and had him adopted by his head coolie. And when Ellerby went home two years later, and proposed to take Wang san with him, he thought it would tend to keep him more steady if he were engaged ; and the adopted father and head coolie received orders accordingly. A little orphan girl of fourteen or so was selected, and all arranged. Just before they left, the boy came to Ellerby and asked for ten dollars. Ellerby observed that it was a large sum to want all at once : what was he going to do with it ? Wang san hesitated a little, then said it was for his father. Ellerby afterwards asked the head coolie, who laughed, and said that Wang san had given him eight dollars, 'it was true : the other two went to buy presents for his betrothed, to console her for his going away.

Wang san was a good boy, but perhaps a little careless. It was his duty to see that good water was supplied for drinking purposes at his master's, and this duty should have been light, as there was a very fair well not far off. But the water at Ellerby's was not good. One day, as we were playing billiards, we thought we had

penetrated the mystery. We saw Wang san going jauntily away from the well with an old kerosine tin on his shoulder, into which his pigtail dipped as he walked. Then Ellerby explained to Wang san the prejudices. Westerns had against kerosine taken internally, and requested him to keep his *queue* more under control. The fondness the Chinese have for using up old tins and bottles is sometimes carried to excess. These relics, by the bye, the boy considers his perquisite, and makes a good thing out of them by selling them to the dealers in second-hand European goods. There is one such shop close to the Central Canal Bridge, where you may see whole rows of jam-pots or butter-tins, and, invading the footpath, an occasional bath or old lamp.

The arrangement by which, as in the case of Wang san and the head coolie, father and son are both servants in the same house, has much to recommend it. The Chinese father has a firm belief in personal correction, and the son, from force of habit, submits to be belaboured for any peccadillo. Paley took on a new boy, quite a young fellow, and the son of his coolie. The first time the boy misbehaved, he was admonished by Paley; the second, the coolie was sent for. "Been behaving badly, has he? Son of a turtle!" and he twisted his left hand firmly in his unhappy offspring's pigtail. "I'll just beat him a bit." . . . Paley says the adroitness and power of concentration he showed while walking into that boy could only have been acquired by long practice. After this, the boy's conduct was most exemplary, as long as his father was coolie. When he left, the youth showed signs of falling away.

This pained Paley very much, and he at once took measures to check it: he sent out and secured the services of the boy's uncle, and thereby, as he said, insured for the future the harmony of his household.

The boy, as I said, buys everything for you that you want from the Chinese shops, and sends in his bill at the end of each month. Here is a specimen:—

	Dollars.	Tiao.	Pai.	£	s.	d.
Tea (for the Teacher)	—	3	—	—	—	10
Blacking	—	3	—	—	—	10
Brush and dust-pan (made of withes)	—	2	—	—	—	7
Duster	—	2	—	—	—	7
Curtain-ring	—	—	3	—	—	1
Red felt (for window)	—	10	—	—	3	1
Mending clothes	—	1	—	—	—	8
„ pipe	—	3	—	—	—	10
„ lamp	—	6	—	—	1	8
Lamp-wick	—	1	—	—	—	3
„ oil (sesame)	—	18	—	—	5	7
Basket	—	1	—	—	—	3
Buttons	—	7	—	—	2	2
Donkeys (hire of)	—	7	—	—	2	2
Lantern	—	5	—	—	1	6
Hair-cutting	—	2	—	—	—	7
“Peking Gazette”	—	8	—	—	2	6
Bread	—	2	—	—	—	7
Coals	8	—	—	1	9	4
	8	81	3	2	14	3

The bills were all written in Chinese, and naturally unintelligible to a new comer. But the Chinese numerals were soon learnt, and then we used to make the boys bring a specimen of each item. It made you feel quite wealthy when you gazed at the array of dust-pans and

dish-cloths and other things he would surround you with. After a time, fuller knowledge dispensed with the ceremony.

The *tiao* is equal to 500 small "cash," or 50 of the —nominally—larger city cash, one of the most disreputable coins ever issued. The value of this, as compared with pure silver—and this is the Chinese standard—is continually altering, and consequently as the exchange rate of Mexican dollars and *sycee* (pure silver) is fairly constant, the number of *tiao* in a dollar varies too. Of late it has been eleven or twelve, but a few years ago it was as low as eight, while in 1861 it was as high as fifteen. The fluctuations in value often seem most arbitrary, but, as a general rule, any large expenditure of silver in the palace (as during an Imperial funeral), will bring down the exchange: the economy said at present to be practised under the rule of the Empress Dowager, may account for the high rate that just now obtains. These are questions for a banker to settle, but, all the same, the boys keep a sharp look-out, as, since they are paid in dollars, but buy in cash, any alteration in the rate nearly affects them. We thought of striking an average, and making say $11\frac{1}{2}$ (11 *tiao* 5 *pai* : 10 *pai* going to the *tiao*) the rate for a twelvemonth. The boys made no objection until the exchange fell below 11.5: then there was a chorus of murmurs, and we finally had to give way.

Generally, the boy is amenable to reason, and if his charges are too heavy, quietly submits to have them cut down. Not always. Bertram and two friends went into the store to have some Chartreuse, and Fortune, an

the form of the twirlimigig, decided that Bertram should pay, not once, but twice. Bertram is a careful man, and likes to know what he is let in for, so inquired. "Six glasses at 20 cents, \$1.20." Now a whole bottle only cost \$1.50, and, as Bertram pointed out, they had scarcely drunk a quarter of one. He would, therefore, take a new bottle and return those six glasses. This he accordingly did, taking down half-a-dozen liqueur glasses from the shelf, and solemnly filling them. The boy in attendance, however, could not be brought to see the force of Bertram's argument, and looked despondently at the array of glasses and the two bottles, one of which Bertram was carefully corking and transferring to his pocket. Finally he gave way: "But the gentlemen had eaten sweets—20 cents' worth." Bertram drew out his bottle, and slowly filled another glass. After that he left with the feeling that he had transacted his business in a manner equally just and satisfactory to both parties. Nevertheless, they decline to trade on those terms now at that store, and object to barter in any form. It does not seem to them to pay.

Boys in Peking may be roughly divided into two classes: the Pekingese proper and the Tientsinese. The former class do not, as a rule, understand any language but their own: the latter speak some English, even write a little, and understand a great deal. There may be different opinions as to the relative value of the two classes: for our part, we infinitely preferred the former. Indeed, this was so well known among the boys, that I remained for some five months in ignorance of the fact that my boy was really good at English, and

then it leaked out through the imprudence of a new domestic. We were discussing at dinner some peccadillo of the latter's, and proposing suitable forms of punishment, thinking that what we said was not understood. Soon after dinner, however, the culprit went to his master with a string of excuses. As he had resolved to ignore the offence, he was naturally surprised. Inquiry promptly made led to the painful discovery I mentioned, and to a distrust of English-speaking boys. In the South you have no choice. There all the boys speak at any rate "pidgin." And they form almost a caste. This is due, naturally, to the system of mutual responsibility: you must either take a friend or acquaintance of the other servants, or engage a stranger without security.

The duties of a boy are defined rather negatively than positively. He will fetch you drinking-water, but he will not carry water for your bath; he will go out and buy you a fan or a pen, but he will not carry a note for you. Such work as that is "coolie pidgin"—the duty of the man-of-all-work, who, with the cook and boy, is necessary to the smallest household in European China. A coolie's position and wages vary considerably. A head coolie is a person of some importance, and gets paid at much the same rate as a boy: an ordinary fetch-and-carry coolie would get some three or four dollars a month. A cook's wages range from six to ten dollars, or higher. I am speaking only of Peking: servants in the South, as a rule, I believe, get much more.

But in Peking, at least in the Legation, certain allowances were made to the boys in addition to their wages.

In winter, while fires were required, an additional dollar a month for coal-money was given, and on the Chinese New Year's Day (which usually falls somewhere in February) half-pay for the month was added as a "cumshaw" or tip. Again, it is customary for officials in China to give their servants what we called 'an official cap' and a pair of 'official' boots. The cap in summer is a conical hat of straw, in winter, of black felt, or some such substance, conical still, but with the rim turned up for about two inches all round. In each case (except during times of mourning, public or private) it is topped with a long tassel of red silk or horse-hair. The boots are of black velvet, with the usual thick white sole, and come halfway up to the knee. Foreigners in the public service—as Consular officers, for instance—have adopted this custom, and twice every year the boys have a certain sum (usually three dollars) allowed as "boot and hat money." The day for paying this is settled according to notice from the Board of Ceremonies published in the "Gazette," stating that on such a day the summer hat will be changed for the winter, or *vice versa*.

In the South, some of the merchants deck out their servants in official hats, to the great amusement of the Chinese, who draw a very broad line between the mandarin and the trader. I remember seeing a ludicrous instance of the practice at one of the ports, Shanghai I think it was. A European carriage drove by with native coachman and footman. Each had on the conical straw hat and red tassel, but in the middle of their backs was embroidered a large circle, and in it

the name of the *hong* or firm in Chinese. It was as though—the parallel is not quite exact, perhaps, but it will serve—the Lord Mayor were to add to the official liveries of his attendants a bull's head or a triangle, with TRADE MARK *Registered* about it, and below, a legend

Brown's TAPIOCA is the Best!

But enough of boys — the subject is too trying. Besides, I have said nothing yet about our work or our Teachers. I will turn over a new leaf.

III. TEACHERS AND TAUGHT.

WITH very few exceptions all Chinese surnames are monosyllabic. The surname is written first and is followed by what corresponds nearly to our Christian-name. This may consist of one, but is usually a combination of two, of these monosyllabic characters. The order of arrangement is the same as in our Post Office Directories, where, for instance, the name Lee Hugh John would correspond, in form at any rate, to Li Hung Chang. The Chinese practice in putting the surname first comes partly from a well-grounded idea that you ought to proceed from the general to the particular, and partly from the notion that, as they say, a man's surname belonged to his ancestor's, and more respect should be paid to it than to his own private name. And so it is not only written first, but written larger than the other two characters.

Very few of our surnames can be represented in Chinese unaltered: names like May, Lang, or, in the south, King, which happen to correspond to some one or other of the four hundred and odd sounds that may be said to make up the Chinese language, are indeed the only ones admissible. At the same time, it is absolutely

necessary that every European^{*}, in Peking, at any rate, should have a Chinese name: for the Chinese in all probability would never be able to even approximate to his own, and as regards the great majority of them they would be too prejudiced even to try, or too stupid.

• And so one of the first things that happens to the newly-arrived student is a sort of re-christening, in the course of which his original surname gets terribly mangled—at any rate, very much cut up. Say, for instance, that his name is Smith or Jones. The nearest approach to these sounds of which a Chinaman's mouth is capable would be respectively Ssü-mi-tè and Chou-ni-ssü. Accordingly, Mr. Smith would be known as Ssü lao yeh, Mr. Ssü, while his Christian-name, as it were, would be Mi-tè. Similarly, Jones would be labelled by a Chinaman as, “surname Chou, name Ni-ssü.”

All Chinese proper names have more or less of meaning, and in choosing an equivalent for your name you must be careful to take characters with a good sense—the more pseudo-humility and cant the better—and not ones that would appear ridiculous or offensive to a Chinaman. It used to be a common joke, they say, among the Chinese, to saddle unsuspecting foreigners with uncouth or contemptuous characters under pretence of providing them with name and surname. And so with their shop names: it is said that in those days you might go to look at some newly-opened foreign store in Hong-Kong, and find a crowd of admiring natives gazing at a signboard on which was written, in huge gilt characters, some such legend as “The One-eyed Shrimp, Foreign Shop,” or “Crab in a Kettle, Store-keeper.”

To take the names Smith and Jones would bear: "Mi-tê," by properly choosing the characters, would mean "Complete in moral worth," and "Ni-ssu," "Unregardful of self-interest."

But a Chinaman has at least one other name besides the surname and name proper. Just as in the case of an individual named, for instance, Sydney Cecil Brown, the Registrar of Births will enter him with all due circumstance as a boy (or, what is far more likely, as a girl) of that name, while his parents call him Sydney, and his associates Brown; so a Chinaman is down in his Family Record, or in the Red Book, if he is an official, by his full name and surname, but only his father or mother would call him by the name proper. His friends give him a *hao* or "designation," half-way between the schoolboy nickname "Tommy Green" and the manlier "Brown," but derived from, or in some way connected with the sense of, his private name. So Jones's *hao* might be "Fu-té," "A supporter of virtue," and Smith's "Shou-ch'ien," "One who holds fast courtesy."

I was reading some few months ago a paper in one of the Monthlies on English Christian-names. The writer called attention to a case in which twin girls were called Rose and Lily, and another where they were christened as Pearl and Ruby. What he thinks most pretty—most artistic, in other words—was the giving to one set of twins the names of flowers, to another, the names of gems. Now the Chinese carry out this rule of art far more fully. The great majority of their characters consist of two parts, one giving the genus, the category to

which the idea expressed by the character is to be referred; the other approximating to the sound. Take such expressions as "port-wine," "pine-wood," "water-shed," and invent symbols more or less pictorial for "wine," "wood," and "water." Find other symbols with the sounds "port," "pine," and "shed" (the meanings to be immaterial: they may, for instance, be those which the words bear in "a sea-port," "to pine for," or "a cow-shed"). Then combine the two into one symbol, and you get an idea of the formation of nine-tenths of the Chinese characters. Such terms as "water-spout," "water-fall," "water-wheel," or "humming-bird," "mocking-bird," "lov.-bird" are the nearest approach, perhaps, to these. The Chinese founder of a family, then, will decide that all his descendants in one generation are to be called by names of gems; in another, of flowers; in a third, of trees; in a fourth, of birds; in a fifth, of virtues, and so on. It is not easy to find an exact parallel to all this in English, and more especially difficult in the case of our male Christian-names. But the arrangement would be much like this: (i) Jasper, Beryl, Pearl, Ruby; (ii) Daisy, Violet, Lily, Eglantine; (iii) Ivy, Myrtle; (iv) Robin, Merle, Mavis; (v) Hope, Prudence, Charity, and the like. Similarly, to follow out what would seem to us a more natural division of names proper: Zoe, Irene, Agatha, Hector, Philip; Edwin, Edith, Edgar; David, Ruth, Samuel, Miriam. Had we as much sense of congruity as the Chinese, we should hardly find in our registers such names as Keziah Lucy or Enid Georgina. If parents will give their first daughter a

name like Henrietta, let them in future christenings continue in the same style—Charlotte, Wilhelmina, Ernestine, Thomasina.

But I have (dreadful thought !) almost lapsed into a lecture, and nearly forgotten what I intended to talk about, the choice of a Chinese surname, not of an English Christian-name. In some cases this is fairly obvious. Mr. Coverdale would be *Ko lao yeh* ; Mr. Palmer, *Pa lao yeh*. But for various reasons it often happens that men are not known by the Chinese equivalent of the sound of the first syllable in their names. In the Consular Service, for instance, a distinct character is given to each member to prevent confusion. The consequence of this is that men get names assigned to them that in no way suggest the foreign surname, and sometimes represent no foreign sound—such as, for example, *Nge*—and you are in the awkward and anomalous condition of not knowing how to pronounce your own name. There were two brothers in China named Martin, and as neither could take the whole of their patronymic, they agreed to share it, and were known as Ma and Ting respectively. But it vexed the uninitiated who wanted to find where the second brother lived. One man whose name was Robinson took at first the Chinese sound *Lo* ; but finding there were half a dozen men in the port with names like Roberts, Rhodes, or Lawson, that had already led them to choose that character, resolved to find some name that should be peculiarly his own ; so he consulted his dictionary, and sent round a circular to say that he would henceforth answer to the name of *Chien* only. It caused

deep heart-burnings among the other six Lo's, but the business of the port was not much disturbed.

With natives as washermen, it was as well to mark all linen with the Chinese character chosen for your surname. Where coloured things came in, especially if the pattern were of a gaudy and remarkable nature, this was of less consequence; but the omission in the case of white clothes was incompatible with a strict sense of the rights of property. Circumstances had reduced me once to two pairs of white socks, and occasion seemed to require the wearing of them. I took a pair. The first sock slipped on easily enough—indeed, somewhat too easily: the effect was as if I had stepped into a pillow-case in a fit of somnambulism. The second sock, however, stuck fast at my ankle, and refused to budge. I was driven to my last pair. One of these fitted with an accuracy that revived hopes—to be stifled at once by the appearance of the other. As old point-lace, or a cotton onion-bag, it would have been of value, perhaps: but as a foot-covering it was a distinct and distressing failure. . . I spread those socks out in a commanding position and reviewed them. One of them was mine. I recognized it by a great blob of ink that does duty for my initials. The other three were marked

iv.	©	3
V.	G.	9
E. A.	2.	70.

The © was O'Hara's; no one else could have shown an equal combination of ingenuity and neatness. The second obviously belonged to Gordon; but the E. A. 2. 70

puzzled me. I became interested and made inquiries. The sock was finally traced back to a student of five generations—or say ten years—before, who had left it, apparently, as an heirloom to the Mess.

The common equivalent for “Mr.” was the *lao yeh* I have used three or four times. Literally translated, it reads “old grandfather.” But anyone of, or above, the rank of a Consul had the term *ta jen*, “great man,” substituted for this. The wife of a *ta jen* is a *t'ai-t'ai*, and this, *pace* Mr. Giles (*Glossary*, p. 141), is applied to all European married ladies, whether their husbands are officials or private persons. Paley, who indulges occasionally in philological disquisitions, drew a strange and startling deduction from this. He pointed out that as *t'ai* meant “too,” *t'ai-t'ai* could only be translated “too too.” We assented reluctantly, chiefly for the sake of peace. But when he went on to declare that, since the Chinese had called a lady *t'ai t'ai* long before the ultra-utter school had described their heroines as “too too,” therefore the soul of a dead Chinaman must possess Oscar Wilde, we rose as one man and protested. As officials, however humble, of a friendly Power, we could not sit quietly and listen to so grave an aspersion on the Chinese people or their ancestral ghosts.

An unmarried lady has the affix *ku-niang* added to her Chinese surname, while a missionary or a clergyman generally is known as *hsien-sheng* (“elder born”), or teacher. And this brings me at last, by a roundabout way enough, to the subject of Chinese teachers.

Each student is provided, soon after his arrival, with one of these men, and provides himself, *quocunque modo*

(for the book has long been out of print) with a copy of Sir T. Wade's "Colloquial Course," the well-known *Tzŭ-êrh Chi*, which is now, if not the only, at any rate the orthodox, introduction to the study of Pekingese. About this time the student will probably have an interview with the Assistant Chinese Secretary, who more particularly directs his studies, and will receive from him a Scheme of Work for the next few months. Working hours are theoretically from 9 to 12, and 1 to 4, but custom has altered these to 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. The four hours thus left will be divided up in the Scheme much in this way :

10	to 10.30	Tone Exercises
10.30	to 11	Reading with Teacher
11	to 11.30	New work
11.30	to 11.45	Writing
11.45	to 12	Character Slips,

the Afternoon Scheme being much the same.

There was a certain mystery about the Scheme that fascinated me when I first saw it. What were "Tone Exercises" and "Character Slips"? A sea bath and a rub down with a rough towel seemed to about meet the requirements of the first; the other suggested a *faux pas*. But I found it all out, and too soon for my comfort. I mentioned, I think, that there are only some four hundred and odd distinct sounds, as we should transcribe them, in the Chinese language. As there are, say, ten thousand words, many of these should have the same sound. As a matter of fact they have; but by an ingenious system of inflexions of the voice, the number of separate sounds—to a Chinese ear, at least—is more than trebled. These inflexions are the Tones. In Peking

there are only four of them, but in the South those who are knowing in such matters declare there are twelve or more. In fact, southern Sinologues look out for a new tone as astronomers do for a new planet; and an announcement may soon be expected to appear in this form: "Our readers will be delighted to hear that the labours of Dr. Ernst, the eminent Sinologue, have been crowned with complete success. By means of his new instrument, which, it will be remembered, is an ingenious combination of a microphone and a phonograph, he has been enabled to detect a new tone in the Kakka dialect. He has submitted the plate on which the new tone is preserved to the distinguished musician, Herr Franz, for analysis. This makes the seventeenth tone known to be used among the Kakkas, and the discovery of no less than six of these is due to the indefatigable industry of Dr. Ernst."

In Peking, as I said, there are only four, and for the sake of future students I hope no more will be invented or discovered. It is agreed that it is almost impossible to convey any notion of these tones to one who has never heard them. But some idea of their importance may be gathered from an instance or two. Take the sound *t'ang*, which by itself is meaningless, and run it through the tones, thus:

*t'āng*¹ *t'áng*² *t'àng*³ *t'ang*⁴

The first means 'soup' (originally 'hot water'); the second, 'sugar'; the third, to 'lie down'; the fourth, to 'burn' or 'scald' the hand. *I-tzu* in the second tone is 'soap'; *î-tzũ*, in the third, 'a chair.'

Again, in the case of words beginning with the initials *ch*, *k*, *p*, *t*, or *ts*, it makes all the difference whether they are followed by an aspirate or not. Bertram has a little daughter who was born in China, and speaks Chinese as well as English, and, in fact, prefers it to English as being easier. (Perhaps her view is not altogether incorrect, by-the-bye, as *ch'è* is a simpler sound, for instance, than 'perambulator.') Bertram, however, does not go in for the niceties of the language, and so, when in the small child's hearing he one day told his boy to *shang t'ien*¹, where he meant to have said *shang tien*⁴, she was puzzled. After thinking it over for some time, she said, "Papa, what for tell boy go up sky?" *Shang t'ien*¹ means to 'ascend to heaven'; *shang tien*⁴ merely, to 'go to an inn.'

As these tones, then, were justly considered of the first importance, we were required for an hour or so every day to drone after a teacher:

<i>ā</i> ¹	<i>ā</i> ²	<i>ā</i> ³	<i>ā</i> ⁴
<i>ai</i> ¹	<i>ai</i> ²	<i>ai</i> ³	<i>ai</i> ⁴
<i>cha</i> ¹	<i>cha</i> ²	<i>cha</i> ³	<i>cha</i> ⁴
<i>ch'a</i> ¹	<i>ch'a</i> ²	<i>ch'a</i> ³	<i>ch'a</i> ⁴

and so on. It was dreadful work. The poor teacher would get hoarse, and have to imbibe an enormous quantity of tea. You would go on mechanically, and think of some subject totally unconnected with Chinese, until the teacher pulled you up, or the man next door, who was learning characters, came in and prayed you to stop that awful noise, or anyhow to go somewhere else—your bath-room or the Fives Court—and make it. The effect on one's nervous system of having a man on

each side and one overhead doing Tone Exercises at the same time, was to convince you that this way madness lies, and that, on the whole, a judicious retreat to the library or the billiard-room until their half-hours were up was the only way to save your reason.

The rest of one's work at this initiatory stage was more endurable—though it was bad enough. Fancy having to learn to read a language with a separate sign for each word! It used to annoy Fawcett very much, and he never got thoroughly used to it. But he refused to own himself defeated by what he considered a semi-barbarous contrivance, and when the then Chinese Secretary requested him to write down the Chinese for a 'barn-door fowl,' he complied with alacrity. The other looked at it long and steadily, then took down Williams's Dictionary and rapidly turned over the pages, holding a murmured consultation with the teacher the while. This done, he bowed gravely to Fawcett, and said, "I congratulate you, Mr. Fawcett. You have added a new character to the Chinese language!" Fawcett looked pleased; but, as he told us afterwards, he was not altogether surprised. He explained that as he could only remember some nine or ten radicals (the two hundred and fourteen simpler characters that have to be learnt first) he was wont, on those rare occasions when he was called on for anything outside their range, to skilfully combine a few of them, adding a stroke here and there to make the thing more shipshape. The result was not always intelligible to others; but then, as he said, he did not write for the *profanum vulgus*.

It was to assist less imaginative students that some-

body invented Character Slips. These are square bits of paper, on one side of which is written a character, and on the other its sound, tone, and meaning. They are to be put into a box, and drawn out at random as a test of memory. One man used to make his boy place a small heap of twenty or so on his breakfast table every morning. Those he knew were put into the sugar-bason, the others into the bread-basket. But each man has his own way of getting up the written language—his *fāh-tzǎ*, as he used to call it. Victor had all the characters he came across written on large sheets of paper. Then he would stretch cords diagonally across his room, and suspend each sheet by a string, with a cash at the other end to balance it. Coming suddenly into his room the day after he had matured his *jāh-tzǎ*, I thought he had found the charges outside excessive, and taken to washing at home—it really looked so like a drying-ground.

The recognised hours of work were, as was said, from ten to four, and the teachers were required to be in attendance then. At other times we were left very much to ourselves, though we were expected to do some work privately. And in view of the fact that our position in the service, with regard to seniority among ourselves, depended on our place in the final examination, there was a great deal of competition, and a fair amount of reading got through, I think. There were two examinations in all, one, for colloquial Chinese only, at the end of the first year, and the other, in which documentary work was generally supposed to have the greater weight, at the end of our two years' course.

Some of us, who had lost ground, or feared to do so,

put on a private teacher, either before breakfast or in the evening. He was usually one of the regular staff, so to speak. These teachers are for the most part men who have failed to pass the examinations for the first or second degree, but are fairly well read, nevertheless. Several of them are Bannermen, the descendants of those who assisted in the Manchu Conquest of 1644, and draw pay from the Government, which, however, they are glad to supplement by the fifteen dollars a month they get from the English Legation. Others, again, have a share in some small business: our leading teacher belonged to a watch-making family, and was therefore a Roman Catholic, seeing that the watch-makers of Peking are, with few or no exceptions, descended from the pupils and proselytes of the old Jesuits. T'ang was a pleasant little fellow, who wrote an excellent foreign hand, and was very proud of a few words of Latin he had picked up. He was rather a dandy, too, and a useful go-between when any objectionable habits on the part of other teachers had to be reprehended—and corrected. For though you are told to regard your teacher as a gentleman, still some of them associate on familiar terms with your boy or coolie, few of them wash, most of them eat garlic or smoke their sickly tobacco, and generally they—and you—require a certain amount of training before you can take any pleasure in their society. However, as they are Chinese, it is not easy to make them understand all this, and so, as I said, T'ang was usually employed to explain these curious foreign prejudices.

Sometimes he was not at hand, and then the matter

was perhaps more difficult. When Fawcett was still rather new to China, he engaged a teacher for whom, he says, he had the greatest respect. Only the man was a confirmed garlic-eater, and Fawcett determined to dismiss him, but in such a way as not to hurt his feelings: in fact, he resolved to break the thing to him gently. And so we were not much shocked when one day Fawcett came down to tiffin and told us he had just sacked the man. He had not made him a long speech (we thought that probable enough), but he had put it to him clearly, and, he flattered himself, neatly as well. It is true the teacher seemed a little offended, and had left rather abruptly, but that must have been for some other reason: probably another engagement. We were very curious to hear what it was Fawcett had said; but he would not tell us for a long time—said he was shy of airing his Chinese. At last he told us. He said, "I came into the room and found the old beggar sitting there, and so I made him a bow and pointed to the door, and said, slowly, *Wo pu yao ni* (I don't want you)—and I think that was all. Pass the claret, will you? Thanks."

My private teacher was an exception to the general rule—more civilised in his ways, and cleaner. His name was Sung, and he was, he said, of good family: his father's fourth or fifth cousin being President of one of the Six Boards. He used to come to me five evenings in the week for a couple of hours, his fee for which was \$5 a month. We drank tea and chatted, or played Chinese chess, a rather feeble game, I used to think. Sometimes he brought in a friend who would

smoke a cigar (Sung would not) and drink whisky-toddy, and tell me the city news. Or when we were alone, Sung told me tales.

“My grandfather,” he said, “had a friend whose name was Wang, a very worthy man, but poor. This Wang by good fortune and steady work succeeded at last in getting his *chin-shih* (Metropolitan Degree), and received orders to remain in the city as an expectant of office. Accordingly he sent for his mother and his wife, and began to look about him for a house. In the Northern Quarter he came across a place that he thought would suit him nicely. True, it seemed a little out of repair, but then it was commodious and quiet. And so he inquired of the neighbours who the landlord might be, and if they knew what the rent was? They answered that the landlord was a man named Wên : as for the rent, the house was haunted, and, far from expecting anything from a tenant, Wên was prepared to give anybody fifty ounces of silver who would live in it for a year. This seemed tempting enough. Wang did not care for spirits (the Chinese *literati* will profess to drink nothing stronger than tea,—but this by the way), and told the landlord so. The landlord was delighted, and said he would put some workmen in to repair the place a little. The next day there was a great to-do. One of the plasterers had fallen asleep in a side-room, and his fellows had gone away and left him there. During the night the neighbours heard wild shrieks proceeding from the house, and the next morning the poor man was found dead, with his heart torn out. Wang did not half like it, but he thought of the fifty

ounces, and the house rent-free, and declared he would spend the next night in that room himself. The neighbours said he was most foolhardy, but he persisted, and so they left him. He armed himself with a sword, and determined to keep awake. But it was no use; he got more and more drowsy, and at last fell asleep. He was awakened in the middle of the night by a noise in the room. It was a bright moonlight night, and he could see everything distinctly. He caught hold of his sword, and peered over the edge of the kang (the stove-bed). There was nothing. Presently, however, he noticed that the door, which he had securely fastened, was being slowly opened. Wang began to wish he had listened to the neighbours; but there was no help for it, and so he got ready for the robbers or devils or whatever it might be that was coming. After a few minutes of dreadful suspense," . . . Here Sung pauses, and deliberately pours himself out a cup of tea and drinks it . . . "two little tiny children entered hand in hand. They were not more than six inches high, and their bodies shone in the moon just like burnished silver. Wang was so astonished at the sight that he forgot his fears and began to watch them curiously. Presently they sat down at a chess-board and commenced to play: but instead of moving the pieces they said something to them that Wang could not understand, and the pieces ran about of themselves. After a little time one of the children seemed to be losing, for he got angry, and all his men danced over to the other side of the board and tried to oust the others. Then the two children began to fight, rolling over and over on the floor, till at last one of

them got the worst of it. The other then took him and pushed him into a chink in the floor, which he covered up with the chess-board. After that he sidled out of the room and shut the door. Nothing further happened that night; and the next morning the neighbours, finding Wang alive and well, were surprised, and a little disappointed, too, if the truth must be told, for they expected another sensation. Wang told them what he had seen. They were very much surprised and could not understand it at all, until one old man came forward and said, 'Wang *tako* (my elder brother), you are a very lucky man. Those you saw were not children at all, but money-spirits, and that is why they shone like silver. Do you remember where the chess-board was put?' Wang pointed out the place, and there, sure enough, was a brick with the lines of a chess-board scratched on it. (They are often seen on Chinese floors.) They lifted up the brick, and underneath was a jar quite full of silver, and on the top of it all a little silver figure about six inches long, and in its hand a piece of paper on which was written, 'This silver is for Wang Wan-yi, because he has a good heart and a courageous spirit.'

"Now," said Sung, "I shouldn't, perhaps, have believed all this, if my grandfather hadn't known the man, and seen the room. I'll tell you another story which I've read in a book, that's stranger still. It's about Yen Wang (the Chinese Pluto).

"In the time of the Liang dynasty there were two sisters whose surname was Chou. They were both extremely beautiful, and the elder was engaged to a man

named Liu. Just as their father was beginning to look out for a husband for his younger daughter, she fell ill and died. When her shade appeared before Yen Wang, he was so struck with her beauty that he placed her in charge of the Mi-hun T'ang, the Water of Lethe, at the Gate of Hades. Here she remained for nearly three years, giving the draught of forgetfulness to each newly-arrived shade, that it might forget its life on earth and be ready to enter a new body, should it be so required. But one day she saw the shade of her sister coming down the path. The shade stooped over the Mi-hun water, and was taking the cup into her hands, when her sister snatched it from her, begging her not to drink. Then she asked her of all that had happened since she left the earth. The elder sister told her that she had been married to Liu, and one day, feeling faint, had lain down on a couch, and remembered nothing more till she awoke in this strange place. Seeing the water, she at once felt a desire to drink ; why had her sister stopped her ? The other then told her where she was, and bade her hide herself. For she knew that Yen Wang would count over the list of souls due in Hades, and, missing one, would send in search. And so it came about : but the messengers not finding anyone, returned and reported their ill-success, and Yen Wang believed that there was some error in the record and forbore to inquire further. Not many hours after, another shade was seen to descend the road. The younger sister was about to offer it the Water of Forgetfulness, when the elder cried out that it was her husband, Liu Chin-shun. The husband was overjoyed

to see his wife ; but their sister, the keeper of the Water, was sorely perplexed. At last she remembered that it was in her power to restore both of them to life, if they would drink of the four jars that stand in the vestibule of Hades. These hold the Chih-hui T'ang, the Water of Wisdom, which is bitter to the taste ; the Yen-shou T'ang, the Water of Long Life, which is putrid ; the Wên-mo T'ang, the black Water of Letters ; and the Yüan-pao T'ang, the noisome Water of Riches. When with wry faces and closed eyes they had drunk of these, the pair became unconscious. After a time they revived, and found themselves again in their own house, laid out, each in a coffin, as if for burial. They lived many years happily together after this, and Lin became renowned all through the country for his learning and wealth. Yet, when in course of time they came once more to the Gate of Hades, they did not hesitate to drink the Mi-han Water.

"You foreigners," added Sung, "don't believe in Yen Wang, I know. I don't say that I do, but still there are books telling us all about him. However, I'll give you a story of what really happened in Peking, without any *shen-hsien* (supernatural beings) in it.

"A few years ago, a man was found dead just outside the street-door of his house. The neighbours, being afraid to touch the corpse themselves, sent word to the magistrate, who received strict orders from the police censors of the city to investigate the case, as there had been too many mysterious deaths of late years in Peking. He accordingly sent for the *wu-tso* (the coroner) and told him to find out in two days' time

what the man had died of, or it would be the worse for him. The *wu-tso* examined the corpse carefully, pouring boiling water on it, and trying it with the needle (to discover traces of poison), but with no result. Then he summoned the relations and the wife and neighbours of the deceased, and examined them in the most searching manner, but failed to illicit anything beyond the fact that the dead man had seemed in excellent health the day before. The two days were nearly over, and the coroner was in a great state of alarm, for he knew that the magistrate would not hesitate to sacrifice him to cover his own dereliction of duty in not having, by force of virtuous example and good government, made such murders (for murder it surely must be) impossible.

“ While he was wondering gloomily whether it would not be better to settle everything at once by suicide, his wife, who had been away at her parents’ a few days, returned, and asked what was the matter. When he told her, she said, ‘ Foolish man, did you examine the head ? ’ He answered that of course he did, but she went on, ‘ But the ears—did you probe the ears ? ’ He told her that test was not in his book of instructions, and he had not done so. Then she bade him do it. He obeyed, and found in the left ear, driven right up to the head, a long thin nail, and of this he went and informed the magistrate. Now the magistrate, albeit unscrupulous enough, was no bad judge of character, and, knowing the coroner to be a very ordinary man, he asked how he came to do such an unusual thing as to probe the ears of the corpse. The *wu-tso* answered

that his wife had suggested it. 'Ah, you married Ch'êng ku-niang (Miss Ch'êng), didn't you?' asked the magistrate. 'Oh no, sir,' said the coroner, 'my wife was the widow of Fulien, who died two years ago.' 'To be sure,' said the magistrate, 'I remember now. Fulien was buried near Pa li Chuang in their cemetery, wasn't he? Your wife is a clever woman: I should like to see her.' The coroner answered that she should come to-morrow, and bowed himself out. When he had gone, the magistrate wrote a note, which he sent outside the city.

"The next morning the coroner's wife arrived with her husband, and after the usual compliments the magistrate congratulated her on her sagacity; then asked her if she liked her present husband better than the last. She answered that she did: Fulien had led her a dog's life, and she could not say she was sorry when he died. 'Wasn't his death rather sudden?' asked the magistrate. 'Yes,' she said, 'it was. But he is dead and gone, why talk of him?' 'What did he die of?' asked the magistrate. 'I don't know,' she answered, a little sharply. At this point a runner came in and whispered something to the magistrate. He nodded, and some coolies entered with a coffin. 'Open the lid,' said the magistrate. When this was done, he turned to the wu-tso, saying, 'Look at the scull of the dead man: is there a nail in it?' 'There is,' said the astonished coroner, 'on the left side.' 'Ah! madam,' exclaimed the magistrate to Fulien's widow, 'little wonder that you knew how that man had died, when you had killed your husband in the same way!' The

next day, two women were put to death by the terrible ling ch'ih (by being sliced to death) for the crime of murdering their husbands."

I cannot say whether Sung's last tale was not as apocryphal as his first. But it has a curious parallel in a well-known story at home.

I came to like Sung very much, as I learnt to know him better. He was very conscientious; never shirked his own work, nor, as far as he could help it, allowed me to shirk mine. He was rather too much inclined, indeed, to look on me in much the same way as a Civil Service coach regards his pupils, and to consider that I owed a certain, nay, a great, deference to his views. But he got over that in time. He used often to chat with me about his family. He had a little son of five or six, whom he would bring occasionally to have tea with me in the afternoon. The poor little lad—he was a pretty boy, and intelligent, and evidently his father's pride—was going through the usual treadmill of studies set up for Chinese children, and his father would make him repeat to me page after page of the Four Books (the first of the classics), prompting him if he failed. Fancy giving children of that age at home, say, the Gospel of St. Luke in the original, to learn off by heart—before they could read even English, and long before they understood a word of Greek!

Sung's eldest daughter was about sixteen, and so I did not see her. She was very accomplished, and her father was exceedingly proud of her attainments. He got her to write out a small moral story (it was some-
—about two sisters-in-law who lived together, and

*Invitation in the handwriting of Sung Ku-niang to a
Wine Party to be given by her Father.**

4.	3.	2.	1.
His	LANTING		CHING
jewelled	his		<i>lao-ye</i>
person	honoured	SUNG	for
thither	younger	CHAN-CHI	his
This	brother	knocks	exalted
he	will	his	consideration
hopes	on	head	
and	that	He	
thus	day	now	
sends	he	proposes	
	earnestly	in	
	hopes	the eighth	
	lay	moon	
Handed	aside	on	
in	his	the seventeenth	
on	work	day	
the twelfth	and	at	
day	move	the Tung-hsing	
of the eighth		Rooms	
moon		a	
		slight	
		refection	

[The numbers 1 to 4 refer to the corresponding columns in the Chinese note, counting from the right.]

* This invitation, written on an ordinary visiting card, is very informal, doubtless as being addressed to an intimate friend and one younger than the host. The usual letter of invitation is a sheet of red paper, with the legend, written or printed—

“Heedfully chosen is the [4th] hour of the
[17th] day of the [8th] moon whereon to
cleanse the cups and await

“YOUR GLORY,

A note with the salutation of [Sung Chan-chi].”

This is enclosed in an envelope, sealed with a slip of paper, on which is inscribed the name of the guest.

The words “honoured younger brother,” are properly “cherry-terrace,” “terrace” being analogous to, but of far wider applica-

pointless, moral and all, to monogamic Englishmen), and gave it me to read. She really wrote most beautifully, and he said she embroidered equally well. I fancy she used to rule his house from what he would say sometimes. But one day, Sung came to me and asked me if I knew anything about the T'ung-wên Kuan (the "Peking College," as it has been called). I answered, a little doubtfully. yes; why did he ask? Well, he said, there were two young fellows there studying English, and he was very anxious to learn how they were getting on: what, in short, was their position, and what their prospects, and if they showed ability or not. I said that I thought I might make inquiries, but that I was a little curious to know his reasons for wanting me to do so, I must confess. Then it came out that he wished to engage his daughter to one of the two, but did not know which to choose. One was a little older than the other, and seemed to show more application as far as he could tell; but the younger—who was only 17, by the way—was more intelligent, perhaps, and—yes—was better looking. I fear that after all there was some hitch in the matter, for nothing has come of it as yet, I believe.

Still the desire to marry his daughter to a man likely
 tion thâu, our "highness" The less obvious connection between
 cherries and biethien is found in a verse of the ancient Odes:—

"Cherry-tree blossom!
 Is it not lovely?
 Who among mankind
 Is like to a brother?"

"Jewelled (person)" = *yu*, the *gem par excellence* of the Chinese, and a common term of polite address, which, however, an unfortunate ambiguity in our language prevents us from translating literally as "you jade."

to be attached to one of the Chinese legations abroad showed an appreciation of the changed path that Chinese foreign policy has during the last few years taken, and must continue to take. I do not know whether Sung was an exceptionally enlightened man of his class, or in advance of his age. I see no reason to suppose that he was, beyond the fact that he has been a teacher in the Legation some little time. He used to take in the *Shên Pao*, a paper published daily at Shanghai, in Chinese, and containing, besides the current news of the Empire, accounts of everything that is going on in other parts of the world. When he ceased to buy it he would go to a tea-house to read it. It is just in this way, by means of this and other good newspapers printed, under European editorship for the most part, in the vernacular, that the Chinese have acquired a really surprisingly correct idea of the relative power and civilization of Western nations. The old days of ignorance have almost passed away. If prejudice remains, it is because it is fostered by the officials for their own ends. I do not believe, indeed, that the ordinary Chinaman of fair education has of himself any great prejudices at all, superstitious or otherwise. If the mandarins will allow him, he is ready to adopt any new scientific discovery, should it be clearly to his advantage to do so. He laughs at the idea of *feng-shui*. (This as it is present in an Englishman's mind—for it is present—equals "that hideous factory chimney spoiling the view"; "a railway train, like a long black dragon with fiery eyes belching smoke"; "our grandfathers were content with coaches, why not we?" Ruskin would go some way

with the professors of *fêng-shui*.) At any rate, few Chinamen of this new middle-class would allow its precepts to interfere with the only prospect they have eyes for—the prospect of gain.

But telegraphs, railways, and the like, must be introduced into China in the first instance by the Government, or they will not be allowed to succeed. As examples, the different fate of the Woo-sung Railway and the Overland Telegraph from Tientsin to Shanghai. And the object of their introduction will scarcely be the benefit to trade or the mercantile class; they will be regarded as a means of strengthening the military position of China, and so enabling her to resist the very civilization that has produced them. But there is one impediment to their introduction, which is of far greater importance than the doctrine of *fêng-shui*, but is rather apt to be overlooked. The Chinese Empire is an assemblage of satrapies, independent of one another, and, for the most part, shut off by great natural obstacles from rapid communication with the Central Government at Peking. Owing to the impossibility of applying for and receiving instructions on matters of urgency, the Viceroys or Governors of these provinces have great discretionary power given them. If they fail to put down a revolt or relieve a famine, they will be impeached, and perhaps severely punished; but if they succeed, little inquiry will, in all probability, be made into the means. It was to the great temptations which this state of semi-independence offered that the Viceroy of Yün-kwei yielded in 1855. He had been ordered to resign in consequence of his ill-success

against* the Panthay Mahommedans; but, instead of submitting, declared himself Emperor of Yun-nan, and held the eastern half of the province for several years against the Imperialists. Now, such men as this, and, indeed, all provincial officials, whose power would be curtailed by their introduction, are most unlikely to support the various schemes for opening up the country by means of railways or telegraphs. It rests with the Central Government to assert itself. When it sees fit to do so, and abandon its old policy of provincialism, the objections raised by *Yang-shun* will cease, since that only masks the real obstacle. Then such stories as the apparition of the late Empress in a dream, saying that she could not rest in peace in her tomb in the Eastern Hills because of the K'ai-p'ing coal-mines, will no longer be encouraged, or even, possibly, allowed.

But, meanwhile, whatever changes may be made in China in the direction of an, apparently, more liberal attitude towards Western science, it is too absurd to picture the Pekingese of to-day, as M. Jules Verne does in his extravaganza (it is little better), *The Troubles of a Chinaman*, as making familiar use of all the most modern inventions, and the newest improvements in them. Little, indeed, or nothing, of any of these was to be seen at Peking, even in the houses of Europeans—I believe, however, that the telephone has been lately introduced into the Inspectorate-General of Customs—and, although the gas-lamp on the wall of the Professor's house has flared over the dirt and dust of the Kou-lan Hú-t'ung for some years now, the Chinese seem to have shown no desire to substitute in their

streets lamps like it for the wretched paper lanterns that, like wreckers' beacons, only serve to allure you into danger and a pool of filth.

But to come back to Sung. I asked him and a friend of his named Chao to a Chinese dinner one day. My boy found a good inn in the Western Quarter, and made all the arrangements for me with the landlord. The invitations were written on the large red visiting-cards used by the Chinese, and duly accepted—by being left unanswered. Six o'clock was the hour fixed, and, as I was going in a cart, I had to leave the Legation early, for the Western Quarter is some way off. I arrived a little late as it was, and after my guests—a highly improper proceeding; but then I think they were too early. I was received at the gate of the inn by the landlord, who showed me into the room reserved for us. It stood all by itself in a little side court entered by a circular doorway. The room itself was bare of furniture, except for a round table, a few clumsy chairs, and a long and broad bench, used, as I afterwards learned, in opium-smoking. It was winter, and so we had a small charcoal stove on the brick floor. The general aspect of the room and its belongings was that of a respectable scullery; but my guests seemed more than satisfied.

I had heard and read so much of the trials that await a European stomach at these entertainments, and of the troubles that unaccustomed chop-sticks involve you in, that I had told my boy to bring brandy, and a set of knives, forks, and spoons. I also had a bottle of sherry and another of whisky for my guests. When I arrived,

the table, bare of table-cloth, was set out with little dishes containing fruit and cold meats, cut into the tiniest morsels. Presently we sat down, and each man had a little saucer, a pair of chop-sticks, and two tiny cups given him. An attendant then went round with a kettle, out of which he poured a luke-warm liquid almost colourless, and nearly, if not quite, tasteless. This was our wine. I wonder a Chinaman ever manages to get tipsy on such poor stuff; but probably this was the *vin ordinaire*, as it were. And, indeed, their Rose Spirit and "Samshoo" are very much stronger.

Sung's friend would help me with his chop-sticks, and heap up my plate with incongruous tit-bits: a little lump of carp, a wafer-like slice of ham, some goose's liver, and a piece of shark's fin. It was no use saying that I preferred to take them by instalments, or that they did not, so to speak, harmonize—he could not see the force of my objections; and it struck him as slightly eccentric on my part, and probably as a little impolite, to refuse a piece of pork fat he offered me in the spoon with which he had just taken his soup; for, after the cold meats came in several bowls of fish, flesh and fowl (chiefly fish and fowl), all very hot and very greasy. I tried for some time to swallow something; then gave up, and went in steadily for the Ché-kiang ham, which was really excellent. Course after course was sent in; but the Chinamen were not satisfied, and finally ordered a sort of hotch-potch, a dish with a pan of burning charcoal in the centre, keeping hot the soup in the outer bowl. Into this

日前賜飲數日未晤昨懇

崧先生轉邀

閣下於本月念七日酉刻假座絨線胡同鴻慶
堂便酌一敘併祈轉邀

邁
額
二公玉趾早臨是幸順候

元佳

照鑑亭拜訂

*Private Note. — Return Invitation to Dinner from
Sung's friend Chao.**

7.	6.	5.	4.	3.	2.	1.
	YOUR	Ngè and Mai		YOUR	SUNG	
	High	my	And	Honour	hsien-shèng	Days
	• Excellence	lords	I	on	on	ago
		to move	beg	the twenty-seventh	my	you
	A	their	that	day	behalf	bestowed
	note	jewelled	you	noon	to invite	a
	with	steps	will	at		refection
the salutation		and	on	the <i>pin</i>		on
of Chao		early	my	best		me
Chien-t'ing		approach	behalf	to occupy		for
		This	invite	a		many
		I		borrowed		days
		hope		sat		we
		and		at		have
		take		the Hung-ch'ing		not
		the occasion		Tavern		met
		to enquire		in		yesterday
		after		Velvet-thread		I
				Lane		begged
				where		
				we		
				may		
				fill		
				our		
				cups		
				and		
				chat		
				the while		

[The numbers 1 to 7 refer to the corresponding columns in the Chinese note, counting from the right.]

* The Chinese possess an ample store of pronouns and a sufficient system of punctuation; but they make it a point of culture to avoid, where they can, the use of both. In their correspondence rhythm supplies the place of commas, and metaphor the absence of pronouns. Neither course is satisfactory to the English translator, and I have been compelled to introduce various I's and you's; I have not, though, enclosed them in brackets, lest my translation should resemble too closely an early chapter in Todhunter's Algebra.

Another peculiarity is still harder to reproduce — the “respectful elevation of characters,” as Sinologists describe it. Whenever a direct reference is made to the person addressed, the vertical

soup they emptied the contents of any bowl or saucer that came to hand, and after these had seethed and bubbled for a short time, plunged their chop-sticks in, filled their saucers, and continued the feast for some twenty minutes more. When they had quite finished, we ranged ourselves about the room, and smoked, drank, and chatted. They wanted me to play *morra*, the childish finger-game they and the Italians enjoy. The forfeit is a cup of wine, which the loser drinks. I said I did not in the least know how to play it, but it would give me the greatest pleasure to lose, I felt sure. But they thought on the whole it would not be amusing; and so we made ourselves some toddy, and left.

A few days afterwards I asked the same two Chinese men to a European dinner in my rooms. Sung said he would come with pleasure, but stipulated that there

column is left incomplete, and the character involving the reference commences a new column, and is elevated two spaces above the general level. A mutual friend or a superior enjoys "single elevation"; on the other hand, where the parents of the recipient are alluded to, these are honoured by an elevation of three spaces. An indirect reference to one's correspondent calls for "single elevation" only. Thus, the words *ko-hsia* ("your Honour," properly "under the balcony") are raised two spaces; *gian chia* ("high" or "chiefest excellence") one space, and similarly with the surnames Sung, Mai, Ngè.

The "*yin* hour" is the period between 5 P.M. and 7 P.M.; practically, however, it means 7.

"To occupy a borrowed seat," literally "to falsely sit down," is to be a guest at a tavern instead of at the host's own house.

"My Lords," properly "Two Dukes." Mai and Ngè are not, however, as yet, entitled. The term *kung*, in its primary sense a prince or duke, is very largely, if not loosely, applied. I have seen a tomb with the inscription,

"*Shui liu shih kung.*"

[His Grace a Corpse Washed Ashore.]

should be no beef; for an orthodox Chinaman will not eat the "ploughing beast," and, considering that in Peking beef is mostly horse or donkey re-christened, perhaps he is wise. He objected to hare, too, for some reason or other. Finally we agreed on a menu that included nothing taboo, and I sent invitations to Sung's friend and to T'ang. The dinner went off very well, and the behaviour of the guests was most exemplary. T'ang was used to the thing and showed it; the other two would cast furtive glances at his manipulation of napkin and finger-bowl, and act accordingly. But there was no trace of the excellent appetite of a few days before; I fancy their faith was small, and they had provisioned themselves for this feast. But Chao took kindly enough to cigarettes and *kirsch*, and quite unbent over his whisky and water, and insisted on my dining with him that day week. There are drawbacks to entertaining Chinamen.

But to resume. Beyond the course of study laid down in the *Tsü-erh Chi*, we were not required to go in for other reading during the two years we were to spend in Peking, though it was generally understood that we should look at some Chinese novel, and occasionally take up the *Peking Gazette*. This is published every day in two or three forms. The edition we usually took in was about three inches by six, and consisted of some twenty to thirty sheets roughly fastened together by bits of twisted paper, and enclosed in "flimsy yellow covers," as Mayers called them. On the back were stamped two characters, *Ching Pao*, the "Metropolitan Gazette." The paper is prepared beforehand, ruled in

red perpendicular lines, seven to the half-page. The documents issued for publication are taken down in manuscript, and then set up in movable wooden type, and printed with an ink that is very apt to come off and stain the fingers of the reader. These documents are of very varying interest, often merely reports of transfers and promotions. But occasionally you come across an account of a trial or curious ceremony that is distinctly entertaining, and throws great light at the same time on some phases of Chinese character. As, for instance, the San P'ai-lou Murder Case, now, by reason of the excitement it caused in the Gazette, and therefore presumably among the officials, become quite a *cause célèbre*. The report is somewhat long, and, if you are not interested in the Police Column of the oldest daily paper in the world, please skip this and the following pages.

On the morning of the 12th of January, 1878, the body of a man, whose name was unknown, was found near the San P'ai-lou at Nanking. There were marks of wounds in several places: his queue, too, had been cut off and had disappeared. By the side of the corpse lay a parcel of lime, some brown paper, a small cleaver, and a pair of straw shoes. There was no blood on the ground, nor were there any traces of a struggle.

The matter was reported to the late Viceroy of Nanking, Shên Pao-chên, and he deputed the present Salt-Commissioner Hung Ju-ku'ei to try it. A Colonel Hu was instructed to search for and arrest the murderer; and he succeeded in discovering an eye-witness of the affair, a man named Fang. This man deposed that on the night of the 11th his road led him past the

spot. By the faint light of the moon reflected on the snow, he saw a dead man lying on the ground, and standing by him three men, one tall and one short, and one who looked like a Buddhist priest. He was startled, and was hesitating what to do, when one of the men went up to him, and told him, with threats, to mind his own business, on which he at once came away. By means of this clue three men were, one after the other, arrested: a priest, Shao Tsung, and two men named Chang and Ch'ü. In Ch'ü's possession was found a five-cornered cash (used either as a charm, or a token of some secret society).

At the trial, the prisoner Chang was the first to make a statement. He said that he had been led to commit murder through poverty; and this was confirmed by Ch'ü, who declared that he had been prevailed on by the priest and Chang to kill a pig-drover named Hsüeh Ch'un-fang for the sake of his money. After carrying away the corpse, they stripped off his blood-stained outer garment, and took it back to the hills with them, where they burnt it. The brown paper Ch'u had brought with him to wipe the blood off his hands; the lime the priest had used to stifle the victim's cries; the cleaver was the weapon with which the murder was committed; the grass shoes belonged to the dead man. This confession agreed in every particular with the depositions of the witness; and, moreover, a butcher's knife and a bill-hook were discovered, which the priest and Ch'ü admitted to have used in the murder. Even the ashes of the burnt clothes were found. When questioned about their victim, the priest and Chang said they had

never seen him before, and all Ch'ü knew was that he had heard him say he came from Hochou.

These particulars were laid before the Viceroy, who, in view of the fact that the men confessed themselves guilty of wilful murder, but refused to give a satisfactory account of the antecedents of the murdered man, came to the conclusion that it was a case of assassination of one of their number by the members of a band of robbers. Accordingly he sentenced Ch'ü and the priest to be immediately executed, and their heads exposed in a cage. Chang, as the first to turn Crown evidence, had the capital penalty commuted. His right ear was cut off, he was branded, and sent back to his native place. So the case was closed.

Three years afterwards, a man was brought before a police court in Nanking, charged with theft, and while there laid an accusation against two men, whose names were Chou and Shên. They were arrested and brought to trial. The evidence established the following:—

Towards the end of the year 1877, Chou had persuaded a married woman named Liu, of Fu-ning, to elope with him, and had hired a boat to take them south. On the way he came across an old acquaintance named Chu Piao, who, with his comrades Shên and Hsü, was towing his boat along. Chu, seeing a young woman in Chou's barge, asked him where he was going. Chou said he wanted to get to Nanking, but the money for boat hire had run short. Chu on this paid his passage-money for him, and invited him to come into his own boat, and do the rest of the journey in his company. Chu himself had a woman with him whom he

had carried off, named Chao. The whole party arrived at a place called Liu Ho, and while there Chu Piao eloped with the woman Liu. Chou was much enraged, but feared Chu's skill with his fists, so persuaded Shên to come with him in pursuit of the pair. Shên had an intrigue with the woman Chao, Chu's mistress, and feared lest it should come to his ears: so readily agreed to go. They stole a small cleaver belonging to Hsü, and started off together for Nanking. On the way, Chou purchased some lime, which they intended to throw into the man's eyes. On the 11th January, they met Chu Piao in Nanking, and learnt from him that the woman Liu was concealed in the house of Miu the Cripple. Chu told them he was hard-up, and meant to rob a candle-store near the San P'ai-lou, and asked them to help him. Accordingly they bought some grass shoes, a chaffing dish, and some brown paper, and went together to the bamboo garden, close to the San P'ai-lou. It was nearly midnight, and the ground was covered with snow, on which a frosty moon was glistening. The three men crouched round the charcoal pan warming their hands. Presently, Chu Piao rose and went a little way off. The two confederates seized this opportunity to arrange their attack, and Shên stealthily twisted his hand in Chu's queue. Chu started and stumbled, when Chou began to hack at him wildly with his cleaver, and in so doing cut off his queue. Shên, coming to his assistance, snatched a dagger from the victim's girdle, and stabbed him once or twice with it till he was dead. They did not remove the body, but, flinging down the cleaver, the parcel of lime, the brown

paper, and the straw shoes, by the side of the corpse, they fled. The next day they found out and carried off the woman Liu, whom they sold, dividing the proceeds. All this was confirmed by the testimony of the other woman, who said that they had confessed to her what they had done. Hsi, too, recognised the cleaver as his. . . .

This case agreed so exactly in place and time with the former one, that a brother of the man Ch'ü, who was executed for the murder, was summoned. He stated that he had sent his nephew to Hochou, where the murdered man was said to have come from, and found that there never had been any such person there as Hsüeh Ch'un-fang.

Now, it was extremely unlikely that two murders could have taken place on the same night in such a place of public resort as the San P'ai-lou, without everyone knowing and speaking of it. The whole thing was as clear as a picture. The dead body found on the morning of the 12th was that of Cha-piao, that was certain, and the murderers were Chou and Shên. The difficulty was to understand how the two men already executed for the crime, the priest and Ch'ü, and the man Chang, who was branded and banished, came to be willing to falsely confess themselves guilty. And the witness produced at the former trial, Fang, how was it that he was so positive in his testimony? There was nothing for it but to summon Chang and Fang, which was done.

On cross-examination, Fang declared positively that on the day in question he not only had not seen the dead body, but had never been near the San P'ai-lou at

all. He had heard people saying that at such and such a place a man had been killed, and on going home had told his mother of it. She told him not to get talking at random in the streets, as he was deaf and slow of understanding. After this he went out to sell sunflower seeds, and met on the road a militiaman who, under pretence of wanting to buy his sweetmeats, took him to the Kuan-yin Monastery, and shut him up in a room. There he was visited by Colonel Hu, who asked him about the San P'ai-lou murder, saying that a beggar had told him that he, Fang, knew all about it. After this, Hu took him to another temple, where he contrived that he should see the priest Shao Tsung, and ordered him to declare that on the night of the murder he had seen this priest and two other men standing by the corpse. These other two he would tell him about after their arrest. Fang refused to agree, but as Hu continued to press him and to threaten him, or to promise him money, he at last consented to give the evidence he did at the trial. All his answers to the cross-examination of Hung, the presiding judge on that occasion, were prompted by Hu and rehearsed beforehand. When Ch'ü was arrested, one of the Colonel's men fetched witness to look at the prisoner through a chink in the window, that he might identify him when called on to do so. Chang was an old acquaintance, and he involved him in the charge out of fear of Hu. Witness was kept under guard until the case was over, when he was released.

Chang deposed that he spent the night of the 11th at the house of one Ch'en, but that on the trial Hu and

some of the judges threatened him with torture, and told him, besides, that the priest and Ch'ü had confessed, so that he did not dare to refuse to say what was required of him. His account was confirmed by Ch'en, and also by one of the judges at the trial, who said he had seen Colonel Hu apply torture to Ch'ü.

Hu was accordingly summoned, but refused to confess his guilt.

At this point the new Viceroy of Nanking, Liu K'un-yi, from whose memorial all this is an extract, wrote to the Emperor for permission to examine Hu by torture, and to put Hung and his assessors on their trial. This was done, and it became sufficiently evident that Hu, failing to discover the real murderers, and afraid of incurring the degradation that such failure would involve, had contrived this means of procuring defendants to the charge. His ingenuity was not appreciated, and he was condemned to be at once beheaded. The other actors in the drama met with their deserts, according to Chinese law; and amid a shower of platitudes from the Censorate, the case closed.

European journals are much exercised about the *Peking Gazette*. Letters were often received addressed to "the Editor," and asking for "a copy of his valuable periodical," and proposing that he should take in the *Bumbleton Mercury*, or arrange exchanges with the *Heliopolis Bulletin*. One post-card came from Germany:—

A la direction de la "Gazette"
to the expedition of the gazette (gazette french)
Peking,

上諭

後送部引見

止職員弁遇有

不

日內

asking for information as to terms of subscription and dates of issue. Here, by-the-bye, the *Daily Telegraph* might have given the inquirer some startling, if not particularly accurate, information. That estimable but mistaken organ says: "The Chinese name of the paper is the *King Pau*, which means 'Capital Sheet.' It is one of the most enterprising journals in existence, having lately taken to issuing three editions daily. The one in the morning is called the *Hsing Pau*, which means 'Business Sheet'; that in the forenoon, *Shuen Pau*, or 'Official Sheet,' which contains all the fashionable intelligence; that in the evening, the *Titanic Pau*" (Oh *T'zu-erh Chi*, and "Peking Syllabary"!)" "or 'Country Sheet'; and all three issues are edited by members of the Hanlin College."

The writer of this is only equalled in his simple faith by the man who wrote to the "Managing Editor of the *Peking Gazette*," and said he had an advertisement he wanted to get inserted in all the principal papers of the globe—it was a balm, I believe, or a patent pill—and what was his charge for a column? Then, when the "member

of the Hanlin College" was long in replying, the would-be advertiser sent a second note, indignantly reminding him of his first, and remarking, in scathing terms, on the way in which people appeared to do business in Peking.

Among the novels we took up, or at any rate dipped into, were the *Yu Chiao Li* (Julien's *Les Deux Cousins*), the *Hao Ch'in Chuan* ("The Fortunate Union," as Davis translates it), the *San Kuo Chih*, and the *Hung Lou Meng*. They are all, as a rule, exceedingly uninteresting, and if they have been translated (as the first two, and, I believe, the third, have been), it is because a Chinese book is more or less like a chess problem, or the fifteen puzzle, requiring a certain amount of ingenuity to work out: whereby translators are able to look on themselves as men of acute mind and fertile in suggestion. I seriously doubt whether even the translator can take any interest in the matter of his translation, unless his sympathies are very wide.

Occasionally, indeed, the weary plodder comes across some familiar touch that makes him feel more akin to his author. As this from the "Three Kingdoms," the *San Kuo Chih*, an old historical romance of the period A.D. 190 to 265, during which three states strove for the Empire—"Ch'en Wei coming in, Ying pointed to Jung and said, 'That is a remarkable boy!' 'It doesn't follow,' answered Wei, 'that those who are clever in their youth will be clever when they grow up. On this Jung, in a tone of polite assent, observed, 'From what you say, Sir, you must have been clever when you were young.' " (Chap. xi.)

The *Hung Lou Meng* is a satire in 120 chapters, and, as it is usually bound, in some twenty volumes, on the life of the upper classes in Peking during the eighteenth century, and more particularly on the doings of Ming Chu, a powerful noble in the reign of Ch'ien Lung, who in the end was obliged to commit suicide by strangling, while his property was confiscated. At least, this is the view Hsu held of the object of the book. To the foreign student it usually appears as a succession of wearisome chapters—marriages, intrigues, funerals—strung together without any apparent purpose. There is a certain depressing significance in the fact that one Chinese scholar who has made a special study of the novel has chosen to regard it simply as a text-book for colloquial phrases, and in his Notes, which unfortunately exist as yet only in manuscript, gives no hint of his theory, if he has formed one, of the motive of the work, nor attempts, by furnishing some idea of the plot, to excite in his readers an interest in the story. Indeed, you might as well expect a Chinese student of English to take an interest in, say, *Clarrissa Harlowe*.

I think that this last comparison is perhaps a little too severe, for there are some passages in the *Hung Lou Meng* of real beauty, which seem, it may be, all the more beautiful from their plain setting. Among the songs and versicles scattered through the book are some that are exceedingly graceful. Art, perhaps, is too little concealed, but that is at once the defect and the beauty of Chinese poetry. It is, perhaps, impossible to reproduce in English, in a way that shall suggest the

original, the rhythm of Chinese verse. Indeed, no English metre, except, I think, that of "Piers Plowman," with its short lines and alliteration ("I was wery forwandered, And went me to reste"—I quote from memory), at all resembles it. Sir John Davis, in his *Chinese Poetry*, has, by the form in which he has cast his metrical translations, certainly shown himself a better poet in his own language than a critic of Chinese poems.

The chief difficulty is to preserve the parallelisms in which the Chinese poet delights, and to find some equivalent for the cadence of his verse (the "sequence of the tones"), and each *epitheton constans* he has studded it with. Here, in proof of the difficulty of such a task, is an attempt to render part of a lovely ode in the fifth chapter. It is sung by the fairies, unseen the while, as their Queen comes to meet the hero in Dream-land:—

She wons from the woodlands
Where wave her willows,
She hastes from her homestead
Fashioned of flowers:

And the birds are afright at her coming, in the trees of the garden,
And her shadow is flitting before her, and crosses the corridor.

o Her sleeves, fairy-broidered, float behind her,
And the breezes are laden with fragrance of musk and of orchid:
Her robes, lily-woven, swaying softly,
In the light air are waking the tinkling of bracelet and anklet.

Like the blossoms of the peach in spring-time
are her dimpled cheeks,
Her hazyon tresses
as gathering storm-clouds in heaven:

Like the pouting cherry newly-ripened
 are her parted lips,
 Than melon seeds whiter
 the teeth her soft breathing perfumes.

The shapely waist, delicate dainty,

The light winds may waft it, the snows were too rough for it :

- Her feathers and pearls, shimmering flashing
 Are green as the drake's wing, are white as the eider-down.

'Mid banks of flowers, passing repassing,
 Most lovely when joyous, when angered most lovely :
 O'er tarn and fountain to and fro flitting,
 In semblance of flying, of floating in semblance.

Like a moth her eye-brows flutter, now smiling now frowning,
 The eager lips are parted, tho' no word is spoken :
 Like the lily are her footsteps, ever swaying ever bending,
 She still seems to hasten, but still stays her going.

But to the student came relaxation sometimes, and
 respite from Gazette and novel. And he would do as
 he was done by.

IV. WINTER.

AMONG the European communities at the Open Ports, the *lingua franca* is certainly English. The large amount of English trade, as compared with that of other countries, would be sufficient to account for this; but English is equally the language of intercourse in Peking—French with difficulty maintaining its traditional right to be the language of high-officialdom. One reason is the constant influx of men from the ports, another, the fact that to the cosmopolitan staff of the Customs no one is appointed who cannot read, write, and speak English. The necessity thus laid upon almost everyone in China to learn English, was the reason why Herr Schmidt, who had lately come out, and wished to sell his new pony, carefully got up a few useful phrases. But he rather astonished a prospective purchaser by suddenly introducing himself in the words, “Farevell, I haf Schmidt, I am an horse.”

Not only is English the common language of the Europeans in China, but that curiously distorted form of it (which is really baby-English in Chinese idiom) known as ‘Pidgin English,’ is often used as a medium of intercourse between Chinamen from different parts of the Empire, who speak mutually unintelligible dialects.

The converse of all this often holds true in the case of children brought up in China. They learn Chinese from their amahs, and a French, an English, and a German child, who do not know a word of each other's native language, chatter away in Chinese—to the admiration and envy of a newly-arrived student.

During the winter, which commences early in November, and lasts till the beginning of March, Peking is shut out almost entirely from the rest of the world; for its highway, the Pei-ho, is frozen hard, and steamers cannot enter the Gulf. And so there is a bustle of preparation towards the end of October, a laying in of stores and clothes and barrels of ale, for nothing heavy will come up when the river is closed. The mails, that have hitherto been sent *via* Chefoo and Tientsin, must now travel overland some 800 miles from Chinkiang, on the Yang-tzū, by which they are delayed a fortnight or so. Hence, when winter begins, we were often without letters for nearly a month, though we had had a weekly service through the summer. Then, when the winter ended, the letters came like the tunes out of Baron Munchausen's horn when it thawed, and if it were possible to have too much of a good thing, we had it then. The mind could not digest such a plethora. But it was worse with the popular man who went up country for a couple of months. When he returned, he found an extensive correspondence awaiting him, that had arrived by various mails from different parts of the world. He was conscientious and set to work, and read on steadily (so he says), day and night, for three days, with hurried intervals for refreshments. Then the English and

French mails came in together, and he succumbed. He invested in 500 international post-cards, and printed on them an impassioned appeal to his friends not to write again till further notice. I consider that man ungrateful. My letters were not numerous, and far too large a proportion of them appeared to be of a commercial character—but these I did not endanger my peace of mind by opening.

Besides the English and French mails, which came on alternate weeks (or ought to have done: what they usually did was to come on the same day, or on successive days, and leave us an interesting interval of a fortnight with nothing new to read); there was an American mail once a month, and a Russian mail every ten days. This last went overland, through Kalgan and Kiakhta, the border town, taking twelve days to go from Peking to the latter place. As Kiakhta is a telegraph station, and the rate for messages by the Russian line is very much cheaper than by submarine cable from Shanghai, telegrams used often to be sent by this route. An overland wire now connects Tientsin with Shanghai, and brings Peking within a day of the Western world.

Three or four years ago the Customs established a postal service between Peking and Shanghai, being desirous of civilising the Chinese, and adding to the Imperial revenue. The rates were somewhat high at first, and the scheme was in danger of falling through. But, fortunately, the enthusiasm of the new agency proved its safety; in their just pride in the



undertaking, the directors had caused stamps to be engraved, labelled "China," and mysterious with sprawling dragons and Chinese characters. No sooner had the news got about, than orders came flowing in from the postage-stamp dealers of all parts of the world, for the new "candarins," and success was assured.

I mentioned, I think, that we had a reading-room in the Legation. For this the mails from Europe would bring us the principal weekly periodicals, and a few of the monthly magazines; and from America, *Harper, Scribner (The Century)*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, that we might have one American paper—these three, I need hardly say, are written in English—the *San Francisco Bulletin*. Any Peking resident might be elected as a member of the reading-room. The subscribers held a yearly meeting in the autumn to decide on the papers to be taken in during the next year, and to frame rules, which were very strict, seldom observed, and never enforced. Bertram, our treasurer, was an old offender. We used to post him up very conspicuously on a black board kept for the purpose. Nevertheless, when a new mail came in, Bertram would come in too, smile benignantly at the board, and then sidle out of the room with the new *Punch*. It was in vain we pleaded that he was setting us a bad example. So at last we gave way, and took out all the new papers as soon as they arrived, thereby check-mating Bertram, who lived so much farther off.

Constant study of the *Bulletin* showed us the advantage of combination; and so when an autumn meeting was coming on, we met together in the mess-room

and resolved ourselves into a caucus. Then we decided that such papers as the *Fortnightly* were not suited to the requirements of student interpreters; the *Field*, on the contrary, would supply a pressing want. We nearly split over the relative merits of the *St. James's* and the *Pall Mall*; for our political opinions were not quite unanimous, and the funds of the reading-room did not allow of both being taken in. But we settled that somehow, and on the day showed a solid and unwavering front that dismayed the enemy. In our triumph, some of us were for carrying the *Referee*, but, being strong, we were merciful, and forbore.

In April we had a sale of the papers, a private sale among the subscribers, Bertram in great form as auctioneer. The most lively bidding was for *Punch*; after that, perhaps, for the *Cornhill* and the American illustrated magazines. The *Edinburgh Review* excited little interest, and the *Quarterly* went to one man (but that was his good fortune) for 10 cents. One of the Chinese attendants at the office—a t'ing-chai as he is called—was a good hand at binding books, and reaped a small harvest after the sale.

In days of old the students, being then, so report says, all men of wit, brought out at intervals what they called the *Peking Punch*. Just now it is out of print, so that, to my regret, I cannot obtain a copy. By my time a great change had come over the spirit of students' dreams: we took our pleasure sadly. We found the cares of life press too heavily on our shoulders to allow us to edit *Punches*. The strains of by-gone students had power to move us yet; but we flatter

away ambition. We could not hope to win by it; and tacitly confessed ourselves degenerate. They were giants, indeed, in those days.

During the winter, the chief amusement inside the Legation was the bowling-alley. The building itself was substantial enough, but the alleys were always going wrong. The planks at the bowler's end, where the ball started (and which the ball started), had to be repaired every year. The indefatigable Bertram would bring in a Chinese carpenter and explain matters. The carpenter would look round: "Planking, 4 feet by 6, two men could put that right in a day: say five dollars." Then the men would set to work and find that all the boards were fastened firmly into an iron frame and pierced at intervals by iron rods, and that on a moderate computation their work was cut out for the next month. Then the contract had to be re-arranged. But Bertram says he has used up all the carpenters in the city now, and will have to import some if he still wants to get favourable terms.

Those alleys were certainly trying. It took some days to get into the way of them at all, and when at last you were beginning to make doubles (=knocking all the ten pins down by the first ball), a plank went wrong and altered the roll entirely. They have some good alleys at Tientsin, and men would visit Peking occasionally who rather despised a score of 250 (300 is the maximum), and thought a man hopeless if he got anything under 200. Then they came round to our alley and were chosen in on one side or the other, and put down to play third or fourth. As they watched the Peking

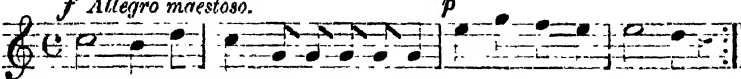
men with much trouble getting eight or nine, they could not prevent their faces from expressing something of the pity and wonder that filled their souls. Then their turn would come on, and they would score six or five, and the wonder was changed to contempt—for our unhappy alley.

Our mess dinners were arranged between the mess and wine caterers and the cook. The largest dinner that has been given by the students was, I believe, one in which forty men took part. The special reason for giving the dinner (beyond the desire to see our friends) was, if I remember rightly, the pride that puffed up the mess when the President announced the arrival of two large plum-puddings from Tientsin. But as the dinner drew to a close, the guests seemed to expect that some speech would be made to them, setting forth the great occasion that had assembled them all together. To have put it down to the puddings would have been, we felt, a bathos; besides, the puddings had not turned out altogether the success we had hoped. Fortunately, just at this juncture, one of the guests had a birthday, and that made everything right. But it was a critical moment.

The congratulatory speeches made and acknowledged, we settled down to the more serious business of song-singing. A duet by the German students was followed by the Match-box song from Professor Pavlovski. Our matches are supplied us, more or less indirectly, by a well-known Scandinavian firm, and light only on the box. The boys having handed round match-boxes, just

as a pew-opener may distribute hymn-books, the Professor begins:—

f Allegro maestoso. *p*



We-ners-borgs tänd-sticks-fä-briks pa tent pa-raf-fi-ne-ra-de.

f *p* 1st.



Sä-ker-hets Tänd-stick or u-tan sva-fvel och fos-for.

2nd. *f*



och fos-for . . . Tän-tän-tän-da en-dast mot lä-dans

p



plån. Tän-da en-dast mot lä-dans plån.*

Then Bertram is called on for a song, and protests he does not know one. There is a general shout, "Oh Bertie! where do you expect to go to? 'Lord Bateman,' Bertie! Silence for Mr. Bertram's song!" Bertram smiles gently and says, "Well, if Paley will lead the chorus? But I don't remember the words very well." Paley promises that he will start a chorus, and Bertram begins:—

Lord Bateman was [*reflectively*].—Lord Bateman was [*a long pause*].

• Lord Bateman was [*triumphantly*].—Lord Bateman!

* I give this as O'Hara wrote it. He translated it as well:—

The Wenersborg Match-Manufactory's Patent
Paraffine-dipped

SAFETY MATCHES,

Without sulphur or phosphorus.
Light only on the surface of the box.

Paley—

For the stormy winds do blow
And the raging waters flow,
And we jolly sailor-boys were sitting up aloft,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,
[*Emphatically*]—
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

A silence: then, “Now, Bertram, the second verse!”
Bertram says, with a puzzled air, “I was just trying to think what it was.” Paley suggests, “something about Lord Bateman.” Then Bertram’s face lights up, and he says cheerfully, “Ah, yes—

Lord Bateman was [*sadly*]—Lord Bateman was [*dubiously*]—
Lord Bateman was [*gleefully*]—Lord Bateman!

Paley—

“We shoulder arms, we march, we march away . . .

Chorus—

We shoulder arms. . . .

Bertram turns to talk to his neighbour. The President, indignantly, “Now, Bertie, there are some more verses!” Bertram, in an injured tone, “There are,—several; but I can’t remember them.” The neighbour whispers something. “Oh, of course, ‘Lord Bateman’—

Lord Bateman was [*hopefully*]—Lord Bateman was [*indifferently*]—

Lord Bateman was [*despondently*]—Lord Bateman!

Paley and Chorus—

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl . . .

After this, Lawson gives us “Rosalie the Prairie Flower.” He has lungs and forehead of brass, and

rolls th~~is~~ong out with most infectious enjoyment, till he culminates *fortissimo* in the last verse—

Then the Angels whispered,
Softly in her ear . . .

There is a pause to recover breath—for the chorus requires a good deal of breath—and then O'Hara is asked for his song (each of us has his own, taboo to the rest), and begins the "Vicar of Bray." He is very nervous, and has asked Gordon to strike up the chorus directly he has finished singing:—

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A—a—a—

Gordon—

That this is law I will maintain—

O'Hara—

A zealous High Churchman was I—

Gordon—

That I'll be Vicar of Bray, Sir!

O'Hara—

To teach my flock I never missed
Kings were by God appointed,
And—and—[catches sight of Gordon's mouth opening
and hurries up]—
And damned [con. express.] are those who do
resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed!—

"Thank goodness that's over."

Gordon—

That this is law . . . —&c., &c., *ad infin.*

Then we called on Thierry. He tried to evade it, declaring he was bashful, and only knew one song.

However, he would sing that through, if we would promise to listen patiently. We promised. Then he sang thirty-three verses of his song—there were eight lines in each verse. It began to get late, and somebody whispered to the President. As Thierry commenced the thirty-fourth verse, the President rose, and asked solemnly, “Thierry, are there many more verses of that song?” Thierry said, “Only twenty-one, and I shan’t be——” “Gentlemen,” observed the President—

“God save our gracious Queen”

When we were dining more strictly *en famille*, we were partial to hymns—Moody and Sankey the favourites, as being the most noisy. The great advantage hymns possessed over secular songs was that the tunes were simple, and everybody knew the words. Of the topical songs that abounded in the Elizabethan era of student life, the days of the *Peking Punch*, few or none had come down to us. Some faint reflection of their brilliancy occasionally flashed on our horizon, the summer-lightning, as it were, of poetic wit—and Gordon’s addition to a popular ditty was received not without applause:—

Says Aaron to Moses
 There are across the seas
 Some Student Interpreters
 A-learning of Chinese
 At least, that’s what their worthy Chief,
 Sir Thomas Wade, supposes:
 They’re mostly singing comic songs—
 “Oh, let ’em sing,” says Moses.

As it may interest someone to know what is procurable in the way of food in the depth of a Peking winter

(I know it used to interest us very much), I subjoin the authorised version of our cook's bill of fare on this occasion :—

MENU.

Hare soup.
Mandarin fish.
Bouchées a la Reine
Aspic of quails.
Roast beef.
Perdrix farcies.
Wild boar.
Meringues.
Plum pudding.

Dessert

In Peking, at any rate, the bill of fare was usually written in Chinese, on an oblong strip of red paper and known as the *hsi tan*, or "Paper of the Feast." There is a story that at a dinner-party, a lady, one of the guests, took up this bill of fare, and, after looking through it very carefully for a minute or two, put it down with an air of disappointment. Her host politely expressed his regret that his cook had prepared so poor a course, and said that he really must dismiss him. "Oh dear no; it isn't that at all," she answered. "I was merely looking at the paper to find the only character I know. That is, I don't know what it means, but it looks like an inverted V." "Dear! dear!" said

The 8th moon 5th day. Paper of the
Feast.

Soup

Onion flower soup.

ea

MENU.

Roast crab flesh.

Boiled little chicken.

Roast sheep flesh.

Comfits.

Ice *Ch-lin*.

Long original cakes.

* * * The sweetmeats are better known, perhaps, as "Ice Cream" and "Finger Biscuits," confections which we maintained to be of an affinity almost chemical, but which the cook regarded as things apart to be served up separately.

the host, in a tone of alarm, "I hope you didn't find it. That cook of mine believes we can eat most things but I did think he drew the line at cannibalism!" For 人 is the common character for 'a man.'

This is one of the current stories that every new comer has to hear sooner or later—like the freshmar and the tale of the man with a short gown—and insert it here with a solemn warning to any tyro who (for such is the way of tyros) may wish to repeat it either to leave it alone, which is best, or to leave it vague. If he applies it, as thus, "At Mr. E.'s dinner the other day, Mrs. C. . . .," his auditor will probably remark, "I thought it was Mme. F., who, when Hert von D. was dining with them, asked her boy why they had no 人 (*jén*) for dinner that day, thinking that it meant potatoes, and wishing to show her knowledge of Chinese." At which the tyro will feel sad, or, if he be disputatious, will argue on the superior probability of his own version.

The strong point in our larder in winter-time was game. The Mongols, who came down from the north, brought in a frozen state partridges, pheasants, a sort of wild barn-door fowl (if it can be so described—the Chinese call it a "wind chicken"), quails, wild boar, huáng yang (a kind of small deer), hares (which were known as "wild cat"), and other game they had trapped or shot. In the south, by-the-by, game is always shot. It is often trapped as a preliminary, it is true: but in that case the natives hang it up on a convenient wall and fire at it. This is because a prejudice

which the foreigners apparently entertained against poisoned birds led them to suspect anything in which no pellets of lead or iron could be found. I believe the northern game is above suspicion. It is brought into Peking on the long string of camels that so attracted the attention of a new comer that he asked Lovell, who sat next to him at table, "Where do the camels go?" Lovell was a little absent-minded, and, looking at his interrogator through his spectacles, muttered, "Where do camels go? I don't know. Did you ever see a dead——?" "I don't mean when they die," said the other, testily, and went elsewhere for information.

Dinners were all very well, very well indeed, at Peking. The food was good, and you knew and liked everyone you met, wherever you went. The trouble was in getting there. The roads were covered with ice, or mud, or dust, according to the weather, so that it was almost as bad to ride as to go in a cart. As a rule, the latter was the only feasible way, and then you arrived at your journey's end considerably ruffled, and cramped and bruised besides. At one or two places private carts were kept. In these the wheels, instead of being in the centre of the cart, were placed further back, and a "well" formed, so that the occupant could sit down in an orderly way instead of having to squat cross-legged. But the ordinary cart that you hired from a stand was as I have described it already. For there were stands, with carts and mules mixed up in the queerest fashion: carts with the shafts in the air, carts with the shafts on the ground; mules lying down, or rolling about, or talking scandal apparently with other

mules while their drivers slept. When a fare arrives, he stirs up the nearest carter, who dives wildly among the chaos of mules, selects one, sorts it into a cart, and is ready to go to the other side of the city.

The carters, or rather our boys for them, would charge four tiao (say 1s. 3d.) for taking us anywhere. As we knew that the Chinese paid rather less than a tiao, there used to be endless disagreements between master and boy on this point. A tariff of fares was suggested, but it fell through. The boys would not countenance such foolishness. Paley wanted to hire a cart for the day, and told his boy to get one, saying it would be eight tiao (half-a-crown). The boy immediately replied that it was impossible; the regular charge was a dollar, or twelve tiao. There was no convincing him that he must be mistaken, except by producing a carter who would do it for less than a dollar. That, Paley considered, would be conclusive; and he was accordingly delighted when, after long searching, he found a man who consented to take nine tiao. He brought him back in triumph, and exhibited him to the boy. The boy looked at him from head to foot, then said, contemptuously, "That's a missionary carter!" "Well?" asked Paley. "He's a missionary carter," repeated the boy, "and a Christian, so can afford to do things at a loss. He looks for his profit and reward in the next world!"—and the boy turned away with the disgusted air of a man who finds himself unfairly handicapped.

The worst time of the year in which to go about Peking in a cart was during or just after the rainy

season (June to August). The main streets have all a raised roadway of earth, from fifteen to twenty feet broad, running down the centre, while on each side is a footpath, three or four feet lower, and beyond that again the sewers, in the most wretched condition, and full of gaping pitfalls. A regular inspection of these is provided for by law, and has taken place at intervals, with a striking and lamentable absence of good results. They discovered recently what appeared to them to account in some way for this. The method of inspection is to open man-holes along the drain at intervals of half a mile or so, put a coolie into one hole and await his reappearance at the next. The coolie told off for this duty in one of the main streets had always performed it with great apparent ease, and the inspectors had congratulated themselves on the cleanliness of that portion of the drain; so much so, indeed, that they invited a new colleague to come and see the man at work. They started him at one end, and immediately hurried off to the second man-hole to wait for him They found him there already, quietly knocking the ashes out of his pipe. Now, the most expeditious coolie cannot do half a mile in a Peking drain in something under four minutes. So they had that coolie out, and bamboozed him a bit, to make him explain things. Then he said that he was not the coolie at all, but his brother, and had instructions from him to wait at that end for a reasonable time—say half an hour—and then appear as the other man. The inspectors had come before he had time to get properly into the drain. As for his brother, he would

probably be found about ten yards that side of the first manhole. It was impossible to get any farther.

* When the rains come, large portions of some of the low-lying streets are turned into muddy pools: roadway, footpath, sewer, alike indistinguishable. Carts trying to keep to the roadway have been known to topple over on to the footpath, and the people in them, unable to extricate themselves, to be drowned before their doorsteps. But usually if there is a flood the road is staked out by long bamboos, just as one sees a sandbank marked out at the entrance to a harbour—only for the opposite reason. To ride, where it is possible, is perhaps safer. But sometimes coming home over streets that are really a sheet of ice, only covered with dust to look like respectable roads, the pony will stumble and slide, then stop and shiver and almost cry, until regard for your own limbs, if not for the poor beast, makes you dismount and go afoot.

One pitch-dark night of wind and rain, several of us who had ridden out to dine said that we should prefer to walk home. Paley declared that he would ride, however, and went off. We others had a mafoo with a lantern, to show us the way down the narrow hū-t'ung full of holes and puddles. It was little use trying to avoid them, and so we tramped and splashed along, seeing nothing but blackness all round. At the mouth of the alley the mafoo suddenly stooped and picked up something out of a puddle, saying, "Pa lao-yeh's cap," in an unconcerned way, and went on calmly. We did not like it at all. Paley was inclined at times to be reckless, and had a theory that the safest way on a dark

night or over slippery streets was to gallop. So we peered as far as we could into the ditches as we went along, and probed the shadows with our sticks, getting more uneasy as we drew near the Legation. We hastened to Paley's room. He was there, with a steaming glass of toddy, a dressing-gown, and the *Light of Asia*. We did not like this either, somehow. Here were all the elements of a romantic adventure: Peking, a dark night, rain falling in torrents, a runaway horse, a cap found in a pool . . . it was too bad! But he comforted us a little by saying that his pony *had* bolted and had dashed him against the upper bar of the gateway at the entrance of the hú-t'ung (it was too dark to see it), and had left him in a confused state and a puzzle for a minute or two. The pony and he went home by instalments after that.

Paley used to say that he preferred the Peking streets to the primness and uniformity of a macadamised road. There was a certain picturesqueness about them: whereas you cannot get any artistic effects out of an asphalté pavement or a succession of area railings. Perhaps he was right; but it required a severe cold in the head, or the constant use of a smelling-bottle, for the ordinary man to fall in with his views. The Pekingese themselves carry about a small piece of rhubarb, I think it is, much as we do camphor, when they walk abroad. I think to be favourably impressed by a thoroughfare it should be viewed from a captive balloon, at a height of, say 600 feet.

But every now and then some of the streets were put into repair, by the very simple process of plastering

them with mud, and keeping off the traffic till this was dry. One such occasion was the marriage of the late Emperor, commonly known as T'ung-Chih, in 1874; another, the funeral of the late Empress Dowager. At such times not only are the roads, over which the wedding or the funeral procession will pass, carefully made smooth, and all traffic interdicted, but the roadway is screened by matting from the gaze of the common people. There is a good description of such a scene in Simpson's *Meeting the Sun*. A circular is always sent to the foreign legations, requesting the members of them to avoid these roads between certain days, or hours; so that few Europeans have a chance of seeing the spectacle. If I remember rightly, Mr. Simpson says that he saw the bridal procession through the chinks of a shutter in the upper room of an opium den. The State procession always passes along the streets at night or in the early morning; and this was why the little party of foreigners who watched from the roof of a shed the return of the Spirit Tablet of the late Empress over the Northern Canal Bridge, had to take their seats at the dreadfully early hour of 4 A.M. I was not one of them. I consider the curiosity that will drag people out of bed, in winter too, before 11, or, as a concession to weaker brethren, say 10, in the morning, to be morbid and dangerous. Besides, processions are common enough in Peking; I met three one day, two marriages and a funeral. The Chinese undertakers are more enterprising than ours; they will undertake with equal readiness for a wedding or for a burial. The matter is simple, though the paraphernalia is [ought

you to say, are ?] very complex. All the undertaker does is to catch some fifty or a hundred loafers, beggars, and ragamuffins, throw an embroidered cloak over their shoulders, and put a cap of the proper pattern on their heads and a banner, or emblem of some kind, in their hands, and start them in some sort of order. They say that an Imperial procession is much the same, except that the robes are shabbier, and the bearers dirtier and more ragged.

There is an intimate connection between the private marriage processions and the State procession that forms part of an Imperial funeral. For as soon as the death of an Emperor or Empress Dowager is reported, everybody who wants to get married hastens to do so ; since marriages will presently be forbidden by Imperial edict until the prescribed term of public mourning is over. The tailors must make a fine thing of it ; for a Chinese trousseau includes clothes for bridegroom as well as for bride. Our boys would always be asking leave at such a time : one had to marry his daughter down in T'ungchow, another wanted to take a wife himself, and a third was to be a guest at both weddings. The thing got monotonous ; perhaps our sympathies were less lively than they should have been.

The good effects of an Imperial procession in smoothing the streets and clearing away the offensive wattle-and-daub huts that line the roads, last, unfortunately, but a very short time. Presently, these are as full of ruts and filth as before, and as dangerous to an unwary passenger. At night, a lantern is carried by every cart and by every foot-passenger. On it, if the man is of

any consequence at all, are painted in red characters his name, title, and address. Hsü, my teacher, always carried a lantern, even on bright moonlight nights. I believe because he thought it was the respectable thing to do: he said, because the dogs always attack a man who has not one.

Dogs swarm in Peking, and, with the pigs, are the scavengers of the city. Between them and foreigners there is a feud of long standing. They seldom venture to attack a European, for, in spite of their size and somewhat fierce appearance, they are great curs; but they stand at a distance and bark in a peculiarly irritating way, which incites the stranger to take up the nearest stone and fling it madly at them. Their owners do not seem to mind; indeed, very seldom expostulate at all, and, when they do, prefer to put the question generally, "Whether it is the correct thing to rock dogs?"—to which the natural and apparently satisfactory reply is, "What else were dogs and rocks made for?" The natives think it over for some time, shake their heads softly and solemnly, gently kick the dog in question, and depart. The northern Chinaman—at any rate the Pekingese—is, I think, naturally averse to a row, and would much prefer to argue out any point of dispute. In England, if you tell an angry man to be calm, the chances are that he will resent it and go for you; but an angry Chinaman pauses to reflect whether, on the whole, calmness would not be the most paying course, and if he (as he usually does) comes to the conclusion that it would, becomes calm accordingly. I have no doubt that a Chinese dog would be equally reasonable if

one had time to try the experiment ; but on the whole it is simpler to rock him.

Foreign dogs do not get on with Chinese ones any better than their masters. Keary had a bull-dog, who was a source of continual trouble to him. So long as Keary was content to wait while that bull-dog polished off a street-full of curs in succession, it was all right ; but if Keary was in a hurry, and insisted on his leaving the others alone for that afternoon, he would resent it as an uncalled-for interference on his master's part, and go home in dudgeon with a considerably diminished opinion of him.

I have said nothing about our own dogs, and yet they formed no unimportant part of our mess. First of all was Paley's black retriever. Paley was our President, and sat at the head of our table ; while his dog—the Pup, as Paley continued to style him, even in mature doghood—lay at his feet all dinner-time. Paley would call him at intervals, “ Come up, you ! ” then, as he put his nose in his hand, “ Come completely up,”—and the Pup stood on his hind legs, his fore-paws on Paley's shoulders, gazing earnestly in his face. After dinner, Paley would sling him over his shoulder, and walk off, the Pup pretending vigorous approval with his tail. Poor old Gyp ! He went with his master to retrieve among the brushwood, and came back the shadow of his former self, affectionate still—he was that to the last—but listless, and later on a confirmed valetudinarian. In his puppyhood he had been grievously bullied by Randolph's deerhound, and when he became a dog remembered his wrongs and avenged them. And

so the deerhound, Cassius—his lean and hungry look gave him his name—had to be banished from the mess-room. The right of quarrelling there was reserved. But old age and suffering made them forget their feuds, and, when Cassius died, Gyp followed him to the grave as chief mourner, in, alas, a very rusty suit of black.

Then there was Ferguson. She was bought by Herington for a dollar, as a curio. She combined so many types of dog, that it was felt to be difficult to find a ready-made name for her. She had as much claim, or as little, to be called Juno as Ffine or Lulu. Herington, in his perplexity, declared that he could not do better than call her by some simple uncompromising name of universal application, such as Jones or Mary Ann. He finally, however, borrowed an idea from the *Innocents Abroad*, and styled her Ferguson. Even this had its drawbacks. When distinguished visitors of that name met Herington running wildly down the Legation, calling out, "Hullo, I say, hi! Ferguson! Come here, you little beast!" they were apt at first to misconstrue his meaning, and address him coldly. And they were not always soothed by an introduction to their namesake. She had a tail curved like a French horn, of which she was not unjustly proud. It was the sole but sufficient foundation on which Herington rested his theory as to her breeding. In vain Gordon pointed out that she had the head of a diminutive mastiff, and the body of a turnspit. Herington would hold her suspended by that tail for minutes, while Ferguson blinked in triumphant satisfaction at

her detractor. Gordon had to console himself with Puck.

Puck was a black and white Peking pug, and Gordon's pride. He was all head and shoulders, like a tadpole or a small battering-ram, and was as beautifully ugly as any dog-fancier could desire. In his method of proceeding, Gordon professed to trace a resemblance to the aery sprite, his namesake; to the rest of us it appeared like a pumpkin coming down-stairs, or a railway-engine with the hind-wheels off. Gordon used to observe, in a complacent pharisaical sort of way, as he contemplated what he called Puck's "fairy form," that he was a very different sort of dog from Ferguson. Indeed, that was the only way, he said, in which Ferguson could be defined, by negatives, as it were. She was not like any sort of dog you can name or conceive. Herington, indeed, spent many unprofitable hours trying to match her, as though she were a blade of ribbon-grass. At last he announced, with a certain amount of pomp and finality—like the Pope *ex cathedra*—that she was unique. After this, Gordon was all for labelling her as a new species, not to say genus, and sending her to the Zoo.

The Chinese year is lunisolar, and they still keep to the old Metonic cycle. Though this seems to us a clumsy method, yet it has one great advantage, in that their day of the month always gives the age of the moon—the first being no moon, and the 15th full moon. As the sky of Peking is cloudless during a great part of the year, the inhabitants get the full benefit of whatever moon there is. This is why the meetings of the

Peking Debating Society take place on or about the 15th of each Chinese month. This society was started by, and is almost entirely made up of, the Protestant missionaries in the city, and in many respects strongly resembles a parochial Mutual Improvement Association, at home. The meetings are held at the house of one of the members, and, after the usual opening, the chairman requests the proposer of a debate, or the reader of a paper, to begin. When he has finished, the brethren are called on, in order, to make remarks on what he has said—which they are not slow, as a rule, to do. There was one man who had certainly a ready flow of speech, but he seemed a little mixed occasionally, as when he said, “We get no help from analogy, and there is nothing else with which we can compare it.” And again, “The cream of the question lies at the bottom.” But then he had studied Chinese for some years, and it is apt to unsettle most men.

The subjects of these debates were usually, and naturally, connected with China, and more especially of late with the burning (or rather smoking) opium question. Once, however, it was announced that the Rev. Dr. Z. was to read a paper “On the Best Way of Spending Money.” This greatly excited Gordon, who does not care much about opium disputes, but really thought he ought to know something about spending money, and he was exceedingly curious to know if Dr. Z. had found out a new way. When the evening came, Gordon discovered that the half had not been told him. The subject of the paper should have read, “The Best Way of Spending Money in Chinese Missions: Is it advisable

to give money to the Chinese?" He had long made up his mind on that point, and left presently, grieved that time should be wasted in discussing self-evident untruths.

We were apt to get rather hazy notions of time in Peking. In the Legation, noon was marked by twelve strokes of a wooden mallet on a cracked iron bell, chained to a tree near the gate; but the time of striking the bell was settled in various ways. Besides the sundial which was alluded to as spoiling the *feng-shui* of the Minister's entrance, somebody with a turn that way would occasionally take solar observations. But as a rule our time was given us by the Professor of Astronomy at the Peking College. The cook went by the mess-room clock: what that went by was a mystery. There was nothing wrong with the works that we could see (we used to take them out and examine them), but one day it would be half-an-hour too late, another, an hour too fast. Such irregularity must have been bad for it: I am sure it was not good for our digestions. At last the mess coolie made a compromise: the dressing-gong was sounded at half-past 11 by the clock, and the tiffin-gong at noon by the Legation bell. The only drawback was, that sometimes the Legation bell sounded before the clock struck 11.30, and it puzzled the coolie to know whether he ought not to strike the second gong first. But a dressing-gong when tiffin was nearly over seemed on the whole rather an anomaly: so he gave up the problem in despair.

After all, time was of little consequence in Peking. I never wound up my own clock except now and then

for amusement, and, as I did not set it to any time in particular, it used to have a curious effect on too confiding and watchless visitors, who would be deluded into staying till it was too late to dine at home, and be triumphantly secured for dinner at the mess.

It certainly was a comfort for a lazy man, that there were no trains to catch ; but then there were the city gates. These closed at sunset, and if you were shut out, there was no getting in again till sun-rise the next morning ; and probably, as hardly anyone carries money about with him in Peking, you had not a cent to buy such food as could be had. The same rule as to closing holds with the gates between the Tartar and the Chinese city ; only in this case they are opened at midnight to relieve guard. The shortest way to the Legation from the country outside often lay through both cities. Mr. Lord, who was visiting Peking, was one of a riding party along the western wall of the city. Staying behind to look at something, he missed his companions. It was unfortunate, as it was getting dark, and he could not speak a word of Chinese. However, he found himself near a gate and entered. Presently, as he rode on, he came to another gate, and, to his surprise, everybody made violent gestures, directing him to go through it. No, as he said, he had had experience of Chinamen and their ways in his own part of the world, and was not to be fooled. He had only just entered the city, and was it likely that he would go out again ? And so he continued his ride, unmoved. He seemed a long time getting to the Legation, though, and at last made signs to a man to show him the way. The man, naturally,

did not know where he wanted to go, but with great presence of mind took him to an inn, and left, with Mr. Lord's last dollar. Meanwhile, as it grew dark, and Mr. Lord did not return, there was trouble and commotion in the Legation. The Chinese were communicated with, and a search party finally discovered him trying to persuade the innkeeper to take a chit in discharge of his bill. When he was informed that he was in the Chinese city, and had kept himself out of the Tartar city by refusing to enter the second gate, he was at first inclined to be incredulous. Then he reviewed his opinion of his own sagacity. A nice sense of justice seemed to require it.

It is not difficult, however, with a little practice, to find one's way about Peking—for, as I said, nearly all the streets run east or north. But even so, there were short cuts, narrow alleys, pleasanter to walk through than the main streets, as being cleaner (or less dirty), and freer from traffic, and dogs and beggars. The day on which a good knowledge of these short cuts was most useful, was the 1st of January. Some say that the Americans got the custom of calling on their friends on New Year's Day from the Dutch, and they again from the Chinese: but, however introduced, it has become firmly established among the Europeans in Peking. On that day everyone is expected to call on each lady-resident in turn. Now the centre of the Tartar city is occupied by the large enclosure of the Imperial City, and the complete circuit of this has to be made by anyone who wishes to do his duty thoroughly. For, besides the Legations and other houses near the south wall,

between the Ha-ta and the Ch'ien ("Front") Gates, there are establishments of missionaries and others in the south-west (in the Jung-hsien Hú-t'ung, or Velvet-thread Lane); in the west, near the P'ing-tsê Gate; in the north, not far from the Hou Mên, or Back Gate of the Imperial City; in the great street that runs north from the Ha-ta to the An-ting Gate (by which our troops entered in 1860); and in the south-east corner of the city. The Japanese Legation, too, is in the north-east in a hú-t'ung running east from the Ha-ta Street.

Roughly speaking, the houses of the European residents lie on the circumferences of two circles, one very large and surrounding the Imperial City, and one, a small one, taking in the Legations and the various houses belonging to the Customs' Establishment. A map of Pekin ought to be appended to the suggested Guide for Calling, with these circles marked in red and blue, for the benefit of the energetic or conscientious, and the lazy or poniless, respectively. One of the former class would have to start on his round very early in the day, taking a mounted *mafoo* with him. He will probably, I may say certainly, do the outer circuit first, and, as most callers go round with the sun in running their course of duty, the ladies in the west of the city will receive nearly all their visitors before noon. The same men consequently are being continually met, but that only adds to the amusement of the thing and affords food for conversation—sometimes much needed.

One year, several men met together and bound them-

selves by certain rules to be observed in calling. The chief of these were under the heading of "Conversation." Rule xix. ran: The practice of small-talk being injurious to the mind and lowering to the dignity of the nobler sex, it is hereby resolved that no member of this Association shall be permitted, under any pretence whatsoever, to answer or in any way notice such questions as the following:—

"Have you been long in China?"

"How do you like Peking?"

"The roads here are dreadful—are they not?"

"Did you ride, or come in a cart?"

Should any remarks be addressed to him containing any, even the most distant, allusions to the weather, he shall at once rise, and solemnly depart. If the allusion is very direct, he may scream. This will not fail to lead the conversation into a higher channel.

• Rule xx. was as follows: The choice of suitable subjects for conversation having been left to the Committee, they have, after mature reflection, drawn up the accompanying list. A member is only entitled to speak on one subject, which will be assigned to him by ballot. Any infraction of this rule will be visited by excommunication.

List of Subjects.

The Lost Ten Tribes.

Ostriches.

The Digamma.

Sardanapalus.

The Eozöon Canadense.

The Atomic Theory.

Torpedoes.

Oscar Wilde.

Jupiter's Moons.

Sugar-candy.

Rules v. to xiii. regarded the manner of calling and the length of the call. Not less than three, or more than five, men were to call together. The time allowed for the visit was as long as it would take the most dyspeptic of them to eat a sponge cake and drink a cup of tea. Anyone who failed to speak on his subject during that time (for the regulations regarding these subjects members were referred to Rule xx.), was compelled immediately on his arrival at the next place of call to eat a square of butter-scotch (a supply, by Rule xii., was to be issued by the Hon. Secretary), and to simultaneously commence the conversation.

We felt the superior beauty of such a system as this, but reluctantly confessed that it was too hard for us, and continued in the beaten track.

At one or two central places, the ladies are kind enough to provide a standing tiffin, or to tell their friends at what hour tiffin will be on the table; and for this the gratitude of many tired and hungry callers is due. The Japanese Legation was always gaily decorated on New Year's Day, with archways of artificial flowers and lanterns. The wife of the Minister received her guests prettily dressed in the native costume. By her side was a tray containing wafer biscuits cut into the shape of leaves and flowers and coloured red, yellow, or green. These she would offer through her interpreters (for, unfortunately, she knew no foreign language), who—they spoke English and French respectively—relieved one another according to the nationality of the visitor. Generally, I think, calling on New Year's Day must have been as much of a trial as

a pleasure to the ladies. They had, at any rate in the inner circle, to be ready to receive visitors all day long, to pour out tea for them, and cut cake, and make conversation for people they had never seen before, and possibly might not see again till the next 1st of January. But they decreed that we should call; and we—we were, of course, their very obedient servants.

Some festive proceeding usually ushered in the New Year. There is a homeless club in Peking whose only visible local habitation inside the city is the bar attached to the Skating Rink. Close to the city wall, at the back of the Legation, is a yard on which in winter-time a large mat shed is erected. The yard is then flooded from an adjoining well, and a skating rink formed. One side of this is now occupied by the small building I spoke of, and which, besides the bar, contains a miniature dressing-room. On New Year's Eve the whole is illuminated, a Christmas-tree set up, and a supper provided. A piano and a hurdy-gurdy give a completeness to the effect; and so the old year is skated out.

After one such occasion, some five or six of us decided that it would be advisable to see the Customs' students home. They tried to explain to us that they were capable: they went further, they insinuated things. We refuted them with scorn and promptitude, and by a good working majority. Then, crowded into, and on to, a car, some inside, some on the shafts, two on the board behind, and one on the roof (he tumbled off presently—he explained that the roof was too slippery), we started for the Kou-lan Hú-t'ung. On arriving there we went round to the rooms of those who were in bed,

and wished them a Happy New Year. They did not seem as pleased as they ought to have been; I cannot say why. When our blinking hosts had refreshed us we went on to the house of a professor hard by. His gate-keeper (who for some inscrutable reason seemed to look on us with suspicion) promptly shouted through the door that his master had not come back. We were disinclined to believe this, and successfully stormed the place, Randolph climbing over the gate-keeper's house and opening the door for the rest. The professor was in bed; and though I am sure he must have been glad to see us, did not, as was his plain duty, reprimand his gate-keeper. Such misplaced leniency ruins servants, as we pointed out to that dull man. After this we went home—on foot. For the ungrateful carter had disappeared, leaving a message to the effect that he and his cart did not feel equal to the responsibility of conveying us all back.

Entertainments were given at the Skating Rink on other occasions besides New Year's Eve. These usually took the form of Fancy Dress—I do not know that they could be strictly called Balls, although the hurdy-gurdy, if not the piano, usually attended and performed—"gatherings" would be perhaps appropriate (for it has some mystic connection with dressmaking, or am I mistaken?). Some of the costumes worn had been brought out from home, but the majority were made by Chinese tailors from patterns supplied them. Chinese costumes were not allowed—on the principle, I suppose, that they were so much easier to get, and involved little thought on the part of the wearer. It was hard on the unima-

ginitive, perhaps, and gave many sleepless nights. It worried a man dreadfully when he had only two days to make up his mind whether he would look better as Oscar Wilde or as a Tame Gorilla. At the end of it he felt more fit to go as the Skeleton at an Egyptian feast. But these cares are not peculiar to Peking.

One year, fortunately on an off-day (the rink was only open four times a week or so), the mat shed caught fire—it was supposed through a lighted cracker falling on it, for it was the time of the Chinese New Year—and was burnt to the ground. In the Legation there are two fire-engines kept, one movable, the other fixed, and known respectively as engines A and B. To each of these a senior student was appointed captain, while one of the rest acted as nozzleman to direct the jet. Helmets and belts, with turnscrews and axes, were kept in the engine-room. There were plenty of wells in the Legation and every opportunity for practising. Not that much was done, but it might have been, and in former times, I believe, it was. Then the bugleman would come round at 1 A.M. and wake everybody up. One enthusiast ran down in such a hurry that he collided against a tree in the dark, and was found there after drill and brought to by the aid of the hose, damping his ardour for some time to come.

In those days they liked to get wet and be photographed in a mess. We considered such things vanity, and preferred to keep clean. Nevertheless, when we heard the news of the fire at the rink we turned out, and ran the engine round to the scene of the disaster, our Chinese contingent coming in out of breath—they

had the pumping to do. To our disgust there was nothing but a heap of charred bamboos in a half-frozen (half-thawed would be more accurate) muddy pool. But presently a tree was found to be burning, and the hose fixed up and made to play on it. Then it occurred to someone that the right thing to do was to chop off the smouldering limb (what was the good of our axes if they were not to be used?). So he mounted the tree and set to work. After getting himself in a horrid mess he found that the hatchet was too blunt to be of any service, and that, moreover, the fire was out, and so he concluded to come down. We refreshed ourselves with some smoky whisky—part of the salvage—and ran the engine home again, feeling that we had done our duty: O'Hara, who is good at that sort of thing, blowing a march on the nozzle of Engine A.

The Chinese New Year was a holiday season for ourselves and our teachers. On the morning of this first and greatest of days to a Chinaman the teachers would come round in detachments of two or three, dressed in their brightest skirts—not necessarily their newest, for these garments of courtesy are often heirlooms—to pay their compliments. “A happy new year.” “A happy new year to us both.” “May you obtain promotion!” “May you beget sons!” “May you pass your days in riches and honour!” Then off in a hurry to the next man's rooms. Boys, cooks, coolies, mafoos, must come too, and drop on one knee, or seem to do so, and say, “Mr. Fang”—as the case may be—“a happy new year,” and disappear almost before you can acknowledge it.

The teachers would bring some little present as a New Year's cadeau, a little tea or some sweetmeats. Sung used often to give me sweetmeats (Mrs. Sung made them, I believe)—biscuits, and jujube jam. The biscuits I gave to Gyp; the jam I privily buried, until one day Fawcett surprised me, and marvelled. He said that this "red fruit preserve"—he objected to the word "jam"—was a thing to be desired. After that I used to send it, whenever it came, up to his rooms instead.

The New Year is the time for theatricals in the Chinese city. The theatres themselves are not much to see, but occasionally foreigners are represented on the stage, and the lion turns painter, and gives his version of events and things. The foreigner always comes on in a battle scene, and always comes off badly. Your Chinaman would take Apollo for a bogey, Hyperion for a satyr; and the Pekin *gamin* has no more cutting gibe for his fellow mudlark than to point to some advancing European and say, "Here's your brother coming!" If we think flattened noses, eyes like a cat's at mid-day, blubber lips, high cheekbones, and a skin like mouldy parchment hideous and ogre-like, we do but feebly echo their opinion of our more prominent features. So the stage Englishman is the ugliest actor procurable.

His dress, as a rule, is as great a libel as his face. But one day a foreigner, sitting in a Chinese theatre, saw among the motley crew in red cotton coats and clumsy native boots that were doing duty as defeated Englishmen, an actor rigged out in evening dress. Swallow-tail, white tie, shirt—nothing was wanting.

He was the leader of the English troops, and carried a broomstick by way of musket. And when the inevitable rout took place, he was carefully signalled out for the buffets and abuse of the victorious Chinese.

The foreigner went home pensive : the dress suit was undeniable. And its treatment was not calculated to improve it. He mentioned the circumstance to his friends, and they too reflected, long and earnestly. They ascertained that a similar performance was to take place that day week, and resolved on certain measures. They were successful. On the night of the play Dr. Josephs discovered that his dress suit was absent from his wardrobe. The boy was sent for, and at last confessed that, as on several previous occasions, it had been hired out to the theatrical company at fifty cents the evening. He pleaded in extenuation that he did not think his master would miss it.

For Josephs is one of the most absent-minded of men. He is a very learned Doctor of Divinity, with a mind above the conventionalities of common life. Mrs. Josephs looks after those for him. And so, when they were dining at the Bertrams' one evening the winter before last, she carefully laid out his dress clothes in his room, and saw that the studs were fastened in his shirt. The Doctor was engrossed in his great work on the Comparative Philology of the Chinese and Aztec, and only began to dress at the last moment. He slipped on an overcoat and joined the impatient Mrs. Josephs in her cart. On their arrival at the Bertrams' they found everyone there before them. The Doctor, anxious to regain his wife's good graces by showing that her

lectures on loitering were not lost on him, hurried at once into the drawing-room. He was making his way to the hostess when, "Allow me, Dr. Josephs, to assist you off with your overcoat." As Bertram took the garment, there was a horrified scream from Mrs. Josephs. The Doctor stood revealed in a red flannel shirt and blue cotton neck-cloth, framed in the incongruous swallow-tail.

Nothing pleased our cook so much as the laying out of a table for a large mess dinner. He used to make the most extraordinary centre-pieces, with a substratum of apricot kernels formed into a solid mass by pouring boiling sugar over them. When he had moulded this into the shape of a vase, he filled it with Siberian crabs, dates, quarters of oranges, sugared walnuts, grapes, and other things, and put some more boiling sugar over that, filling in the interstices with artificial flowers. Or he would get a gourd of some kind, hollow it, and carve it most elaborately. Inside was placed a lighted candle, and the effect, if quaint, was pretty. Then he would make us cakes, alternate layers of sponge-cake and jam, also covered with artificial flowers. These flowers were very well made, and often exceedingly tasteful.

It was formerly, I believe, a custom at the Mess to have a *zakouska* before dinner, olives, caviare, sliced salmon, and like appetite-provoking dishes; but whether because this was found to be really a work of supererogation, or for some other weighty reason, the good old custom has been abolished, and only survives in Peking in places where some Russian has fortunately taken up

his abode. After a Mess dinner we adjourned to the "drawing-room," in the daytime known as the library, which had been decorated for the occasion with pictures, curios, and scrolls, and made comfortable with arm-chairs and rugs from our rooms. Sometimes we had a piano up there ; but most of the songs were sung across the walnuts and the wine, unaccompanied. The guests then distributed themselves, some in the billiard-room, some in the bowling alley (if it was a bowling night), while some stayed in the library to play whist or otherwise amuse themselves.

Usually at one or two houses there were "whist evenings" once a week, where anyone who came could be sure of a rubber. Whist accounts were settled by a chit, or simply by entry in the "whist-book." There was a general clearance of these at the end of winter. A "chit," I should perhaps explain, is used in many senses out here : for an I O U, as well as for a memo—or generally, for any written message. In sending a chit, a "chit-book" almost invariably accompanies it. The usual form of this is a leather-covered memorandum book fitting into a leather case, and the object is partly to protect the note from contact with the coolie's hand, but chiefly that the signature of the receiver in the book may prove delivery—a very necessary precaution sometimes, as parcels and money frequently accompany the chit.

Some men used to take great pride in their chit-books : kept them in text-hand, and carefully rubbed or scratched out any frivolous remarks their correspondents might have unduly inserted. Others were as anxious to get

theirs filled as a young lady her album or Shakespeare Birthday Book. One of these men was bemoaning to Herington the slowness with which his pages filled, when Herington said he would bring his. He was some little time finding it, but when he did appear he showed to his admiring friend columns full of the notables of Peking. Each was initialed in red or blue or black pencil, and followed by some remark ; but the other man had not time to read these, as Herington said there was an important engagement he had just remembered, and left with the book. A day or two after the other received a chit from Herington, and, turning over the leaves of the chit-book, paused to look at the remarks made there by Herington's numerous and distinguished correspondents. Most of them were illegible, and seemed to resemble Tamil in the form of the letters ; but presently against the name of one of the senior ministers he found the legend K.Y.H.O. He says it was this that first shook his faith in Herington's chit-book. He felt that the letters must stand for 'Keep Your Hair On,' but he had not faith enough to believe that this was the reply usually sent by Piquipos. to communications addressed to them. He is convinced, though, that Herington's method of filling a chit-book is more expeditious than his own, but there seem to be one or two features in it to which more prejudiced people might take exception, and he accordingly hesitates to adopt it.

Once every winter, generally about the time of the Chinese New Year, the little theatre attached to the reading-room was thrown open for use. Sometimes a

pantomime was performed, more frequently a short play, and once a Christy Minstrel concert. In any case, there were long and mysterious rehearsals, during which the papers and magazines of the reading-room were transferred to the library, and the doors communicating with the billiard-room kept strictly closed. The theatre did not boast many properties, and each actor had to supply his own dress. Neither was a change of scene easy, and so plays that did not require this were preferred. When Frere was in Peking he and Mrs. Bertram agreed to paint a new drop-scene. But Frere thought it a foolish waste of time to get up before twelve, and preferred to do his part in the small hours of the night, when he could be undisturbed. Mrs. Bertram had prejudices in favour of daylight, and so they occupied the stage much as Box and Cox their lodgings, and never met. Suggested alterations were written on chits and pinned to the canvas to await approval.

It was better so, perhaps, than to trust to native talent. At one of the ports a Chinese artist was called in to make a large copy of an old-fashioned valentine, to serve as a stage curtain. There was a church in the background, and a winding-path led between tombstones to the porch. On the path a couple were walking arm-in-arm, in chimney pot and coal-scuttle bonnet. The native copied every detail with commendable fidelity; then paused to survey his work. It struck him with a sense of incompleteness that saddened him. Presently he became inspired, and, seizing his brushes, painted, behind the largest tombstone, and close to the devoted

pair, a bright red and very heraldic Chinese lion, prepared to devour them. It seemed to him to add soul and *motif* to the picture.

The audience at our theatre were of many nationalities, Frenchmen, Germans, Hollanders, Russians, Japanese. They did not always understand a far-fetched pun, but they looked as if they did, and applauded the efforts of the pun-maker—which came to much the same thing, perhaps. To the dress rehearsal the children came with their amahs. The children were enthusiastic, but beyond a faint glow of satisfaction, the amahs betrayed little emotion. For one thing, the Chinese can hardly understand any but the lowest classes condescending to act on a stage, and the amahs are possibly doubtful how far they ought to encourage that sort of thing by appearing pleased.

On the night of the play the billiard-room does duty as a cloak-room. Entrance is obtained by means of steps leading up to and down from one of the windows; for there is no space to spare in the reading-room, now perverted into an auditorium.

The plays I need say nothing about: they were of the usual drawing-room drama type, and hardly deserved to be as well rendered as for the most part they were. The Christy Minstrel concert was got up by some ten or twelve of the community, and came off exceedingly well—as was to be expected, seeing that two *Chargés d’Affaires* (actual or potential) took part in it. The preparations for the great event were concealed with the usual care from the uninitiated, but it leaked out some-

how that each performer was to be supplied with a motto, and have it printed on the programme. As we were always ready to do a kind action, we adjourned to the library and possessed ourselves of a Shakespeare, a Dryden, a Pope, and two volumes of "Elegant Extracts." Then we prepared a list of mottoes that seemed to us quite too perfect; but somehow, when it came to be submitted to the performers, everybody thought his neighbour's singularly appropriate, but for the life of him could not see the fun of his own. Indeed, they went so far as to make reflections on the men who had chosen them. They said, for instance, that they did not mind giving their first violin—Paley—such a thing as—

Orpheus played so well he moved old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick,—

for that merely showed want of appreciation on our part of his many excellencies; but they thought their tenor likely to be discouraged by "An it had been a dog that had howled thus," and the rest of it; while the temper of their juniorest member would hardly be improved if he saw himself labelled "A peevish school-boy." Gordon objected to his: "Now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet"; but he was privately pleased, for he was conscious of a nice taste in dress. We were disgusted at their ingratitude, and thought of appealing to the public with our Rejected Mottoes, but forbore.

Some of them, it is true, were more amenable. Bertram, the sociable but unmelodious, received his motto

with the smile of cheerful approval he sheds on most things :

Who ne'er had wit nor will for music yet,
But pleased to be reputed of a set.

And Sileby, a kindred soul, accepted his with wonted calmness :

What fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue,
How sweet the verses neither said nor sung !

Collectively, too, they were not so sensitive, and allowed their programme to be headed with "Less Black than We're Painted" [Herington wanted to spell the last word with a *y*, out of compliment to the novelist, but we suppressed him], and—

They carefully observed dramatic rules,
They all looked natural and they all looked——

The programme was imposing. It announced that "The Consolidated Cosmopolitan Combination Minstrels" would "appear for the first (and positively the last) time in the Legation Theatre." "This Troupe," it stated, "was under the Patronage and Special Protection of Great Britain, the Netherlands, Russia, Germany, and the United States, and its members had been selected with care and sent to China at great expense by their respective Governments."

Then came the mottoes, the unrejected ones. Then an outline of the performance in three parts. Parts I. and III. were taken up by the usual nigger songs, interspersed in the performing by a few jokes and a pun or

two on the names of the visitors, carefully extemporised. Part II. was a "Variety Entertainment — Musical, Acrobatic, Magical, and Terpsichorean, as exhibited before all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America" (the Sandwich Islands were as yet unvisited). For particulars we were referred to handbills—not, Gordon explained, because there were any, but because people always liked a reference. We were further informed that "Admission was FREE to children under 75 years of age," and (this in the most extensive type admissible) that PEAR'S Soap was the BEST!

There were some trifling matters of detail that went a little wrong in the Second Part. The Professor of Strength and Legerdemain had caused two weights of 50 and 500 lbs. respectively to be brought in by his panting assistants, and placed near the front of the stage. He was going to show his strength by lifting them unaided, but meanwhile was busy about something else. While his back was turned the small boy who did duty as My Son thought his cue was come, and picked up the weights and was carrying them off, when the horrified Professor caught sight of him and rushed in pursuit. Then he solemnly went through the business with the weights. After which he explained, apologetically, "My sonn, he iss von goot lad, but he iss so yong, he döss not know."

Nevertheless, he had a mishap with his senior assistant—Gordon. The Professor took down a bamboo pole from the wall, and carefully balanced it on his nose. Then Gordon climbed up the Professor on to the pole.

But just as he got there the pole slipped. Instead of falling, however, it remained suspended—casting doubts on the strength of the Professor's nose, that should have been uncalled for. I have caught him napping once or twice.

You will smile at our finding amusement in tricks so old. Spend a winter, or, better still, two, in Peking, and you will laugh at anything—and the more heartily if it is an old friend.

Out of doors there were occasional skating parties before the dust had spoilt the new ice. Herington, Lawson, and Randolph, skated down the canal to T'ungchow one day—a feat worthy, they said, of record. They provisioned themselves against accidents with a bottle of brandy. But Randolph and Herington complained when they came back that it was not much good to them. For Lawson fell into a hole soon after they started, and when they got him out they gave him the brandy to imbibe medicinally. Then he said that he must skate fast to restore his circulation, and he went ahead at a pace quite beyond them. When they caught him up at last, he was sitting on the bank shying at the empty brandy-bottle with chunks of ice. And Randolph says he wanted to know if there was not any more brandy.

A football match on the An-ting plain, north of the city, was talked about, but nothing came of it. A ball and goal-posts could be had or extemporised: the difficulty was to find the players. Someone suggested Coolies v. Mafoos, but somehow this did not seem likely to give us all the exercise we wanted,

and the scheme fell through. Inside the Legation there was, besides the bowling-alley, the fives court, and this was used off and on right into the summer. Indeed, we have played in it with the thermometer at 95°—when it more nearly resembled the hot-air room in a Turkish Bath than a place of exercise.

Balls and concerts were given at some of the Legations and at the Inspectorate-General of Customs. Dinners everywhere. But the pleasantest of all, perhaps, were the carpet dances (with the carpet up) at two or three houses. We shared the misfortune of most European communities in the East: an undue preponderance of the male. Dancing-men were at a discount. As a lady once said of a similar struggle at home (similar, *mutatis mutandis*), "the competition was terrible." Under such unnatural conditions, it was not surprising that programmes were usually filled up in ink. The *modus operandi* in filling the programme appears truly formidable to a fresh and bashful student. He is told that he must first call on his lady acquaintances and use all his powers of persuasion to secure a partner for Mrs. X.'s dance that day fortnight. If he is fortunate enough to do this, he must then call on Mrs. X., and use all his powers of persuasion to get her to give a dance that day fortnight. And a certain, not inconsiderable, amount of diplomacy is sometimes required.

But our hostesses were kind-hearted and yielded to what we considered to be the logic of circumstances. If there were three times as many dancing men in Peking as ladies wishful to dance, the only way to satis-

factorily arrange things was to give three times as many dances. And so the dances were given. But grew fewer each week as winter drew to a close, and the opening of the river allowed those whose pleasure or duty it was, to go south.

V. SPRING AND AUTUMN.

THE opening of the river, while it is the signal of departure for some of us, brings back to Peking the residents who may have been wintering at Shanghai, and at the same time sends north not a few of those who are engaged on the "grand tour" of to-day, and who have been styled, and in most cases good-humouredly accepted the title of "globe-trotters." The average globe-trotter is a very good fellow to meet, with, as is to be expected now that he is half-way round the world, plenty of reminiscences; who, as a snowball pebbles, has picked up a store of topical stories, and so serves the purpose of the pedlar at home, in giving one district a neighbourly interest in another.

If he has a weakness, it is perhaps for bringing out on all occasions, possible and impossible, such smattering of the language of the place as he has been able to acquire in a week or two. He is ingenuous, and admits this pleasantly enough: "We . . . think the opportunity a good one to take soundings in Chinese, so ask him in Mandarin speech, with a strong English accent, the name of the next village. He thinks for a

great number of seconds with his wrinkled old face, and with eyes and mouth staring at us fixedly, and at last, with a feeble oscillation of that venerable cranium, shouts out, loud enough to be heard a mile off, 'Pu-toong-wha.' He did not understand our language, though we spoke in his own." (Fleming, *Travels on Horseback in Manchu Tartary*, p. 24). Possibly not, as later on we read: "'Had we any more men, and how many?' he finally queried. . . . Now the similarity in sound between the word *yin* (*sic*) man, and *tien* (*sic*) days, perplexed M." (the Chinese speaker) "who luckily thought it was days he meant, and answered, twelve—as this was the time we had been on the road," *ib.* p. 445. ('How many men?' would probably be *chî-ko jen*²; 'how many days?' *chî t'ien*¹—but this by the way.)

A *tao-t'ai* is a high Chinese official whose rank corresponds with that of a Consul. And so it did sound a little odd when a globe-trotter, who was going into the city to buy curios, looked doubtfully at his dollars, and observed, "I suppose I had better get them changed for *tao-t'ais*." His idea was to lay in a stock of *tiao* notes.

But there was one man who had been resident in Peking some months, and had, he told us, the task of translating the correspondence between his Legation and the Tsung-li Yámen, who continued to call the Ch'ien Mên, the An-ting Men, and the Ha-ta Mên, by the respective names of the "China Men," the "Hunting Mên," and the "Gate Men." It was only after long argument that he could be persuaded that as *mên* meant "gate," it was at least peculiar to style the south-east

entrance to the Tartar City, the "Gate-gate." We admitted, nay admired, the ingenuity of the "China Mên" and the "Hunting Mên," but, on the whole, authorities seemed to be in favour of rendering the Chinese characters by some such terms as the "Front Gate," and the "Gate Peacefully Established," or, at any rate, of reading them as the Ch'ien, and the An-ting, Mên, respectively.

It is a praiseworthy desire on the part of a visitor to wish to take away with him some memento of the place at which he has been staying. And so Bertram was not surprised when a globe-trotter once expressed his regret that he had no time to go to the Great Wall, although he had made a sort of half promise to his people that he would bring them a brick from it. But Bertram was a kind-hearted man, and grieved that his visitor's family should be disappointed, and so rang the bell and told the boy to fetch the Sergeant of the Escort. The boy said he was busy with the contractor, superintending the new buildings in the stable-yard. "Never mind," said Bertram, "tell him to come." When the Sergeant appeared, Bertram told him to bring one of the bricks from the wall. The Sergeant gave a sympathetic smile and left. Then Bertram explained to the globe-trotter that cases like his were not uncommon, and in order to meet them they had imported a cart-load of bricks from the Wall, which the Sergeant had under careful keeping. So that globe-trotter went away happy. But the Sergeant said he had great difficulty in settling with the contractor about the value of those bricks.

Perhaps the place which has the greatest attractions for an enterprising visitor (because, may be, it is one of the most difficult to enter) is the Temple of Heaven. A paved road runs south from the Ch'ien Mên, through the middle of the Chinese City, to the Yung-ting Mên, in the centre of the south wall. On the left hand, as you approach the Yung-ting Gate, is a broad stretch of open ground, about half a mile long, and some 200 yards broad. Beyond this, to the east, lies the enclosure of the Temple of Heaven. Gordon had arranged with a friend of his, who was spending a few weeks in Peking, to try to get into the place, and asked me to go with them. We left the Legation a little after 5 in the morning, and calling on the way for Mr. Rearsby, rode through the Ch'ien Mên into the Outer City. When we got to the bare tract in front of the Temple, we whipped up our ponies and made for a point Gordon told us of in the south-west of the enclosure, where sand and rubbish had accumulated so much, that it was possible to ride right over the wall into the park. We did not do this, however, but dismounting quickly, and giving our ponies to Gordon's mafoo, who had accompanied us, were jumping down into the park, when we were stopped by some dirty half-naked scoundrels, who would have us believe that they belonged to the small guard-house at the foot of the mound. It is not impossible—Chinese guards are always filthy and nearly always in rags; but it is much more probable that they were simply local bullies who wanted a squeeze. A week or so before, a globe-trotter who did not know what to do with himself, strolled down to this very place

and tried to walk in, when he was stopped, hustled about, deprived of his stick and loose cash, and finally induced to beat a strategic though somewhat hasty retreat.

Their success on that occasion had probably made the fellows more insolent, for when we, disregarding them, entered the park, they followed and began to threaten us. Gordon is not the sort of man to stand any nonsense of that kind, so caught hold of the foremost by his pig-tail, and tripping him up, held him down till he grew calmer. Meanwhile, Mr. Rearsby had taken another persuasively by the arm and escorted him quietly to the gap we had entered by. Then he gently but firmly raised him with knee and foot to the top of the wall, and came away.

After this we went on slowly, still accompanied by the bolder of the ragamuffins, who would stoop every now and then to pick up a stone, tapping their foreheads with their fists, by way of challenging us to fight. Or they would put themselves in our way, an attention Mr. Rearsby regarded as a little too pressing, and removed them accordingly—as you may see a porter remove a bale of goods labelled “with care.” Then they condescended to argue the point. One old rascal asked Gordon “who had given us permission to enter?” Gordon, a little inconsequently, said that we were officials. “Pretty officials,” yelled back the man, disappointed of his expected squeeze, “I’ll be bound you appointed yourselves.” His other observations, which were numerous, hardly bear translation.

By this time we had evidently got beyond the squeez-

ing preserve or beat of these fellows, for, with a few more remarks of a personal and uncomplimentary character, they turned sadly away. We could now see more of the park or outer enclosure. Here were stretches of grass (once used as a cricket ground by the students of some years back), skirted by avenues of trees, and beyond them the curved wall of the middle park, topped with blue tiles. Walking along under this, we passed by the West Gate, where the guards standing about answered civilly to our "How do you do?" It was no use attempting to enter here, all the same, nor did we try, but went on till we came to the North Gate, which was locked, but without guards. Close to this the tiles have been broken on the top of the wall, and the joists that supported them stand out on either side like the parallel bars of a gymnasium, but some ten feet from the ground. The only attempt at repairing the breach was a bundle of brambles thrown carelessly on the wall, and kept in their place by an earthenware ornament that had fallen from the gate.

Mr. Rearsby was the first to mount, and his appearance on the top was greeted by a shout of surprise from inside. While he was haranguing the natives—in English—Gordon gave me a leg up and I joined him, minus my cap and plus a cheekfull of scratches from the brambles. Gordon was a little too enthusiastic in helping a fellow sometimes. Then began a parley with the natives. "It's very dangerous up there,"—politic opening from the enemy. "Why not open the gate, then?"—on the assumption that they wanted us to come down inside. "What will you give?" But by

this time Gordon had swarmed up a tree with an opportune bough overhanging the wall. Then we prepared to descend, and, after dislodging a tile, found an easy drop from one of the rafters. The Chinese were a little disappointed, but brightened up after a successful negotiation for recovering the cap. Then we were politic, and, as they showed no intention of leaving us, suggested that they should go with us, and act as guides. They agreed to this, but objected when we lit cigarettes, as, they said, the grass was dry and might catch fire. We distributed a few cigarettes judiciously, and smoked on in peace.

The middle enclosure is planted with trees like the outer, and after passing through a small wood we arrived at the western gate of the inner court. This is approached by a flight of stone steps, and is in the usual form of Chinese gateways, a large door in the centre, flanked by two smaller ones. On each side of the platform, in front of the gate, is a deep stone fosse, surrounding the courtyard. But the platform is about two feet wider than the gateway, leaving room to approach the wall, here only five feet high. It was a nasty place to get over, nevertheless, for a stumble on the slippery tiles would probably mean a broken leg, or worse, at the bottom of the fosse. It just suited Gordon, though, who insisted on climbing over and letting us in. The Chinese were much excited, "He'll fall, and there'll be trouble. Tell him to stop: they've gone for the key." But Gordon was already over and opening the door. The key was inside.

As we passed through, Gordon announced that we

were now on the right side—the inside—of all the gates, and that meant success: for the guards, though not eager to let us in, would be only too glad to let us out. Inside this courtyard is the mosque-like building whose blue tiles and gilt apex are seen shining in the sun from a great distance. It is approached by flights of marble steps from the four points of the compass, but is a little disappointing when looked at closely. It was locked, but through the latticed panels we saw that it contained little besides an incense altar and its accompaniments. From the terrace looking south we could see the Altar of Heaven and its approaches. For although, from the fact of its being the most conspicuous object in the enclosure, this building is often pointed out from outside as the “Altar of Heaven,” it is in reality only the shrine at which the Emperor returns thanks for a good harvest. In the building to the north of it are kept the Tablets of the Dynasty.

Descending the terrace we came to the southern gate of the courtyard. It was closed by a heavy wooden bar, but the Chinese removed that with a little persuasion, and we found ourselves on a long stone causeway, with trees on each side. At the end of this was another gate, and after passing that and a building beyond it, we were at the foot of the staircase leading up to the marble terraces, on the last of which stands the altar. These terraces are circular, concentric; of white marble, whose polish time has dimmed; surrounded by a balustrade. The altar is the centre one of five blocks of marble, but slightly sculptured, some three feet high, and a foot in diameter. Below the terrace, to the south-east, stands

the Altar of Burnt-offering, square, covered with green tiles, with steps on three sides leading to the top, and on the north the mouth of the oven. The floor inside was covered with pieces of charred bone, one of which I took away as a trophy. Bertram, by-the-bye, says that he has lots: but I have an idea that his cook supplies him.

We left the Court of the Altar by a small doorway opening into the middle enclosure, having seen everything we wished to see. Here we distributed some tiao notes and ten-cent pieces to our "guides," tossing the silver into the air for them to scramble for, and came away. Passing by the Palace of Abstinence (where the Emperor is supposed to prepare himself by fasting for offering the yearly sacrifice, and which, as it was surrounded by a moat, and not easily stormable, we decided contained nothing of interest) we came to the west gate of the middle enclosure. All the doors were fastened, even a small wicket we had seen open at a distance. It was evident that the guards meant to make something out of us here. We took it philosophically at first, experience having taught us that there was little fear of our not being let out. But we felt that it was nearly breakfast time, and were not inclined to be late: so, seeing a heap of hay, we declared we would set fire to that if the gate was not opened. The owner protested so comically against the "impropriety" of doing this that we desisted, and began to try to remove the bar. Only one Chinaman came to our assistance, and laboured with great zeal to stir it in its socket, but in vain. Presently it occurred to Gordon that perhaps he was an

interested party, or ignorant, anyhow, and so at his suggestion we hammered, and with complete success, in the opposite direction. That Chinaman was a man of ideas, certainly, but he lost his cumshaw.

We had no further difficulty : the next—the outer—gate was open, and was left open. Passing through this we signalled the mafoo, who was waiting for us by the gap ; and when he brought our ponies up we mounted and rode home.

The next day Gordon and Mr. Hearsby escorted some ladies into the Lamasery, another of the Peking lions, but in the north of the city. The gate-keeper, a burly baldpate, swore that there was a mandarin visiting the place and he could not let them in. When they passed by him he shouted to someone to close the inner gate, but Gordon, with great promptitude, ran forward and secured the entrance for his party. Within, a service was going on ; and while they were looking at this, Gordon saw baldpate with a whip raised to strike one of the ladies. He ran at him and flung him down, and taught him manners, as William of Wykeham did in his day, by a thorough and satisfactory drubbing. After which they went over the whole place, where a mandarin was not. The priests, who, to do them justice, appeared extremely vexed at their gate-keeper's conduct, showed them every attention. Baldpate, by-the-bye, had the exceeding coolness to ask for a cumshaw as they left.

I do not know whether it was this same ruffian who attacked a foreigner a few years before. It was soon after Dr. Best's arrival in China, and, I believe, before he had learnt to speak Pekingese. He rode over to the

Lamasery, and, after seeing everything, mounted and was leaving, when the gate-keeper rushed up behind and struck him off his pony with a pole. After that he was carried home senseless: but what became of the gate-keeper I do not know—as I say, it may have been this very man.

The forcible entry into places to which a most exaggerated idea of sanctity has been attached—by foreigners (see Gumpach, *Buttlingham's Mission*, p. 219, where the cricket playing of the students in the grounds of the Temple of Heaven some fourteen years ago is commented on with great acrimony) may strike a Western hearer as, to put it mildly, somewhat improper. I do not mean to accuse myself, and so do not put this forward as an excuse, but merely as a statement. To begin with, I doubt if any of the lower classes of Chinamen have any idea of what we call loyalty, or have any feeling of reverence whatever. Therefore the Chinese guard at an Imperial tomb or place of worship does not, as a Moslem would, think it desecrated by the visit of a foreigner; and if he is liable to be punished for admitting that foreigner, is willing to take the risk on being paid proportionately. Every man has his price in China as surely as in England in Walpole's days. But what is far more to the point is the fact that at most of these places the lowest coolie, the ragged dirty beggar, is admitted, while the door is rudely slammed in the face of a European.

Some years ago, when one of our present Consuls was a student, the right of way through the Imperial City was closed to foreigners. Ellerby pondered over

the injustice of this as he saw a crowd of Chinese ragamuffins passing through the gate; so went back to his rooms and fetched a copy of the *Tzŭ érh Chi* and a camp-stool. On presenting himself at the gate, it was, as he expected, immediately shut. Thereupon he seated himself close to the entrance, and proceeded to study intently. Meanwhile a crowd of passengers collected, anxious to pass. The gate-keeper hesitated long whether he should open the gate or not, but finally the impatience of the crowd outside decided him. Ellerby entered first, with his book and camp-stool, beaming on the gate-keeper through his glasses in mild approval.

South of the Chinese City is an immense park known as the Nan Hai-tzŭ, and "no admission except on business" is certainly not the rule—as far as Chinamen are concerned. But a foreigner can only get in by stratagem, and it is considered all but impossible to enter through the north or main entrance. The side gates are less carefully guarded, and so Gordon and two other students who wished to get into the park were riding past the north gate. But when they were only 100 yards or so off it they noticed that it was still open, and, wheeling round, made a rush for it. Lawson, who is a strong fellow with a quick eye, caught one leaf of the door as it was being closed and flung it back with one hand, while he sent a gate-keeper spinning with the other. He and Gordon got through, but Randolph's pony swerved, and before he could recover he found himself shut out. There is a Tartar encampment inside the park, and the soldiers rode up in pursuit of Lawson

and Gordon, but, not being so well mounted, had a long chase. When they had seen everything Gordon and Lawson allowed themselves to be overtaken and ceremoniously shown out.

An eclipse of the sun was announced to take place one afternoon, and a memorial from the Imperial Board of Astronomers appeared in the *Gazette* four days before, the original of which had been accompanied by a diagram. And so the Chinese were all on the alert. I could not quite make out what my teacher, Hsü, thought about it: he understood perfectly the causes of the phenomenon, but he would often drop the proper term for an eclipse and talk about the "dog of the heavens" (t'ien koû)—for the Chinese say, by-the-bye, that it is a dog, and not a dragon, that on these occasions devours the sun.

We had read so much about it, that we got quite excited as the time approached. Gordon had set his watch by that of the Professor of Astronomy, and as soon as the eclipse was due, called out, "Time's up," and proceeded to frantically bang our dinner-gong. When he got tired of that he came out to see if it had produced any effect; which it apparently had not.

When the shadow became plainer I strolled out into the street. Near the Mongol Market service was going on in a small joss-house, but the people about did not seem very much disturbed—which was disappointing and quite contrary to what the illustrated books on China had led me to expect. Most of them were going in the direction of the Board of Ceremonies, and so I thought

I might as well go too. A side gate stood open, and a cake-seller was coming out. I walked in, the gate-keeper saying nothing. In the first court were more cake-sellers, and a lot of carts. The inner court is traversed by the usual broad stone causeway, and on this, in front of the entrance, is a stone screen. Behind and on one side of the screen were grouped men in embroidered red jackets, very dirty—both jackets and men. One of these thumped incessantly at a gong suspended from the screen: the rest had drums ready in case of a sudden emergency. In the background was a long low pavilion, and on the terrace in front of this stood officials of various grades, in full uniform. Between them and the screen, and on the causeway, was erected an incense table, and before this a mat was spread. The pavilion fronts due west, and it was now nearly five o'clock in the afternoon: so that all the officials faced the sun. From time to time one of their number came forward, and, taking his place on the mat, solemnly kotowed in the direction of the eclipse. An orderly crowd of Chinese, chiefly of the lower classes, stood on each side of the causeway.

When I had been there a short time a small official came up to me and politely requested me to withdraw, as "this was not a place for foreigners"—and on the whole I think he was right. I wondered, though, as I came away, if the presence of a foreigner was embarrassing as reminding them of the absurdity of this mummary, kept up, as I believe, in the face of fuller knowledge and common sense, simply to delude the people, and to encourage ignorance and superstition.

So, in a recent *Gazette*, a young woman is reported to have cut out a portion of her liver to make broth for a dying parent, her own wound miraculously healing instantly, while her mother was at once restored to health. And the Emperor sanctions the Viceroy's request for the erection of a tablet to commemorate this. These men, members of the Tsung-li Ya-mên, some of them, can hardly believe such things; yet they can publish a diagram of an eclipse some days before it occurs, and then, with genuflexions and much beating of gongs, try to save the sun from the dog that is devouring it. . . . But in all probability the request to withdraw was prompted by the practice which I spoke of just now as so humiliating to Europeans—the opening of doors to the meanest coolie that are ostentatiously shut in the face of a foreigner.

There are several other “places of interest” in Peking which the visitor is expected to go to. I do not know how it is—perhaps it is an evil habit of procrastination I have contracted somewhere, but more probably that truest happiness which they say lies in anticipation (this last, I know, is why my friends' letters are left unanswered so long); but, for some reason or other, I do not appear to have visited so many of these places as I clearly ought to have done. This is a candid admission, and give me credit for it. A less ingenuous man might have purchased Kieruff's *Guide to Peking*, and, by working in a personal element, have deceived confiding friends, and led them to believe that he had been all about the city. I do not claim to have done more than an average amount of sight-seeing, such as the ordinary

resident goes through as a matter of duty. It is only your visitor that sees everything.

But, at any rate, I do not think I was as indifferent to my surroundings as the studious second-year's man who was asked by a casual visitor the whereabouts of the Hanlin College. He said he really did not know: the *Tzū êrh Chi* said nothing about it, and he had not time to go into out-of-the-way parts of the city exploring. It would not pay: for the examiners were hardly likely to ask such a question as that. But he did feel a little distressed when the visitor called two days afterwards to say he had found the Hanlin College all right: it was next door to the Students' Quarters.

Though, perhaps, scarcely to be reckoned as a Chinese institution, yet certainly in every sense a place of interest in Peking is the Roman Catholic Cathedral in the Imperial City, the Pei-t'ang, or "Northern Hall." This was rebuilt in 1861 under French auspices, the original building having been destroyed after the retirement of the Jesuits. We attended afternoon service there one Easter Sunday. The nave and aisles were full of Chinese, women as well as men, the men wearing their caps, while the heads of the women were uncovered. We were accommodated with chairs near the chancel, but the space behind us was crammed with natives. Here the original purpose for which incense may have been introduced was, as it seemed to me, exemplified; for had it not been for the censers no European could have remained near that crowd of malodorous Chinamen a minute—and probably the assemblies in

the temples of Ammon struck the cleanly Egyptian priests in much the same way. As it was, the Chinese boys were troublesome. One little wretch kneeling between two *prie-dieus* kept expectorating steadily and with a certain unction and emphasis that attracted remark. Most of the natives present were doing the same ; but this was in our midst, as it were. And so Bertram, with all the solemnity of a verger, tapped him on the cap with a stick, while Lawson addressed one man who seemed in authority, in Chinese, asking him to cause that boy to be removed. The man turned round with a smile, and showed a pair of blue eyes : he was a Belgian priest in Chinese dress. But he cheerfully assisted in handing the boy out.

Nearly all the Roman Catholic priests here adopt the native fashion. But it looks a little odd sometimes. I remember one man, an Irishman and (as indeed are all the Fathers I have met) a very pleasant gentleman, who had only been out a few months, and was obliged to supplement six inches of auburn hair by a false queue of the only colour procurable, raven black. There was no pretence of assimilating them : the true hair stood up like a horn, two inches from the tip of which the false tail was suspended.

After service one of the Fathers was kind enough to take us to his rooms, where he gave us cigars and some wine made on the establishment. The conversation was begun in English, but presently lapsed into French (I sat modestly silent) ; but such was the force of their surroundings, or so vivid their recollections of the *Tzū-erh Chi*, that every now and then the speakers would

burst out into Chinese (and my interest in the talk revived). When Ellerby was stationed in the West of China, his nearest European neighbour lived on the other side of the mountains some ten miles off, a French missionary in charge of the converts there. But Ellerby thought it right to call on him, and set off one day with that intention. Several hours later the good Father saw a being bearing down upon him, covered with dust and in a nondescript costume, brandishing a formidable-looking stick. He took it for one of the hillmen, and thought it only prudent to retreat. But just as the priest reached the back-door the hillman shouted after him, "*Je suis chrétien : j'ai soif*"—and that touch of nature made everything right at once.

When we had been refreshed we were shown the grounds and buildings. They have a very large garden, part of which is planted thickly with trees, part laid out as a vegetable garden and orchard. In one of the yards was a cage containing some curious birds, Chrysoptera I think they were called, and in the small museum a collection of the fauna of the province. The library was well stocked; but most of the books were old, though very valuable, tomes. There is a printing press at the *Poi-t'ang*, where the work is done principally, if not entirely, by natives. The other buildings comprise the seminary, and a range of little guest-rooms some fifty in number.

It was, of course, the proper thing to go and see the Great Wall. The (*pace* Herr Müllendorff) original wall

built by Shih Huang-ti in 215 B.C., or thereabouts, is some three days' journey from Peking, the nearest approachable point being the Old Northern Pass, or Ku pei k'ou. But a much more modern branch crosses the Southern Pass—better known as Nankow—at only a day's journey to the north-west. And, consequently, any visitor whose stay in Peking is limited, if he goes to the Wall at all, goes to Nankow. Nesbitt, being in this predicament, asked me to accompany him. I had never been before, and was glad now to go with so pleasant a companion. We arranged to do the regular round, through the grounds of Wan shou shan (where the Summer Palace once stood) and the village of Yáng-fang'r, to Nankow; thence up the pass and back through Nankow to Ch'ang-p'ing Chou (commonly known as 'Jumping Joe'), from there to T'ang shan (where the hot springs are), and so back to Peking.

A Chinese inn is made up of a courtyard with stables, on the right and left (or on one side only, as the case may be), the inn-keeper's rooms and kitchen close to the gate, and the guest-chambers at the farther end facing the entrance. The principal room almost invariably consists of three *chien* or divisions (the term is a crux to translators), either made apparent by an actual partition-wall, or to be traced by the beam of the roof, or to be imagined. In most cases one-third or *chien* is partitioned off, and has a doorway fitted with a door or hanging mat: the other two *chien* form one room. In each division there is a *k'ang* or stove-bed, simply a broad ledge of brick covered with matting. This is heated by a stove that usually is lit from within, and

into which Chinese children occasionally fall. Tumbling out of bed is discouraged in North China. Besides the stove-bed, there is generally nothing in the room but a table, a couple of chairs, and a bench, and, on the k'ang, a tray about two feet square and six or seven inches high.

This being the case, it is as necessary to make as many preparations for an overland trip as it was in coming up the river. I hired a cart to take my bedding and boy, while Nesbitt, who had a mind to be comfortable, hired two, and laid in a stock of wine and provisions. We took a mafoo with us and a couple of boys. The first day we tiffined at Wan shou shan in a small summer-house by the side of the reedy lake, quite picnic-fashion—that is to say, everything was laid out on the floor, and we had to sit cross-legged or kneel to get at it. After tiffin we spent rather too much time roaming about the ruins. These I will not describe; for so much has been written about the Summer Palace, after the War, that my doing so would be foolhardy and superfluous. (A good deal was written on the Summer Palace during the War; by-the-bye, for we found a regiment of names scrawled on the walls—with accompanying remarks *in nomina stultorum*.)

Long before we reached Yáng-fang'r the sun had set. And, to add to our troubles, my pony fell lame, and I had to lead him. Fortunately we had sent the carts on ahead, and so when, tired and hungry, we did reach Yáng-fang'r, we found dinner ready and our beds made up on the k'ang. How much those dinners were enjoyed! (I do not often indulge in a note of exclama-

tion, but here a grateful memory seemed to call for it.) Perhaps the chops were overdone, or the chicken smoked, but we had the old Spartan sauce (and usually Lea and Perrin's to boot), and our boys never forgot the salt, or even the bread. Besides, Nesbitt had tins of preserved soup and *paté de foie gras*, and other luxuries which he regarded as absolutely indispensable on such a journey. Among these, if I remember rightly, were a packet of black lead for cleaning stoves and a bottle of furniture polish.

The next morning we rode on to Nankow, slowly, so as not to try my pony too much. We reached the little town at about nine o'clock, and established ourselves in an inn, where we began to make preparations for going up the pass to the Wall. While we were bargaining for donkeys, a Chinaman came to us and said he was a guide, and showed us some testimonials given him by former travellers. One was in French, from a deaf and dumb member of the Alpine Club, I think, and observed that that man had looked after him as though he had been his father. We explained that we were not deaf and dumb, nor orphaned in any way, and really could dispense with his services, whereat he turned sadly away. Meanwhile the donkeys had been hired at the exorbitant charge of a dollar a head. Three City tiao (10½d.) would have more than met the case; but Nankow is over-visited, and prices have gone up in consequence. We had our pony saddles transferred to the donkeys, for the native pillows were not inviting.

The change of saddles has its advantages, but it sometimes proves a little embarrassing. The Bertrams

were riding out to the hills one day on donkeys, Bertram the least bit in front, when the hind-girth of Mrs. Bertram's saddle—which was secured under the donkey's tail—broke, and Mrs. Bertram and the saddle were thrown forward on to the donkey's head. She caught hold of Bertram to save herself, but pulled him with her to the ground. When they realised the situation they were sitting opposite one another on the road, while between them stood the donkey gazing earnestly at them, the saddle hanging over his face like a coal-scuttle bonnet.

The Nankow donkeys are not large, and Nesbitt cannot weigh less than twelve stone. Still he was a little huffy when I told him he and his donkey looked like an improper fraction : said he did not see the point of that joke, and believed it was an old one, anyhow. Then we entered the pass. This is scarcely better than the bed of a mountain torrent : for very little has been done to make a decent road through it, although the traffic is great. We met or passed strings of camels laden for the most part with tea for Kalgan and Kiakhita ; drovers with their flocks ; litters swung between two mules ; and passengers on foot or on horseback. There were officials going to, or returning from, their posts beyond the Wall, accompanied by their families. The ladies were in closed mule litters, so small that you would think it no easy matter to get into them ; once in, to change your position would be impossible. It is said that the Korean litters — sedan-chairs they can hardly be called—are smaller still, and that the doubts of the members of the late expedition as to the possibility of entering these

were only solved by the bearers, who—ceremoniously enough—bundled their fares in, neck and crop.

The bed of the stream that runs down the pass is full of great boulders, and in and out of these the path winds, no easy going even for the mules who know it well, and tiring enough to our unaccustomed feet. The hills on each side are very picturesque : here and there a peach-tree in full bloom, higher up a little pine wood, and, crowning the summit, an old stone fort. Halfway up the pass is a small walled village, its gateways not spared by time, though the old portecullis is still there. Beyond this the hills begin to close in and the pass is narrower and steeper. Just at a bend, where the rocks are almost perpendicular, a little temple has been hewn out of the stone, and hangs some twenty feet above the road. The priests mount to their perch by perilous steps chipped out of the face of the hill. And there were little shrines with mild-faced Buddhas, and at one point carved on the mountain side high above us, the ever-present Fo 佛 the Chinese Budh, in strokes

many feet in length. The air grew colder and keener, and snowdrifts still lingered in clefts and shadowy caves. We climbed painfully, tired with our four hours' journey, up a steeper ascent, and pausing to look up, there, against the sky-line, was the Wall.

I do not think at first that we viewed it in any other light than as a place to tiffin at: Nesbitt said he was much too hungry for sentiment. And so we mounted by stone stairs cut in the thickness of the wall, to one of the small square towers that guard it at close

intervals along its whole length. The tower was roofless, one-storied, with windows or doorways in the four sides. On the floor lay a number of small cannon, rusty and useless—as cannon: piled up they served well enough for seat and table. Nesbitt's boy had packed our lunch, with a bottle of claret and sherry and two of water. It was far too cold for a long drink, and so the remnants of the feast that were given to the donkeymen included two full bottles of water and the modest remainder of the sherry and claret. As we drew near to Nankow, on our way back, I was made arbiter of a dispute. Nesbitt's donkeyman had one of the full bottles tasting and smelling; my man the other. The first said it really was very like water, but the other declared that as foreigners never drank water it must be a foreign spirit of some kind. When they learnt that it was water after all, they solemnly turned those bottles upside down, disgusted that they had carefully carried such trash all the way from the Wall.

Tiffin over, we felt more equal to the duty of exploring and admiring. Unfortunately the first thing we came across was the skeleton of some poor wretch that had died, or, who knows? (Nesbitt, at this point, having tiffined, became sentimental and imaginative) been murdered, in this lonely spot. We got over that, and looked about us. We were just above the Gate, through which a string of camels was passing, about to descend the valley to Ch'a-t'ou on the plain at our feet. From where we stood the mountains rose one above the other till they faded in the distance, and along their sides, now dipping down into a ravine, now mounting to the

summit of the peaks, ran the Wall. The air was so clear that all our ideas of distance were changed, and Nesbitt proposed as an afternoon's stroll to walk along the rampart till we reached a tower he pointed out against the sky. The donkeymen said we might get there that day week: only as we were not used to that sort of work we should probably succumb before we were half-way. So Nesbitt reluctantly abandoned the idea. But we did climb up to the next tower, and hard enough work I found it: for every now and then the wall rose so steeply that steps had been built, not comfortable, jog-trot steps, but steps two feet or so high. A little of this went (in one sense) a long way, and I sat down presently and firmly declined to budge. Nesbitt said this was a weak surrendering; he meant to mount higher. Soon, however, he came down and said he wondered how those fellows had managed to build the thing, and when they had built it to walk along it: he had seen enough, he thought, and had not we better be getting back? So we got back.

The next day we arranged to go to the Ming Tombs. The "Thirteen Sepulchres," as they are called, lie at the upper end of a long valley that narrows at its mouth, through which the road runs southward to Peking. Approaching the valley from Ch'ang-p'ing Chou, the entrance is marked by a *p'ai-lou*, or portal, of five arches. The road to the Tombs, however, no longer passes under this, but winds round it in a deep track worn down by the feet and the rains of centuries. Beyond, a triple gateway, massive and heavy, without ornament of any kind, plastered red and topped with yellow tiles. A few yards

further on, the Tablet of the Ming, a huge slab of marble borne on the back of a tortoise, in a building four-square, with arched gateways on every side. In the direction of the diagonals, some forty feet from each corner, stands a pillar, with the curious rostrum at its apex. Beyond is the celebrated Avenue. Ranged on each side of the road are stone figures of tigers, horses, camels, and elephants, and a nondescript sort of animal which may be a leopard or a lion. These are in pairs, standing and kneeling. The elephants and camels are perhaps the best executed: the feet of the kneeling elephants are turned out in the orthodox way, by-the-bye. But a pony, if he does not (as is his wont) shy at the first figures and refuse to pass them, has been known to neigh to the stone horses and of his own accord to go up to them. It is rather stupid of the pony, though, for the figures are after all clumsily carved: the legs are of a uniform thickness of some eight inches in diameter. Beyond the animals are several statues of kings and sages, all of superhuman size. The Avenue is closed by a *p'ai-lou*. From this point the valley descends and widens, till it is closed by a vast amphitheatre of hills, at the foot of which are seen the Thirteen Tombs. The road through the valley is now very irregular. In parts it has been completely washed away by mountain streams, once crossed by bridges whose broken arches still remain; in parts the cart-wheels of the peasants who now cultivate the valley have worn through pavement and soil to the depth of several feet, leaving slabs of stone on each side to mark the old level.

Nesbitt and I left Nankow in the morning, and took the shortest way through the hills, striking the valley between the Avenue and the Tombs, by which we lost the full effect of the approach. We had for guide a donkeyman. He took us to the show-tomb, that of Yung-lo, the third Emperor of the Ming, who transferred his capital from Nanking to Peking at the commencement of the fifteenth century. Each tomb is surrounded by a wall, with the Imperial red plaster and yellow tiles, and in the centre of this is the usual triple entrance. Our guide hunted up a fellow with the key, who let us in by one of the side doors. Inside, the courts we passed through in succession were planted with trees that even in the faint breeze kept up a murmur strangely mournful. Opposite the entrance was the Hall of Incense, approached by marble steps. Within stood a small shrine, containing the tablet of the deceased monarch, and protected by a screen of lattice-work, in front of which an incense table was placed. The pillars that support the roof of this hall are of immense height, and consist each one of the single trunk of a tree, floated down from the forests of Ssü-ch'uan, in all probability. Behind the hall is another courtyard closed by a massive square tower of stone, in which are staircases leading to the top of the wall that surrounds the tumulus, an enormous artificial mound covered with trees. I think that this tomb is the most impressive of all Chinese buildings I have seen: for here neglect only seems to add to its beauty.

And yet, perhaps, the Ming tombs are less neglected than many other places. For as a matter of policy the

present dynasty make some effort to keep them in repair (though it is said that much timber and marble was at one time carried away from here to ornament the palaces at Yuan-ming Yüan). And every year the head of the dispossessed family, the Marquis Chu, is sent by the Government to worship at his ancestral tombs and to report on their condition. I never met him, for on the first occasion on which I visited the tombs (when I was with Nesbitt), I found he had just returned to Peking; and on the second, he was just expected to arrive—and in fact did arrive, and was interviewed by a party of Europeans who had started a little later than Gordon (who was then with me) and myself.

It was on this latter occasion that one of the disadvantages of a Chinese inn was unpleasantly brought home to me. Gordon and I put up for the night at "Jumping Joe," and, as the weather was cold, we had a pan of charcoal brought into the room: for the extravagance of a fireplace is undreamt of by the natives of North China. We made ourselves comfortable on the k'ang and were soon asleep. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a feeling of suffocation, but managed to grope my way to the door, and to shout for the boy. Then I felt dizzy and sat down on the doorstep. However, the boy brought me some water, and I soon was all right again. But I declined to have the brazier in the room after that.

I was acting as guide on my second visit, but somehow we went to the wrong tomb. They are so much alike that for a long time I could hardly be sure that it

was the wrong tomb after all. But Gordon was so disappointed with the size of the pillars, after my enthusiastic description of them (and they really did seem to me to have dwindled considerably), that I was convinced at last that we were astray. It seemed that the tomb we visited was that of Chia-ching (1521-1566), but as it was called the Yung ling (*ling*=a sepulchre or tumulus), I had rashly jumped to the conclusion that it was the tomb of Yung-lo, which is 140 years older, and known as the Ch'ang-ling. It was sad: however, Gordon thought that if they were so much alike as all that, it was perhaps hardly worth while to go to the other tomb—besides, we wanted to return to Peking that day. On the way back we met Owen in great form, with a mafoo, a boy, and two donkeymen. Owen proposed a drink, and his boy produced a bottle of whisky, one of water, and two tumblers. Fancy the luxury of *two* tumblers in the middle of that lonely valley! In return we warned him to go to the right tomb, at which his boy looked really hurt. He said he had taken several foreigners there before. He evidently thought that we had brought our misfortunes on ourselves by not having taken a boy.

Nesbitt and I, having a donkeyman as guide, had been all right. The day after our return to Nankow, as rain threatened, we decided to leave T'ang shan alone, and go straight to Peking. We did go to Peking, though not exactly straight: for we wasted much time, owing to Nesbitt's fondness for short cuts and my confused notion of the points of the compass. But we got back at last, and in time for dinner.

I went to the real old Wall, as we used to consider it, at Ku pei K'ou, at the close of winter. This journey takes six days, and winter travelling requires more preparation than a trip in spring-time. I bought a Mongolian cap, a huge thing, of red flannel, wadded, and trimmed with fur, having ear-flaps that could be tied under the chin and leave little of the face uncovered. Also a pair of Mongolian socks made of some sort of felt. These were to be drawn over the boot, and did, it is true, keep one's feet comfortably warm, but the getting them off at night . . . ! The first evening I managed to pull one off after half-an-hour's painful effort, then tried again at the other after dinner with no success ; so, thinking things would be easier if I could unlace my boot, made a slit down the front to get at the lace, but in so doing cut it to pieces. However, I became used to the socks in time and learnt to be patient. In the cold night we thought it ill-advised to undress : on the contrary, we put on more clothes, doing as North China does.

For some time our course lay along the banks of the Pei-ho, now frozen fast. In places where fords are found in summer were bridges made of turf and the stalks of the *kao liang* laid on the ice. After leaving the Pei-ho we encountered a dust-storm, and had a miserable morning, leading our ponies across a bare sandy plain in the teeth of an icy wind, half blinded and choked by the dust. These dust-storms are the plague of Peking in the dry season. The dust is so fine that it will get inside the glass of a watch ; and in the morning after a stormy night, though the windows

have been carefully pasted up (as they are in the winter time), it covers the window-sill. Probably the noisy and most objectionable coughing the natives keep up is due to the irritation produced on their lungs by this dust. If so, it has much to answer for. The end of the plain brought us to a small walled town and our tiffin. Warm water was produced in wooden tubs, and we washed our faces—very gingerly, though, for they were cut and bleeding from the effects of that horrible dust.

The rest of the journey was got through in very pleasant weather. A few hours brought us to the foot of the mountains, which we entered by a narrow ravine. On one side was the pathway, only a few feet broad, and on the other a stream now frozen, in spite of the steep inclination of its bed, and producing a strange effect, for at a distance it looked as though it were still flowing. The third day we took a short cut, a bridle-path that led over the mountains into a small valley; then past some forts on to Ku pei K'ou. The valley was used, we were told, as an exercise-ground for the garrison of the forts, I suppose in their old-world manoeuvres, though we called it the "Artillery Ground."

The town or fortress of Ku pei K'ou is nearly in the form of an S, the road winding upwards between hills topped with crumbling fortifications, till after passing through the upper town it reaches the gate in the Great Wall. Every spur has its rampart, and we were puzzled to know which of these was the real Wall. We climbed painfully up to one, but, looking towards the north, saw another beyond it. This we decided to leave till the

next morning, and meanwhile adjourned to an inn for dinner. After breakfast on the morrow we made our way to the Wall through the streets, or rather street (for it has but one), of the town. At the gate our mafoo was asked for our passports. These are required by all foreigners travelling in China beyond a distance of some thirty-five miles from Peking or any of the Treaty Ports. These *visés*, we climbed some little way up the Wall and made remarks more or less suited to the occasion. But we took Bertram's advice, and brought away no bricks.

The country beyond Ku pei K'ou is a part of the province of Chih-li, and not, strictly speaking, Mongolia. But shooting excursions beyond the Wall are often described as "trips in Mongolia." These usually come off in the autumn. The country is a succession of hills and dales, covered in summer with grass and brush-wood, which is fired towards the end of autumn, and the hills left for the most part quite bare. There are few trees, though here and there is a belt of pine-wood. The ground is covered with snow at the beginning of winter, and a tramp through this soaks the thickest boots: then they freeze and have to be cut down to the heel before they can be put on again.

When Randolph and Manners were in this country they travelled with the usual complement of carts and a mafoo. But one afternoon they found themselves some three miles from their sleeping stage, and the sun nearly setting. They told the carters to hurry up, and meanwhile rode on with the mafoo as guide. On the

way they came across a head or two hung over the road, and the mafoo explained that these were the remains of some of the numerous robbers that infested those parts, gibbeted *in terrorem* ; and added that it was hardly likely the carters would pass the horrid things in the twilight. But Randolph and Manners hoped better things—for all their food and bedding were on the carts—and pushed on. They reached their inn in time, and waited with growing impatience, unrewarded, for no carts appeared. The inn was as bare as all Chinese inns are, and abnormally draughty, and it was freezing hard. Finally the landlord borrowed some felt rugs and rough sheep-skin coats for them, and with these they made shift for bedding. Randolph says a sheep-skin coat is not bad if you put your legs through the sleeves and curl yourself up in the rest of it.

They fared indifferently that night on some greasy preparation of the landlord's, so next morning Manners announced that he would cook. He got hold of a sort of frying-pan, but the only meat he could find to operate on was part of an awfully sinewy leg of beef. Manners declined to use any pig's fat to lard his pan, and Randolph says the result was not exactly what one would call savoury ; in fact, at first he thought Manners had helped him to a little of the charcoal by mistake. However, they made up all short-comings by a good appetite and profuse *lào pings*. These *lào pings* are small lumps of dough that are just allowed to rise in the pan and are then considered cooked : very indigestible things, but, Randolph says, in Mongolia, and when you take plenty of honey with them, they are

almost nice. But apparently you can eat anything (you can get) in Mongolia.

They (as the men before them) put up at a kind of farm-house, overrun by huge Mongolian dogs, so savage that there was no venturing outside their door after nightfall without an escort. These quarters reached, they did not roam about much, for there was plenty of sport for the energetic in the neighbourhood. They say the average bag for a day in Mongolia is thirty brace, ten brace being considered good at Shanghai. But, if this is so, our sportsmen must either have been lazy and not gone out many days, or else have lost most of their birds on the way back, for when, on two or three occasions, we counted over the spoils brought home, and did a little division sum, the result was by no means so satisfactory.

To reach Mongolia Proper the shortest way is, perhaps, through Nankow and Kalgan. Here the ground is a vast level, where the grass grows above one's head. A clearing in this is most picturesque, the hut and grazing ground shut in by a wall of grass. In autumn all this is cut down or fired, and nothing is to be seen but the open plain, unless it is a Mongol encampment or a troop of shaggy ponies. The traveller must sleep in a Mongol tent, a circular or hexagonal structure of willow-work and felt, with a stove in the centre, above which is an opening for the smoke, closed at night. Jackson, who spent some little time there, describes the Mongols of this district as hospitable and well-disposed. He was very much amused when he was taken to see a bride who, for the last week, had been

dressings for her wedding, though it was not to 'come off for ten days or so. From her appearance, he thinks that all her friends must have been invited to make suggestions for her toilet, and if this considers a blue petticoat becoming, and that a red one, both are put on—and remain on.

The autumn, say September or early October, is the best time for travelling in North China. Except that then the insect world is particularly active—knowing there is little time to be lost, I suppose—and that Chinese inns are its favourite haunt. On the wall, about a foot and a half above each k'ang, may be generally seen a mysterious mottled line; it is the execution ground of these disturbers of a Chinaman's slumber.

In autumn, too, and occasionally in spring as well, are held the Peking Race Meetings. The race-course lies in the country a mile or so from the western wall of the city, and was, I believe, a gift of the Tsung-li Yamên. It is under the management of the Peking Club, of which, indeed, its tiny Grand Stand and the little buildings attached to the Skating-rink are the only visible sign. This Grand Stand is built on the east side of the course, and consequently fronts west and the hills some eight or nine miles away. During the summer months it is let (or at any rate offered) as a kind of bungalow. The circular inviting tenders for the season states that it "contains two rooms, 26 ft. by 15 ft. and 14 ft. by 15 ft. respectively, a kitchen, and a kitchen-garden." They have not called it a

“desirable family residence” or a “detached villa” yet; but when the railway runs from Tientsin to the valley of the Hun, and brings its excursionists to the Derbyshire of North China, such will doubtless be the case. However, except that it must be a little hot, it might prove a good place to read in; there would not be many distractions. At present they have instituted a very pleasant arrangement by which tea and other things may be obtained there by thirsty people on Saturday afternoons.

Race-meetings are necessarily very much alike—though perhaps in Peking they are less so than elsewhere, as Gordon put it. After appointing a Race Committee, two Judges, a Starter, and a Clerk of the Course, entries are invited for the various races. Here is a programme of a recent meeting:—

- 1st Race: MAIDEN PLATE. Value \$75. *One mile*. For ponies that have never run before. Entrance \$5. 4 entries.
- 2nd Race: YAMÈN PRIZE. Presented by the Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamèn. Tls 75 to the *first* pony; Tls 25 to the *second*; *third* pony to save his entrance. *Two miles*. For Peking-owned Ponies only. Entrance \$10. 4 entries.
- 3rd Race: LADIES' PURSE. Presented by the Ladies of Peking. For Ponies owned and ridden by Peking Residents only. Weight 12 stone. *Once round*. Entrance \$5. 3 entries.
- 4th Race. MINISTERS' CUP. Value \$100. $\frac{3}{4}$ *Mile*. Presented by the Foreign Representatives at Peking. *Second* Pony to save his Entrance. Entrance \$5. 9 entries.
- 5th Race: HAIKUAN CHALLENGE CUP. Value Tls 100 and \$50 added from the Fund, if won for the first time. Presented by ROBERT HART, Esquire, and other Gentlemen of the Imperial Maritime Customs. The

Cup to become the property of any Gentleman residing at Peking whose pony, or ponies, win it two years consecutively. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance \$5. 8 entries.

6th Race: HACK STAKES. Value \$50. For all Peking-owned ponies regularly ridden as Hacks and not otherwise entered for this meeting. *Once round.* Entrance \$5. 3 entries.

7th Race: CHAMPION STAKES. Value 100. A forced entry of \$10 each for all winners except the Hack Stakes; optional for all other ponies that have run at this meeting. *One mile.* 15 entries.

This programme settled, the next thing is to have the Tiao Lottery. Anyone can take one or more tickets—price 2 tiao (say $7\frac{1}{2}d.$) apiece—in a lottery for each race. When the numbers are all taken there is a solemn drawing in the Reading-room (which, for this occasion only, O'Hara says, ought to be called the "Drawing-room"). Tables are ranged the whole length of the room, and at the end sit three members of the Race Committee. Before Rhadamanthus stands the Urn—one of the mess soup-tureens. This is filled with gun-wads, numbered from 1 to 120 or 150, as the case may be. Then a pony and a number are drawn and the winner named. This is slow work so far, especially for those who do not draw a pony. But after this the ponies are put up to auction, and sometimes, when a favourite is up, the bidding is most lively. The purchaser of a pony pays twice his bid, once to the drawer, once into the fund, the prize being the amount of tickets taken, plus the sums given for all the ponies in each race; so that where the bidding has been brisk it might come to 600 or 700 tiao, or between 50 and

60 dollars. That over, the next thing is to wait for the race-day, which is usually a Saturday.

The first race is advertised to take place at 11 ; but some hours before that the road to the course is filled with Chinamen on foot or on donkeyback, in chairs or on ponies. Through fields unenclosed, except by a low mud wall—covered, if it be spring, with violets, scentless, it is true, but still violets—past temples and grave-yards, the road winds until a semi-circle of sand-hills is reached. Within their arc is a large pool or marsh, where countless frogs are croaking disapproval of the meeting, not, indeed, with the energy they would have displayed at night, but in a drowsy, half-hearted manner. The outer rim of the sand-hills touches the course, and where their curve ends is built the Grand Stand ; so that a capital view of the races can be had even by the unprivileged, who will stay there all day, a long line of faded blue, watching their mandarins arrive, and the foreigners develop a new phase of—well, put it mildly and say, eccentricity.

Lunch is provided in the upper rooms of the Stand, and early in the day a Committee-man or two will appear, anxiously scrutinising the cook's arrangements, or looking out for the guests. Some half-dozen of the latter are Chinamen, members of the Tsung-li Yamên for the most part: one, the Commandant of Peking, who sometimes brings his little son. They are preceded by a few of their subordinates or satellites, white or blue buttons, who while away the time by trying to make sense of the Chinese race-cards, and are puzzled that a pony should be described as "green," but,

being polite, make allowances. Presently their seniors arrive and are taken possession of by the Foreign Ministers or their Chinese Secretaries. They profess themselves delighted with everything, and hazard a few remarks about the racing, truisms for the most part, whereof your literary Chinamen has always an abundant stock: "Strong ponies generally run farther and faster than weak ones." "It is not always the horse who gets away first that wins," and the like. They are plainly affected by the tiffin, and become inquisitive. The weighing-machine attracts them, and they even condescend to be weighed—result, in one case, 216 lbs.

Two or three races are first run, then everyone settles down to the real business of the day—the tiffin. For Peking race-meetings are picnics first, and race-meetings a very long way after. Tiffin drawing to a close, the Doyen proposes the health of the members of the Tsung-li Yamên, who, through bashfulness apparently, do not reply, though most of the cosmopolitan assembly have a smattering of Chinese. We are a very fair epitome of all mankind: one nationality to every two men and a half, O'Hara calculates. O'Hara is our prize polyglot; nothing comes amiss to him, and his only regret is that the Inspector-General of Customs does not see his way clearly enough to appoint a Hottentot to the staff of the Peking office, and give O'Hara a chance of testing his theory as to the identity of the Hottentot dental click and the Chinese fourth tone.

Herr von Z. was, it is said, an enthusiast in a similar line. His Government sent him out to study Pekingese,

and after twelve months had elapsed his Minister summoned him and asked what progress he was making. "Excellent," was the reply, "I've just completed the second volume." "Second volume? Ah! of the *Tzŭ-êrh Chi*, I suppose?" "The *Tzŭ-êrh Chi*? What *Tzŭ-êrh Chi*? Oh, Sir Thomas Wade's *Chinese Course*! No, to tell the truth, I haven't begun Chinese yet: I meant the second volume of my work on Hungarian Syntax." And yet the Minister recommended his Government to recall him.

"Our own correspondent" attended the Race-meeting, and in his "Peking Letter" was quite excited over "the vast numbers of Chinamen present." There were three or four hundred, perhaps; but the Correspondent could hardly have had time to count them before tiffin. In this Letter he, for some reason or other, developed an unusual moroseness, and declared that "the proceedings were brought to a close by a donkey-race which was a miserable failure." Now that donkey-race the students had been at great pains to get up, and it was therefore in the nature of things impossible that it could be a failure. Nor was it: indeed, from the proper point of view, it was a magnificent success. The regulations were carefully drawn up: "the donkeys to be *bonâ fide* donkeys" (we were not quite sure what that meant, but it sounded well), and "shall be ridden without stirrups and on a Chinese pack-saddle" (the grammar was involved, but scarcely as hard as the condition); lastly, "it is immaterial whether the donkeys carry their riders or their riders them."

We had some eight or ten entries. My donkey was

a little wiry black fellow, and I had hired him on the terms that the owner was to have four dollars if he won, and nothing if he lost. (Every Chinaman is at heart a gambler—in so far as he can be said to have a heart at all.) A table was placed in front of the Grand Stand, and in the centre of the course. Round this we had to race, the whole distance being some 300 yards. My donkey started off at a furious pace and led; then stopped suddenly, and, while he was trying to remember what it was he had forgotten, I went over his head. I attempted to get on again; but whether he was too small, or I too impetuous, I do not know: somehow I missed the donkey altogether, and came over on the other side, “as though I was playing leap-frog,” Gordon said. (Gordon was busy at the time trying to catch his beast, which had bolted, and I do not believe he saw me.) Meanwhile the leading donkey had turned the post, or, more strictly speaking, got round the table, and the owner of mine began to think I had fooled long enough, and, not being able to control his feelings, ran on to the course and tried to drag my beast along. I have very confused notions as to what happened after that. I got mixed up, irretrievably as it seemed at the time, with the donkeyman and the donkey, but the three of us came in at last, beating Gordon by a neck. Bertram, who was judge, said that we were only twenty minutes behind the winner, the one man, by-the-bye, who had contrived to keep his seat. And they call that a “miserable failure!”

The students were, by some unaccountable error in judgment, discouraged from taking part in any but

scratch races, except as spectators. We felt hurt, but did not wish to show it by being conspicuously absent. On the contrary, we resolved to be conspicuously present. We held a mess meeting, and various striking effects were suggested. Finally it was resolved that we should each hire a camel, and, having carefully strung the camels together with due regard to seniority (of their riders), should defile on to the course preceded by the head coolie with the dinner-gong, and supported on either side by boys and mafoos on donkeyback with trumpets. We were to arrive just as lunch was beginning, and march solemnly past the Grand Stand. We were convinced that the thing would attract remark. I forget why the scheme ganged agley, but it did.

Later on in autumn, when all the crops were in, took place paper-chases on ponyback. As the hares always let the line of country they were going to take be known, there was much more steeple-chasing than hunting about these runs. Indeed, the usual thing was for two or three enthusiastic rival spirits to rush away at the start, and, with supreme disregard for the track, go straight across country. It tried the Master of the Hounds considerably, and the ponies' legs even more. And when the whole thing was over (by which time the hares, tired of waiting to be caught, had come to look after the hounds), there would be animated disputes as to who, allowing for the number of ditches leaped and fences cleared, had really come in, or come out, first.

There was a challenge cup labelled "for the high

jump," but I am not aware that anybody ever competed for it. Why, I do not know : perhaps its singular ugliness (it professed to be a Kang-hsi porcelain vase) had something to do with it. It seems aimless to win a thing when you have to stow it away out of sight immediately afterwards, lest its hideousness should compel you, however reluctantly, to smash it. Then, again, your name and exploit cannot well be engraved on a china jar, and that deprives it of half its value at once—for what paper-chaser would consent to hide his light under a bushel?

VI. AT THE HILLS.

Looking westward from the race-course you can see at some nine miles' distance a long range of hills. These are the Hsi Shan, or Western mountains. At the point in these hills where the line of the north wall of the city would, if extended, cross the range, a gorge winds down to the plain, broadening as it descends. Here the sides of the hill have been terraced and planted with trees, and on as many different levels stand the Eight Temples which have given the place its name. The hills on each side are bare, except for the scanty grass; and across the great plain Pa ta ch'ü seems a dark blot on the side of the mountain, near the bottom of which is a streak of white. This is the pagoda of Ling-kuang Ssü, the second in order, and perhaps the largest in extent, of the Eight Temples.

Approaching Pa ta ch'ü from the city the first of the temples is the one known as Ch'ang-ngan Ssü, or the "Temple of Perpetual Peace," as its present lessee

translates it. It stands on the plain at the foot of the hills, and is at some little distance from the stone path that winds up to the other temples. In front of it is the bed of what in the rainy season is a torrent, used, in spite of the boulders that fill it, as a road in the dry season, nevertheless. Following this road to the right you come first to a group of huts, then to the path leading to a small plateau where some rough stables have been built, then to a tea-house lately repaired. Beyond this the valley divides: or perhaps it would be more correct to say that here two of the ravines that form this valley meet. A road running by the side of the northern ravine brings you to the temple of Pi mo yen; another leads up to the remaining six temples. These, in order, are Ling-kuang Ssü (it is more easily approached by a road below the tea-house), San-shan An'r, Ta-pei Ssü, Lung-wang T'ang, Hsiang-chieh Ssü, and Pao chu tung. Of these the first three are not far from the foot of the hill; from Ta-pei Ssü to Lung-wang T'ang is some five or six minutes' climb; thence the paved path winds among the trees, and along the edge of the ravine for some little distance till Hsiang-chieh Ssü is reached. The highest of all is little Pao chu tung, perched on a terrace not far from the summit.

With the one exception of Pi mo yen, all these temples were leased or let to Europeans. In our time Ta-pei Ssü was known as the "Students' Temple," San-shan An'r, as the "American," and Lung-wang T'ang and Hsiang-chieh Ssü, as the "Russian" and the "Secretaries'" temples respectively. Ch'ang-ngan Ssü was rented by a medical missionary, Ling-kuang Ssü, on

a short lease, by several missionary families, while Pao chu tung was more or less in the market. The rents in these various temples varied very much according to the accommodation in them and their height above the plain, the lower temples bearing a higher rent. They were either leased for a term of years or taken for the season from the end of April to the middle of October—the greedy priests making no reduction for shortness of tenure. For Ta-pei Ssü we gave \$100, while I believe the rent of Ling-kuang Ssü was double that sum.

The approach to Ta-pei Ssü was very beautiful. The paved road ran along the edge of a mountain torrent, the bank being built up for greater security with large rough blocks of stone. On the other side of the path was the rock, and, for the ravine here was very narrow, trees met overhead, shading road and stream. The main entrance to the temple, a flight of stone stairs, has been blocked as a punishment to the priests (or the deities?) for permitting a suicide to take place in the enclosure. One of the *bonzes** had greatly insulted a coolie, so the story went, and he, instead of attacking his persecutor, had, with the perverseness of your true Chinaman, taken vengeance on him by committing suicide. It was difficult for us to sympathise with him, as in consequence we had to go some little way round to reach the court. Here, as a further punishment to the temple, a stone tablet had been set up in record, and one of the two poles, that with their acorn-shaped tops of yellow porcelain should mark the entrance, had been

* *Bonze*, 'a priest,' Portuguese *bonzo*, from Japanese *busso*, 'a pious man.'

removed. On the right of this court a small gateway led to the back of the entrance-hall. Thence a steep flight of steps ran up to the second court, in the middle of which stood the principal "joss-house." Side buildings formed the guest-chambers, of which there were three, and the rooms for the priests. A side door in the guest-chamber to the right opened on to a small platform with a drop of ten or twelve feet on the other three sides. Upon it stood a round stone table shaded by a tree. Here was the summer dining-room of the students, overlooking the plain, the slope leading up to Pi mo yen on the left, and on the right, some hundred yards below, the terrace of San-shan An'r.

Twelve or fourteen feet above the second court was a third, like it approached by a stone stairway. Here a range of joss-houses ended in a fourth guest-chamber, somewhat larger than those below, but having, like two of them, one-third partitioned off to serve as a bed-room. On the wall was traced a Russian monogram, the strokes some eighteen inches in length, with the date 1832. What value it had in the eyes of the priests, I do not know—perhaps they regarded it as a specimen of Western *belles lettres*, much as they themselves hang up grotesque and, to us, illegible scrolls, and admire them as triumphs of penmanship—but, anyway, they had preserved it religiously, and, in papering the walls, had left it uncovered. Ta-pei Ssü must have been a favourite resort of the members of the Russian Mission between 1828 and 1840, by the way, for scratched on the wall outside this room are many traces of their presence; as these—I translate the Russian, or rather our poly-

glottic O'Hara has done it for me, and I have taken it on trust—

1828 Xρ.

1831. Here were Christians.

καὶ ἔγω ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ.

Dr. Bunge 1831.

(The accents are Dr. Bunge's own.)

Here is Arcadia, but where are the shepherdesses? 1834
(in a doggrel couplet).

In another place some Russian names, and the date 1850.

If the number and length of the services performed there is a proof of devotion, the priests at Ta-pei Ssü were very devout indeed. They began at four in the morning and had three or four performances in the course of the day. There was one little *shami* or novice who chanted rather well. He used to come to us for fruit and cakes, and visitors usually tipped him—though I suppose the old priests took everything. I gave him a bright ten-cent piece one day, saying that he was a small boy and should have a small coin; but presently up came a fat priest and had the coolness to ask for a dollar, on the ground that he was a big man. It does not pay to argue with a Chinaman in his own language, so I made sundry forcible remarks to him in English and went my way.

There is a great deal of human nature in these fellows, and perhaps even more in their followers. You will see a band of pilgrims kotowing at the various shrines. Presently a priest comes round to make the collection, and each pilgrim carefully brings out his store of worn-out and broken cash, and the iron cash no tradesman could be persuaded to take, and drops a selection into

the plate. The priest goes away, and slowly looks through the coins. Then he sadly empties the plate into the nearest dust-bin, and reflects on the decay of piety in modern China.

The surroundings of Ta-pei Ssü were worthy of the approach to it. On the south side it was overhung by rocks, over which a little stream tumbled. Above and below were trees, with climbing wild vines. On the north side and in front of the temple ran the mountain torrent that has carved out this valley. At certain seasons of the year it was dry or nearly so; but former students had removed the boulders from part of its bed, and formed a small basin that made a capital bathing-place when the rains had filled it. It does not often rain at Peking, but when it does the windows of heaven are opened, or, as the Chinese say, it is as though a bucket had been upset. The rain has no time to divide itself into drops; it comes down all at once, and it keeps on with the same energy for three or four days. After one of these storms every road leading to the hills, and every channel in the hills, becomes an almost impassable torrent. Poor Von Gumpach, then professor at the T'ung-wên Kuan, was riding out to the hills with one of the students—the latter in charge of despatches for the Minister. Passing along a hollow they were met by a sudden rush of water that swept them away, and it was with considerable difficulty they got to firm land. Von Gumpach lost a box of valuable MSS., while the student handed in a mass of pulp to the chief that, as he explained, had once been despatches. The Professor was convinced that the Chinese Government were respon-

sible for his loss—how he could never clearly make out. And he had a suspicion (see the *Burlinghame Mission*) that the foreign Inspectorate of Customs had something to do with raising that storm. On another occasion a Minister was the victim, and remained four hours on a sand-bank *dum defluat annis*. He was rescued by a search party led by a small villager. They found him damp but undaunted, and brought him back in triumph and administered whisky-toddy.

There is a graphic account of what might have been a serious accident given in the first part of *Margary's Journey* (pp. 6–10) :—

“ About four miles from this B—— and G—— were overtaken by the rain, and in less than half an hour their ponies were up to their knees in water. They were above three hours getting across the last bit of their ride, and it was by a miracle they escaped. There was not a foot of sound ground the whole way, and they had to flounder through mud up to their knees. The roads, from their nature, were soon converted into rushing torrents, strong enough to carry away oxen like feathers. . . . At last they reached a house, and though standing up to their knees in water, the inmates would not give them shelter, thinking they were robbers. A half-idiot boy at last came out, and boldly offered to take them to a good road and a ford. But at this ford the boy and the horses were simply carried away by the force of the current. . . . B—— and G—— continued their way and pulled each other through three streams up to their necks in water. When they reached a hut below us here, they shouted for help, and were there for

nearly an hour, shivering, exhausted and half-frantic, before their cries were heard. G—— at one time threw off everything, and plunged in to swim across, but was pulled back by B—— in the nick of time. At last we came to the rescue. . . . Guided by the shouts, we went about 100 yards to what in the morning had been a road, but was now a deep rushing mountain torrent, and on the opposite side stood B——, shouting ‘Brandy, for heaven’s sake, G—— is fainting!’ I flew back, filled a flask, and was in the torrent up to my waist before I knew its force, but was stopped in time by B——, to whom I threw the flask. It was almost dark, and for some time he could not find it; but when he got hold of it, he rushed with it into a little hut, where G—— was almost, indeed as nearly as possible, done. Meanwhile we had torn our awning rope down, and I had been trying for nearly five minutes to throw it across, when S—— shouted out that the torrent was more practicable above, where was, most fortunately, a tree, to which our servants tied the rope. S—— dashed nobly in with the other end, and, after a severe struggle, gained the opposite bank. I stood up to my waist, holding the rope next to him; G—— then seized the rope, and he and S—— plunged in, and in a moment were carried out in a semi-circle, G—— completely immersed for a few moments. While hauling away for very life I felt that one of them must go, but they held on nobly, and we pulled them in with a shout. S—— then repeated his feat, and we brought B—— across in the same way, he all the while rolling over and over like a log. Both of

them were fearfully exhausted, and G—— we put to bed . . .”

The temples suffered a great deal from these storms. The Bertrams were staying one year at Ling-kuang Ssü, when it began to rain. At first they were vexed, for a contemplated picnic was spoilt. Then, after a day or two, the rain steadily continuing, the cook came in to say that provisions were running short, it was impossible to get to the villages to buy more; might he be excused from showing up an elaborate bill of fare? In the course of that afternoon the roof of the dining-room fell in, and they dined in the bed-room. During the night they were awakened by the rain that was trickling through a small but rapidly-spreading leak overhead, and thought it prudent to retreat to an outhouse. They were discovered there in the morning: Mrs. Bertram, with umbrella and waterproof, balancing herself on some bricks, while Bertram propped the roof up with his alpenstock. After that they returned to town and dry rooms and comfort.

The summer storms did good in many ways, however. For one thing, they filled the water-courses and wells. Before their coming it was difficult, especially in the higher temples, to get fresh water; indeed, this was the one drawback to life at the hills. At Hsiang-chieh Ssü, eight dollars a month was charged as “water-money” by the priest, on the ground that all water had to be fetched by coolies from a well half a mile off. For this, by-the-bye, the priest paid the two wretched coolies two tiao, one-sixth of a dollar, apiece per month; the rest he pocketed. On one

occasion the water-money was paid directly to one of the coolies. The priest declared it had not been paid, and demanded it again. He was, of course, refused, and told that the money was not his, but the coolie's. Thereupon he tried to get it from the coolie, who, seeing himself supported by the foreigners, refused to give it up, and was at once sacked by the angry priest. At Pao chu tung the charge, if I remember right, was six dollars, the priest making, of course, a heavy squeeze.

Ta pei ssü only contained rooms for four men, and so, when there were more than four students in Peking, they would overflow into the higher temples, Hsiang-chieh Ssü and Pao chu tung. Hsiang-chieh Ssü was very large, containing as it did several courts. The series on the north side were formed by two rows of guest-chambers, with a passage or gateway in the middle of each. More strictly speaking, there was a room on each side of a passage-way that ran through the middle of the courts up to a *t'ing'r* or pavilion at the end. Behind the pavilion the rock rose steeply, covered with ferns and trees. The courtyard on the west was planted with pear and fig trees, flagged causeways intersecting it. Here the two guest-rooms faced one another, the principal shrine being at right-angles to both, and fronting south.

The guest-room in a Chinese temple is much the same as the principal room in a Chinese inn. It is perfectly bare, except for a table and a rough chair or two; it contains one, or perhaps two, k'angs (stove-beds), and is paved with bricks—it is, in fact, as I have

said, very like a respectable scullery at home. Chinese architects avoid variety, and all Chinese buildings may be reduced to one simple form: an oblong, of which three sides are of solid brick, and the fourth for three or four feet of brick, for the rest of its height of lattice-work and paper, the whole surmounted by a roof, of which the ridged tiles imitate a layer of bamboos. Divide the interior into three parts, and you have the ideal Chinese house; all larger houses are multiples of this unit. It is as well to bear this tripartite division, which is often quite impalpable, in mind when engaging, or taking a lease of, rooms at a temple. Abbott took, as he thought, six "rooms" in the ordinary sense. When he came over with his family and any quantity of furniture to take possession, he found that a small out-house, which was to serve as kitchen and boys' room, had been reckoned as three "rooms," which left him only one compartment, some fifteen feet by ten, for the sleeping and feeding accommodation of all his party. The priest stuck to the letter of his bond, and Abbott had to submit to be fleeced.

Everything that could make such rooms comfortable had to be brought from town—mattress and bedding, mosquito curtains, chairs, tea-tables, desks, often rugs and carpets. In fact, it was a removal into unfurnished lodgings. Knives and forks, crockery and glass, had to come, too, with cook-boy and mafoo. I do not know that it was much cooler at the hills than in town; indeed, it was probably hotter. But then the air was clear of dust, you were quite away from the noise and bustle and evil smells of the streets, and there were

plenty of walks to be taken on the hill-side by exercise seekers. Mosquitoes and "sand-flies" (a wretched little gnat, almost invisible) were harder to keep out, but most of us rigged up in our rooms a large tent of mosquito-netting and sat under it with the teacher.

For the teachers had to accompany us. Sometimes they—perhaps not unnaturally—objected to leave the seductions of town to live, as it were, in the desert. If all of us went out there was no help for it: the teachers had to go with us, or leave. But if two or three remained in town, there was intriguing and excusing enough, till all was settled by making the teachers draw lots. Sung, however, came out with me quite readily. He brought very little with him: a mat for his bed and a mosquito-net with an elaborate door in it, a basket filled with some edible bulbs, a tea-pot, and two or three of the handleless Chinese cups. By way of ornament he had a pair of scrolls.

These scrolls form no inconsiderable part of the furniture of a Chinese parlour. Usually, indeed, the room contains little else, except, perhaps, a few cushionless chairs, a table, and an inverted flower-pot or two. It was a common thing for our teachers to write a pair of scrolls (a *tuì-tzǎ*) for us, with some moral sentiment taken from their books, each word in the first clause carefully balanced in the second. Herington thought most of these exceedingly feeble. They were wanting in originality, and not at all applicable to Student Interpreters. So with great pains and much consulting of dictionaries he elaborated one that seemed to meet the requirements of the case. He had it written

out in gold characters on a blue ground, and was very proud of it. Being interpreted it ran :

My pay is not sufficient for my modest needs :

My debts prove too much for my impudent creditors.

In Peking you have to be careful about the sentiments of your scrolls. People who know all about it come in and ask you, innocently enough, to explain, and are unnecessarily gleeful when they have entrapped you into some damaging admission. In the South it is different. Sterling had a tui-tzā painted on each side of his fire-place, which was the admiration of his friends. When he was asked what it meant, he used to observe, in an off-hand sort of way, "That? It's a moral saying of Confucius'." And they were satisfied. But one day Dr. Ernst called and found three or four men there waiting for Sterling. They drew his attention to the inscription, and asked him to translate it. One of them added that it was taken from the works of Confucius. Dr. Ernst peered at the tui-tzā through his spectacles, then at his interrogator, and said solemnly: "Dat iss not so. Dis say,

'Coals iss seven tollar von ton ;

Charcoals iss nine cash von catty.'"

His friends are not nearly so enthusiastic about Sterling now.

O'Hara and I took Pao chu tung for the season. It is, as I said, quite a tiny temple, and the highest of all. Here two terraces, one some fourteen feet above the other, have been formed in a small gully, and on them a few temple buildings set up. These are the

proached by a broad level pathway on the side of the hill, protected by a low stone wall, and entered through a p'ai-lou of three arches. The temple consists of three little courts. The first, the principal court, containing the shrine, on the side nearest the hill; a guest-room, opposite the entrance; and, overlooking the precipitous descent into the valley, a t'ing'r or pavilion. A door on the south leads into a smaller courtyard containing another guest-chamber; beyond this is a second door opening on to the hill-side. On the right-hand, as you enter the temple, a small gateway leads to the back of the shrine and to a flight of rough stone steps. Behind the shrine is the little cave that gives its name—Pao chu tung, the Cave of Precious Pearls—to the temple. The entrance is low and narrow, and the cave itself not much to see. The roof is formed by a mass of conglomerate ("pudding-stone" with white pebbles, which, I suppose, are the "pearls"), and the cave contains a table or wooden platform, with a cross-legged Buddha on it. Under the table was a pair of enormous shoes. The flight of steps led up to the second platform, much narrower than the other. Here again was a shrine in the centre of a building, the two ends of which formed small guest-chambers.

O'Hara and I tossed up for choice of rooms, O'Hara taking the ones in the lower court, and I those in the upper. We allotted the guest-chamber opposite the entrance to Sung, who was delighted, and thought we were improving in Chinese *li* (the rules of propriety) in giving up the principal room to our teacher. It was so blackened by smoke, and so frowsy, that we could not

live in it; but it realised Sung's ideas of comfort. He used occasionally to invite a town friend to come out for a day or two, and they would shut themselves up inside and jabber incessantly instead of walking about the hill. Sung would, it is true, bring out a few maxims showing that it was a good thing to take exercise in the country, but he never thought of applying them to himself. A Chinaman's dislike to fresh air is truly wonderful. You will see the Chinese passengers on one of the coasting steamers crowd into the lower deck like herrings in a barrel, all ports and scuttles shut close. Presently, if one of them has to come on deck, he will appear with mouth and nostrils carefully covered up in his long sleeve, lest he should breathe the pure air and find it disagree with him.

I had two rooms up-stairs, each about twelve feet by ten, and separated from one another by a small joss-house. One of these we reserved for casual guests, making a small bed on the k'ang, and rigging up the inevitable mosquito-curtain. I had very little more furniture in my room: a table, a couple of benches, two trunks, and a bathing-tub, made up most of it. There was no fastening to the door, but I was never robbed—never, I was going to say, even disturbed at night; but I had forgotten. One evening, about 8 or 9 o'clock, we were startled by what seemed like the screams of some creature in mortal agony. We extemporised torches and went out to look, but found nothing. I inquired of the old priest what it was; he said a kind of fox, but Sung and the boys were disposed to believe that it was an evil spirit. Sung, indeed, told me to

keep a bright look-out till 12 o'clock; after that it would be all right.

At Ta-pei Ssü they had a ghost—a veritable ghost, they used to assure us. In fact, they were rather proud of it—and I suppose the possession of a ghost does add a certain amount of respectability to a place, even in China. It used to walk at midnight (that of course) along the upper terrace. It was not visible, or, at any rate, it was never seen, but you could hear it pass with a slow halting step, that made you think it foolishness to get out of your comfortable bed to indulge a morbid curiosity. And yet you had an uneasy feeling that the door was not locked after all.

I was sitting in my room one morning, when I heard something fall with a flop on to the pavement outside. I seized a stick and ran out in time to kill the snake before he got away. We were not so much troubled by snakes, though, as they were at Hsiang-chieh Ssü. It was there that Horton, just as he was getting into bed, paused and looked about for a thick stick and his revolver; for, curled up comfortably between his blankets, was a snake some six feet long. And Dr. Bernard was arranging his botanical specimens one day at a table near the window, when one of the reptiles dropped down on to the book in front of him. Dr. Bernard was equal to the occasion, and had him bottled and preserved in spirits, and, I am told, properly classified and labelled, before he had time to realise the situation.

The rats, too, would seriously annoy us at times. They used to steeple-chase inside the walls and along

the rafters, and keep it up all night. They really seemed incapable of self-control. It did not disturb us much, for we slept soundly at the hills: but what vexed us was that, when they had made themselves hungry by their violent exercise, they used to sit down and make a good square meal out of the paper on the ceiling. Some years ago a student thought something must be done to restrain the unpleasantly high spirits of his rats. So he purchased four owls and trained them. They used to spend the day roosting symmetrically on the posts of his bed, or in a row on his towel-rack; in the night they went on the war-path, until the rats, disgusted at such conduct, decamped.

In the summer, when we were all out at the hills, three or four separate messes would be formed, all under the direction of the head cook, who issued the rations to his subordinates. We had to be content with plainer fare than in town; fish, for instance, was hard to get, for it had to be fetched from the city. But we got plenty of fruit: apricots, peaches, grapes. There was a vineyard among the hills a mile or two away, where, at a charge of 3 tiao (say 11*d.*) a head, the greedy could feast all day on the long white grapes or round purple ones; or, if they preferred it, derange their digestions with unlimited peaches—apricots were despised.

One such peach-garden I remember well. Paley and Lawson were the fortunate discoverers, and took toll of its contents, the proprietor gazing open-mouthed the while. Then Paley felt in his pockets, and found only his cook's last bread-bill—unreceipted, but stamped

with various "chops." This he solemnly handed to the rustic, who, through want of education or excess of faith, took it for a tiao note of large amount, and in his gratitude insisted on kotowing. When they came again a week later, the rustic confided to them his doubts of the credit of the bank which had issued that note; said he had taken it round to seven or eight villages to get it changed, but the shopkeepers had declined to cash it. Bread-bills do not pass current everywhere about Peking.

It was here that Lawson and Randolph used to come when they were busy over the "Forty Exercises" in their Chinese Course, and inform the bewildered rustic that "stones are of different sizes," and that "there are mountains full two hundred *li* high." At least, that was the idea Randolph had in his mind, and he said he did not see why the rustic should regard it as at all funny. It distressed him so much that one day, to soothe him, Paley said he would examine into the matter. Then he found that Randolph, instead of saying *erh paí lí* ("two hundred *li*"), had been telling the rustic that there were mountains whose height was *erh paí lí* ("two white pears"). And the bucolic mind had failed to grasp the profound depth of the remark.

O'Hara's boy and mine and our coolie slept in the principal joss-house, and made themselves comfortable enough on either side of the Buddha and under the altar. They were not much impressed, it would seem, by the sanctity of the place. In fact, after dinner, they used to wash up the things on the altar and hang the

dish-cloths to dry on the head and arms of the image. The old priest made no objection; it did not interfere with his comfort or his duties; for he lodged in the gate-house, and he only performed one service a day, at sunset. It consisted in banging a bell three times, not very loudly, and in setting up and lighting three incense-sticks in front of the Buddha.

At Pao chu tung we dined in the t'ing'r. This was a small pavilion with the usual tent-like roof supported on eight pillars plastered, and painted red. The floor was paved, and a low wall ran along the edge of the platform, here some fifteen feet above the slope of the hill, and served at the same time as a seat. At that height, nine hundred feet or so above the plain, the view was magnificent. To the right a spur of the hills ran down to the Hun river, six or seven miles off. Below was the valley, covered with trees, through which peeped the roofs of the lower temples. On the left more hills stretching to Yü-ch'üan Shan and the grounds of the Summer Palace. Right in front of us lay the Great Plain, losing itself in the sky. We could trace the walls of Peking, and count every gate, and see the yellow roofs of the palace buildings flashing in the sun. On a clear day the pagoda of T'ungchow, twenty-five miles away, could be made out. And the Plain was never the same, changing as it did with every cloud: brown in winter, light green in spring, then through yellow to brown again as autumn came and passed. But I think it looked loveliest at night, when a great moon was riding overhead and touched the lake at Wan Shou Shan and the river of the Hun with silver.

All was so still that we could even hear the sound of the gun fired by the peasants keeping watch over their crops, as a warning to pilferers, or the faint barking of some village dog.

But it was no joke, the climb up the hill to see our view, and especially after a long ride out from town. We seldom went down to the plain, and our ponies grew fat and lazy. I remember one evening, when O'Hara and I went to dine at Ch'ang-ngan Ssü, the farthest temple of all from ours; for, as I said, it stood at the foot of the hill, at some distance from the rest. We did not leave till after 11, by which time the moon was rising. But all the valley was in deep shadow, and we knew the mountain path by which we had to climb would be darker still, so took a lantern. Half-way up, in the gloomiest place of all, the lantern flickered and went out, and we had to grope our way under the trees until we passed Hsiang-chieh Ssü. Here the hill-side is more open, and as the moon rose higher we had plenty of light. Indeed, by the time we reached Pao chu tung the moonbeams had had their effect on O'Hara's brain, for, on my expression of thankfulness at having got back at last, he said he was prepared to do it all over again. In fact, he would bet me a dollar he would go back to Ch'ang-ngan Ssü, hit the door with his stick, and return. I saw him off (I thought it better to humour him) and went to bed. I believe he got back some time in the early morning. But on the next occasion of our calling at Ch'ang-ngan Ssü they had a thrilling story to tell us. A few hours after we left them that night, the gate-keeper came running into the

courtyard in a great state of alarm. He had been roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and on peeping through had seen a great devil with long horns and a face like yellow paper. Before he could say "*Ai yah,*" it turned and fled towards the mountain. Of course, they said, it was a thief, and it was a lucky thing for him that they had not seen him, as revolvers were kept handy in that temple. O'Hara was not as keen on midnight expeditions after that; he said it was bad enough to be told that you looked like a yellow-faced fiend, but to be threatened with revolvers was too trying. Still, he was so confident of his powers of endurance that we got up a match for him with Herington: a race down hill and back, go as you please. We were to be at the top with long drinks for the survivor, should there be one. Both seemed ready enough; but somehow or other they kept postponing it till the summer was over and we back in town, disappointed and disgusted.

We were fortunate in having a moonlight night when coming back from Ch'ang-ngan Ssü (except in so far as O'Hara's head was affected by it); for a few years before two men had left that temple after dinner, in the dark, but with plenty of spirits for the journey, and contrived to get half-way up the hill. Then one of them somehow sat down, and thoughtlessly rolled over into the gulley. The other reflected that he ought to recover the body, if only for the satisfaction of its relatives; so he began the descent, but presently felt sleepy, and considered that, as the night was cold, it would keep till the morning, made himself comfortable, and woke at day-break. Opposite him sat the body, yawning and rubbing

—well, he had not an easy seat where he was. He had brought up between a tree and a boulder, and thought that now he was there he might as well stay there. At least this, or something like it, was the account they gave to those who considered their conduct in spending the night in that gulley eccentric and quaint.

The days passed quietly enough at Pao chu tung. We seemed above the world, shut out from it, as we often were, by mist and cloud. Then it was pleasant to be independent, to rise when we wished, and to dine when we pleased, and as casually as we pleased. We seldom went down the hill, but took our walks along the top. Here, I was assured, grew plenty of mushrooms, but as from early childhood I never could distinguish a puff-ball or poisonous fungus from the edible toad-stool, I preferred to let the cook procure them. Besides, O'Hara objected to my supplying the larder, observing that if the cook were to poison him he could cut the cook's wages, but if I did he could not well do anything else but haunt me; and he thought that that was not a gentlemanly thing for a ghost to do.

Half a mile or so to the north-east of the temple the hills met in a watershed, known to us as The Gap. This was the head of another valley at the back of our hill, a lovely valley that stretched away down to the Hun river, and was shut off from the plain by the mountain spur I spoke of just now. On the other side of this valley rose Mount Balluzec. For all the more prominent mountains about here, that had no easily-remembered Chinese names, have been christened after

the earlier Peking residents, or such of them as were the first to climb them. Thus the hill that overhangs Ch'ang-ngan Ssü is called Mount Bruce, and the mountain across the river, dim in the distance, behind which the sun sets, is known as Mount Conolly. We of a later generation were sometimes apt to confuse an unfamiliar name, and Mount Balluzec was "Mount Balzac" to us for many months.

I wish I could paint this valley for you as I saw it in early summer or in autumn. A stone path ran down it, and lost itself among the villages that were dotted about, half hidden among the apricot trees. And there were wildering little glens that led up into the hills, full of white and scarlet lilies and yellow flowers of every shape. Under the foot of Mount Balluzec was the channel of a mountain stream. Here, when the rains came, were deep cool rocky pools, where it was pleasant to lie after a long stroll, and listen to the splash of water among the stones. I used to think that valley the most home-like of all Peking scenes. There was little to remind me of China, nothing except a dagoba in the distance, or the twisted roof of some tiny temple peeping through the trees. And the sunshine lingered there long after it had left our eastward slope, and shone on the little fields so painfully and carefully terraced, and on the upland pastures where the cattle were already being gathered for their homeward journey. I loved to lie there lazily, till the last ray had faded from the distant river, and it was time to be gone.

But there is one thing wanting in the Peking summer: the birds never seem to sing there, or, if they do, cannot

be heard. Every tree is full of the wretched cicadas we know as "scissor-grinders," and the miserable "wee-wees." "Miserable," by-the-bye, is rather a good epithet here: for the creature's note is a sort of prolonged wail. The scissor-grinders keep up their noise incessantly, and it is possible to get used, or, at any rate, resigned to it, but the wee-wees rile you at unexpected times. First one insect starts and wees for a minute; then another gets excited (I suppose the first is a challenge), and tries to out-wee him. After five minutes of this they pause to take breath, and things are comparatively quiet. Then on the tree behind you begins the ominous wee-wee-wee, ee, ee! and you madly fling the next thing to hand in that direction, and retire.

But though the birds do not sing, they, or some of them at least, contrive to make a noise. There are a great many kites in Peking (feathered kites—there are plenty of paper ones too), and to frighten these, so they say, small light whistles are attached to the pigeons there. A flock of these is not unmusical, though rather bewildering at first: Paley was some months in the north before he could get out of his head that it was not the sound of a threshing-machine he heard.

We made many excursions among the hills, losing ourselves sometimes in glens where a little stream or low stone wall would bring back memories of home. But I often longed for the sight of a hedge-row, with its nut-trees and climbing blackberry-bushes, and I remember sitting for half an hour fascinated by an engraving (in *Harper*, I think it was) called "The Edge

of the Field." Meanwhile the stone walls in these glens were refreshing after the mud dykes of the plain. Gordon and I settled that this country should be the Derbyshire of North China, and O'Hara had a scheme ready for a railway that was to run from Tientsin to these hills, and bring invalids to a new Matlock. The idea was not altogether original; for the Peking and T'ungchow missionaries had already decided that here would be an excellent place for a sanatorium; if only difficulties in the way of purchasing land could be got over. The missionary pioneer is very useful, and does a great deal of good: he is a thoroughly trustworthy guide to places where one can live comfortably and pleasantly. And in the interests of science he will consent to live there himself.

Those unfortunate people whom business obliged to spend the summer in town would often ride out on Sunday to see us, or would come and stay with us from Saturday till Monday. Very little preparation was required, beyond rigging up a hammock or getting ready a bed on an unoccupied k'ang. Then we would ride over to Wan shou Shan, sending a mafoo on before with our tiffin. Just where the stream leaves the lake is the Hunchback Bridge, and here the water is deep and clear. And on each side under the bridge is a ledge of stone, where we are secure from the inquisitive natives, or, at any rate, from contact with them. These all assemble on the other side, and watch our proceedings as we strip and plunge in. One of them can dive, too, but he does not care to do it for mere amusement. Chuck in

a cash, or, better still, a five-cent piece, and he will be after it, and secure it before it reaches the bottom. When Gordon and I had finished the bottle of sherry we brought with us, on one occasion when we visited the place, we amused ourselves in this way for a little time, then mounted to ride back. I suppose watching the rustic dive had excited us, but anyhow we raced home between the fields of kao-liang *ventre à terre*. That was when I discovered that my lazy pony could go, for he came in first. I had very little to do with it, and was as surprised as Gordon.

Wan shou Shan had other attractions, for there was good snipe shooting among the paddy fields in the season. Small Chinese acted as retrievers, and were quite proud of a good bag. There was some danger, though, in the sport sometimes : as once when Randolph fired at a bird flying low, and from among the rice on which his shot was rattling three heads popped up to see what was the matter. They belonged to villagers who were thinning the crops, and, being above their knees in mud and water, were quite invisible from where Randolph stood. On another occasion, Randolph was attacked by a madman, who laid hold of his gun and tried to wrest it from him. It was loaded, and Randolph feared to let go ; so held on, and presently got the gun away. The madman, however, closed with him, intending to throw him into the paddy, apparently. Randolph was loath to hurt him, but, seeing nothing for it, struck out and knocked him head over heels into the mud. Then it was that Randolph at last satisfied himself on a point about which he had long been anxious to obtain trustworthy evidence.

—the effect on a Chinaman of a knock-down blow between the eyes . . . The madman picked himself up, composedly, and came on again with equal enthusiasm. Nor was it till Randolph had got him down, threatening punishment, that the surrounding rusties interfered. So far they had looked on cheerfully, in the hope, it would seem, of seeing a foreigner mauled by an irresponsible lunatic.

Bertram was persuaded once to accompany Horton on a three days' trip to the hills—a shooting trip it was to be. Bertram had no gun, but he thought it would probably be all right. The morning after their arrival they set out together “snipe-hunting,” as the Americans have it, in the direction of Wan shou Shan. Horton carried the gun, but, for fear of possible accidents, left it for the present unloaded. Bertram had a field-glass. After some time Bertram caught sight of a bird in a tree, which Horton, on examining through the field-glass, pronounced to be a snipe. Then they sat down to load the gun. Horton produced out of one pocket a piece of newspaper; out of another a dozen pellets of shot. The newspaper contained powder, or rather had contained it—it had nearly all leaked out, somehow, and there was only enough for one charge left. They rammed this home, and were preparing to stalk the snipe, when it occurred to Horton to offer Bertram the chance of shooting it. Bertram could not think of it; privately, would much rather not. Then they tossed up, and Bertram manipulated the dollar—Horton had to shoot. He made his approaches, and, to Bertram's joy and surprise, the gun went off without hurting any-

one but the bird. They carried that home and showed it to Randolph. . . . Bertram says that it was rather mean of Randolph, since he could not deny that the bird had been shot, to declare that it was after all only an ordinary, a very ordinary, magpie.

In the hills behind the Summer Palace is the Imperial Hunting Ground, where some years ago a deer was shot, greatly to the distress of the Chinese Government and Baron von Gumpach. Since then it has not been possible to commit a like trespass ; but Ashton, who is an able sportsman, noticed that the wall was broken in places, and thought it not improbable that the deer sometimes strayed—so promised a neighbouring rustic a dollar if he would give him notice. A few days later, as Ashton was sitting at breakfast in his temple, the rustic rushed in in an excited sort of way, and exclaimed that there was a deer outside the wall. Ashton took down his rifle and followed. Presently he saw the deer, browsing under a tree, and signed to the rustic to lie close while he carefully stalked it. Just as he was getting within range he slipped on a stone. The deer, though evidently startled by the noise, did not move off, and Ashton's suspicions were aroused. On coming nearer, he found that the unfortunate beast had been carefully tied by the leg to the tree. The rustic was disgusted when Ashton refused to shoot, explaining that he had been at great pains to convey that deer out of the park. But there was really no accounting for the eccentricities of foreigners.

There used to be little difficulty in getting into Wan shou Shan, but quite lately the gate-keepers and others

there have become vicious. Their last victims were two men who unfortunately knew no Chinese, and these they contrived to shut up inside the grounds somewhere, demanding a ransom of ten dollars. The men held out for a few hours, then sadly gave way.

It is not often that the natives give any trouble at all, and, when they do, it is almost invariably to people who do not understand them or their speech. This was not the case, however, with the students who, some few years ago now, went on an expedition to P'o-hua Shan (the "Hill of a Hundred Flowers"). It so happened that it was at the time of a pilgrimage to the temples there, and the foreigners could only get a very small room to spend the night in. Scarcely sufficient though it was for their own accommodation, presently some pilgrims came and insisted on sharing it with them. They were naturally turned out, and all was quiet that night. The next morning, however, a crowd of natives assembled in the yard, and began to throw bricks through the window. The students had with them two shot-guns and a revolver. These they fired over the heads of the rioters, with no effect. It would have been madness to fire into the crowd, for the first shot that told would mean their own death. The bricks, meanwhile, had broken the window into splinters, and were coming in faster, so they determined to make a sortie. They managed to get through, and after that adjourned to a neighbouring wood, and stayed there till the people grew calmer. When that happened they returned, and both sides proceeded to count the wounded. One of the foreigners had been banged on

the head with a club, and a small native hit by a spent bullet as he lay on the side of the hill. In the upshot a great number of the rioters were arrested and punished, while an opportune dollar healed the youngster's bruise.

Silver in all such cases is an efficient plaster for wound and tongue. Ashton once by accident lodged some pellets of snipe-shot in the cheek of a Chinaman. The man, with that readiness for seizing a small advantage which is a sixth sense in his countrymen (or, rather, which makes up for the non-existent sense of smell), at once dropped down dead. Ashton stirred him up with the butt-end of his gun, and sent him with a chit to the doctor. The doctor extracted the shot with a pen-knife, and, as requested in Ashton's note, gave the man a dollar. A week later the rustic came round again, the wounds on his face very much inflamed, and asked for additional compensation; he would take three dollars. The doctor thought it strange; the scars were healing when he last saw the man—quite beautifully, in fact. But before he reported it as an interesting case to the *Lancet* he made careful examination. Then he found that the rustic had been supplied by a friend with some irritating mixture, on condition of sharing the proceeds. As the doctor was observed to eject the man with a certain amount of emphasis, the speculation was, there is reason to believe, a losing one.

The Temples were a convenient starting-point for many excursions—to Miao-fêng Shan, up the valley of the Hun to Mount Conolly, to Fang Shan (where the

great cave is that runs no one knows how far underground, for a subterranean river stops the way), or to the Nankow Pass. When Trenton was staying with me, he and I strolled off one day in the direction of Yü-ch'üan Shan, and the encampment of the Peking Field Force. When we got somewhere near the place we turned into a small tea-house, and found an itinerant story-teller, with his lute, and a circle of admiring villagers. He broke off his story when he saw us, and though Trenton begged him to go on, it was evident that he considered himself cut out by the new attraction—two genuine foreigners, ready to drink tea, and smoke, and answer questions. The villagers insisted on our taking pulls at their hubble-bubbles, brass water-pipes, with a bowl the size of a small thimble, and filled with a substance in taste and appearance more like powdered straw than tobacco. Then they began to tell us about themselves. This man had been in Tientsin, and had gone through the foreign drill; why, see what a lot of English he knows! Then the man is trotted out, and jerking his arm up and down, says, “Show-ter Aáh-mi-sse! Kwei-k Máh-tch! Fai!” and looks round well pleased, while a comrade translates. They are all Bannermen, they say, and should be posted in the foreign manœuvres. They possibly are.

On some of the mountains *ling yang*, a small species of deer, are to be found, on which the natives set great store; for the horns, heart and blood are all used by them as medicine, in that curious pharmacopœia of theirs, and it is very difficult, after shooting the beast,

to preserve any ^{*}memento of him from thievish boys and coolies. Besides the rarer ling yang there are pheasants and hares on the hills. Occasionally a wolf is seen. Fawcett met one on a retired path, he says, when he was going down to Ch'ang-ngan Ssü one day. After staring at one another for a few seconds, they each went back the way they had come, Fawcett taking a longer road to the temple. When he got there he found his wolf quarrelling with another temple-dog over a bone, and a small boy flogging them both. It reminded him, he said, of a certain consul (*magna componere*), who was walking out one day in the country when he was accosted by a ferocious bull. Dignity required that he should take no notice of the bull ; ^{*}prudence said, Climb the next tree. Prudence prevailed, and the consul remained a prisoner till a little girl came out with a piece of string and led that cow home to be milked. This is Fawcett's story. I will not vouch for it ; I believe he invented it to cover his own retreat.

There are all sorts of picnicatable places within easy distance of the temples, and the opportunities afforded us were not neglected. Wan shou Shan was a common meeting-place for people out at the hills and their friends in town ; and so Kirkman was invited to join the Bertrams at their picnic there. The spirit in Kirkman was willing, but the flesh—there was the rub. He touched sixteen stone the last time he was weighed, and that was two years ago. His boy assured him, though, that a Peking mule could stand anything ; so a mule was brought. But as soon as Kirkman was in the saddle, the mule, as he put it, “ collapsed like an

umbrella in a high wind." A cart Kirkman' refused to squeeze into, a waggon he thought undignified. Finally someone suggested a camel. Kirkman jumped at the suggestion (metaphorically jumped, that is), and mounted his camel at the friend's door, dressed in his summer suit of white drill. He had scarcely left his gate when he found he had forgotten something, and dismounted. His friend greeted him much as the blessed gods did Hephæstus when he acted as cup-bearer, and he discovered, to his dismay and horror, that the camel had only too recently been engaged in the coal trade, and—but the rest is too awful.

Pao chu tung was, fortunately for us, on the list of places visitable, and we had the pleasure of persuading some of the dwellers on the plain and their visitors to come and see our view. Our small household could not provide sufficiently for all the expected guests, and there was a running up and down hill of coolies bearing baskets of crockery and cutlery and glass, and a borrowing of boys and cooks. On one occasion I had the honour of entertaining Ch'ung Hou, the late Ambassador to Russia. He was staying in the neighbourhood, at one of the temples, and had come up to Pao chu tung to see the place. I did not know who he was, and only noticed a mild-faced old gentleman, who bowed to me as I passed, and three or four younger men talking with him. When I came back from my walk, my boy told me who it was, and said that the *ta jén*, on hearing I had rented the temple, had wished to apologise for intruding on me (some polite phrase, I expect, that the boy had expanded a little). I answered that I hoped

he would come again when I could receive him more fitly, and I wrote a little note to say so. Presently came an answer in the ex-Minister's handwriting, thanking me, and promising to come. About a week later my boy ran in to say that Ch'ung Hou and some of his family had arrived at one of the lower temples, and, as it was a fine day, would probably visit Pao chu tung. And so he had made his preparations, and laid out a table in the t'ing'r, with flowers and fruit, crackers and bon-bons, tea, sherry, claret, and cigars and cigarettes. In a short time Ch'ung Hou did arrive, with his sister, and two young married ladies, and their attendants. He introduced me to his sister, and began to talk very pleasantly, about London and America, and the scenery here and there, his sister occasionally adding some remark, until I thought the orthodox quarter of an hour exhausted (not being quite sure of the Chinese etiquette, I regarded myself as paying a call on them), so made my adieus and left them. My boy told me that the young ladies took away with them the crackers and bon-bons that remained, and asked if there were no more? Ch'ung Hou remonstrated, but the boy said it was all right; he was sure I should be sorry that so few had been provided. The boy himself was evidently well satisfied—I expect his *douceur* was beyond his merits.

On another occasion the old Duke Liang, from whom the British Legation is rented, visited the temple. Indeed, Pao chu tung was much affected by Peking notables engaged in sight-seeing among the hills. My boy grew very particular, and one day, when I asked

him—who it was that had just left the temple, said in an off-hand sort of way, “That one? He’s only a Censor!” I like my boy to have an honest pride in himself—and his master—but I thought this sort of thing required checking, and resolved to move back into town at an early opportunity.

Gordon was a most hospitable man, and had a birthday each summer, which he invited us to celebrate at Ta-pei Ssü. Then night would be made vocal, and the Russian part-songs at Lung-wang Yang yielded to superior energy, and the peaceful slumbers of the visitors at San-shan An’r turned into a confused consciousness of—let us say, seeing that we were the authors of it—melody, somewhere about. The worst of it was that the dogs would regard the proceeding as a sort of challenge, and start an opposition that did not appeal to the better feelings of our nature. Sometimes we made a raid, and a dog would be shot and carefully deposited in a gulley and covered up with rocks. Then followed days of duplicity and pretended sympathy with the priests’ loss, that all went down to the score against the next dog.

After the dogs, the greatest nuisance were the beggars. There was one fellow who presented himself at the back gate of Hsiang-chieh Ssü, and began to howl, and kept on howling till Randolph, who was busy on the *Tzŭ-êrh Chi*, got up and expostulated. Expostulations proving vain, recourse was had to unripe apricots. Then, as the howling went on with unabated vigour, small rocks came into play. The beggar seemed to prefer them to the apricots. At

last a gun was taken down and filled with No. 2, and a message sent by the boy to say that "the *ta lao yeh* was grieved, but there really seemed no other way open to him. Yet, being humane, he thought that if the *hua-tzǎ* [beggar] would only turn round while he was being fired at, he might take it easier." The *hua-tzǎ* paused in his howling, and, looking up, saw the gun pointed at his legs. He reflected a little, then slipped nimbly behind a door and was still.

Randolph was a good man to go to when you wanted a charge of shot put through anything. Gordon and I were calling on him one day when he said, anent Herington's reading, "He has been pottering over Williams' *Middle Kingdom* this last week. He came to me yesterday, while I was sitting in a long chair, shooting sparrows for supper. 'Shooting at,' you say? Gordon, just hand me a rock, or something, will you? Thanks. Well, when I was shooting sparrows, with a saloon-pistol"—here Randolph fingered his rock, but, as no one interrupted, put it down regretfully and went on—"Herington came along, holding up the *Middle Kingdom* by its cover. He said, 'For Heaven's sake, Randolph, put a bullet through this awful book!' And so we hung it up carefully and had pot-shots at the Portrait of Abeel." Gordon here remarked that he did not remember that picture. "No?" said Randolph; "you can't have read much, then. Why, it's the Frontispiece." "Oh," answered Gordon, naively, "I never got beyond the cover."

It is a pity to spoil your shooting for want of practice—a conclusion Herr Dronsdorf came to when

he missed a thief who was breaking out of his temple with his watch and one or two other things; so Herr Dronsdorf got the carpenter to make a rough wooden figure, and put it up in a corner of the room. The boy thought it was a joss, and got Dronsdorf some incense-sticks to burn to it. He was fixing these up the next morning, when, to his amazement, Dronsdorf told him from the bed to get out of the way, and then emptied his revolver into the "joss"—or the wall in the immediate neighbourhood.

We used to take our turns, week by week, in going into town for office-work; and, indeed, though life at the hills was delightful enough, it was the least bit monotonous, if the truth must be told. Some of us were so decidedly of this opinion that when they got back to town they stayed there. This was not Paley's view, however. The first year he was up he remained at the Hills till well into November, and persuaded Fawcett to keep him company. He says it was altogether delightful, and quite different from the summer-time. They used to ride out every morning from 10 to 1, jumping banks and ditches, or chatting with the peasants. But the old priest at Ta-pei Ssü, where they were staying, was not sympathetic, and was anxious, it seemed, to have his temple to himself again. He wrote to the then President of the Mess a long and earnest letter, urging him to use his influence with them to advise them to go into town. "There were indigent vagabonds on the hills," he said, "who would not scruple to enter the temple rooms, and rob,

and perhaps wound and ill-treat them." The President made a careful abstract of this letter, and sent it on to Paley. Paley was not disposed to take the priest's hint and depart; but thought perhaps there might be something in what he said about the prevalence of robbers. Anyway, it was as well to take precautions; so he sent for his boy and began to tell him not to enter the rooms at night without calling out, for he might get shot by mistake. Paley says, "I suppose my Chinese wasn't perfect, as he didn't seem to take it in exactly; so I illustrated it. One door of my room—there are two—was shut, and I took my revolver and put a bullet through it. From the way in which the boy disappeared out of the other door, I'm afraid he didn't catch my idea, after all. He seems to have thought I meant to put the bullet through him."

Fawcett was not so enthusiastic about November at the Hills. He came away presently, and reported that Paley was spending all but two hours in the middle of the day in bed, under a pile of blankets, sheep-skins, Mongolian rugs, and any odds and ends of clothing that he could not find room for on his person. It was the only way to keep warm. For himself, he preferred a fire—there were no stoves in the temples—so had left him and come back to the comforts of town.

VII. SUMMER IN TOWN.

SUMMER in Town had not as many attractions as winter, perhaps, but there was tennis on the Legation lawn, and in the play-ground of the Customs' Students, and there were garden-parties at the American Legation, and the Inspectorate-General of Customs. It seems to be impossible to get good turf in Peking; what grass there is grows in coarse tufts, that no amount of mowing or rolling will keep short; and it wears out at once, so that a lawn has to be relaid every year. Besides all these disadvantages, our courts in the Legation lay east and west, and, as it was too hot to play until an hour before sunset, one of the players, having the sun in his eyes, was perforce quite in the dark as to everything else. It was useful in handicapping, though.

The Customs' Students, accepting the fact that grass would not grow, went in for an unpretending mud court. For this the clay of which the Chinese make their threshing-floors serves admirably. The "play-ground" where this tennis-court was laid down was in the Kou-lan Hú-t'ung, a little below the Customs' Quarters, and on the other side of the lane. It was fairly large, and perfectly bare, except for one tree and four stone seats.

A set of quoits and a stone ball for putting the weight were the other attractions of the place. Play went on every evening, and by way of refreshment boys would appear bearing trays loaded with bottled beer, long drinks, tea, and a huge pile of buttered toast.

The western windows of the Library above our own mess-room looked out into the "Carriage Park." The wall surrounding this is, as I have said, some thirteen feet high, with a covering of slippery yellow tiles, six or seven feet broad. Formerly a small balcony was stretched along the space between this wall and the Library; but it fell in one day, and has never been restored. However, it was easy enough to get from one of the windows to the top of the wall, and then, by lowering a ladder, descend into the park. It was a most disreputable ladder; there were only three rungs remaining—the rest were supplied by pieces of clothes-line, or left to be imagined. When Paley stayed in town one summer, he used to take Gyp for a run in the Park every afternoon. Then the gardener hung on to the top of the ladder to keep it steady, while Paley slowly descended, the unhappy pup slung like a coal-sack from his shoulders.

Some years ago the students adopted more heroic methods of entering the Park. Setting an unreasonably high value on their necks, they declined to go down a ladder, but went to work to tunnel the wall. This done, they arched the opening in a tasteful and scientific manner, and fixed up a wicket-gate. Their industry and ingenuity were greatly admired by the officials in charge of the Park; but, as they repre-

serted to the then Minister, such a mode of entry into Imperial property was not common in China. Their prejudices were respected, and the entrance ordered to be bricked up.

Formerly, they say, a state elephant used to be kept in one of the buildings here, and was led out on grand occasions, secured by a hundred ropes, with two men to each, while the natives crowded in to see the sight. In our time the park was deserted, and was very seldom entered by officials. Sterling was fond of roaming about in it when he was a student, and liked to climb the trees and meditate on things. He was perched on a bough one day when the officials inspecting the place came in, and stared at him in amazement for a bit, then began to entreat him to come down. They said it was not that they objected to his being there so much, only they feared he would fall and hurt his jewelled person, and that would cause them pain and grief. So Sterling, not liking to do that, came down.

We hunted out some old bats one summer, and tried to play cricket in the park. There were several drawbacks. For one thing, the bats were very old—we computed their age at between fifteen and twenty years.—and used to split at the first drive. Then the grass was so long, or the place so strewn with broken tiles and bricks, or overgrown with briars, that it was not easy to find a pitch. And fielding was difficult because of the number of trees about. But we managed to get up some matches occasionally—only four or five a side, though, for it would have been hard to find twenty-two

young men in Peking, and harder still to persuade them to play cricket with the thermometer at 96°. We managed it all right by having a single wicket, and making everybody field. The lawn-tennis net, moreover, did duty as a long-stop, and boundaries were well defined.

The streets of Peking offered as little inducement to walking exercise in summer as in winter. Those who went in for that took it by preference on the city wall. At intervals along the line of the wall were inclined roadways or ramps leading to the top. (When our troops held the An-ting Gate in 1860, the guns they planted to command the approach from the Tê-shêng Mên were dragged up along one of these.) They are closed by doors of open wood-work, and the side wall further protected by bundles of brambles. A guard-house is built near the entrance. Until quite recently the guards at the ramp near the Skating Rink reaped a small harvest of cash and silver from unlocking their gate to foreigners; but the authorities having discovered that kegs of spirits had been smuggled over the wall to avoid the octroi, strict orders were given to close all the ramps but those near the city gates, and boards bearing the proclamation to this effect were fastened on the doors. After that we had to go to the Ha-ta Mên before we could get on to the wall. Here a very civil but very ragged "policeman" (it really seems absurd to dignify him by such a name; but I would not be out of fashion and cease to talk of Chinese "viceroys," "admirals," "colonels," and the rest of it) will open

the door and take his *pour-boire* as demurely as a railway porter.

Ascending the ramp, you come at once to the huge erection over the gate, so familiar in illustrations of Peking. On one side of it are pasted some notices issued from the Office of Gendarmerie. One of these states that complaints had been received from the German Legation of the practice of stone-throwing from and on to the wall, which one of the members of that Legation had noticed (and presumably suffered from). Others refer to the smuggling of wine or opium, or the stealing of rice from the granaries. Beyond the gate-house is a small brick hut, at the door an old man smoking his long wooden pipe, with its ridiculous little bowl; a wretched, half-starved puppy playing listlessly at his feet. This hut is one of a series erected, they say, for the troops who were to have manned the wall when the Allies marched on Peking. Many of them are in ruins, but here and there some more tasteful sentry has taken up a few bricks and formed small beds, in which hollyhocks and chrysanthemums are planted. The buttress nearest the ramp at the back of the German Legation, and the wall for some twenty yards on the east of the hut there, are full of young trees, which, though self-planted, are apparently carefully tended. As a rule the wall is quite neglected, and is overgrown with briars and young jejupe bushes, through which a narrow path has been trodden.

Our usual walk along the wall was eastward to the south-east corner of the city, then as far as we had time or energy northwards. On the sandy tract between

the south wall and the moat a fair is held in the spring, and a good view of what goes on can be had from the wall. I noticed a number of refreshment-booths, and an enclosure in which wrestling and feats of strength and legerdemain were going on. But apparently the greatest excitement was caused by the horse-and-cart races. I could not quite make out whether these were intended for time races, or a kind of bumping race, as it were. The ponies would start off one by one at short intervals, and, with a great jingling of bells on their part and much shouting from the spectators, would gallop a few hundred yards and then come back again. The carts did much the same. I asked Sung about it, and he said that formerly there were breast races in the foreign fashion; but a few years since a couple of horse-racing yellow-girdles disputed over the behaviour of their respective jockeys, and from this turf quarrel a feud arose, and a free fight between their followers took place on the Beggar's Bridge, before the Ch'ien Mên; and so the Government put down horse-racing abreast.

Not very far from the south-east corner of the city, on a square tower built out from the wall, is the celebrated Observatory. The proper approach to it is from the interior of the city, and it would not be easy to get on to it from the wall—for it is some twelve feet higher—if it were not for a slanting beam supporting some kind of flag-staff at one corner. This beam is two or three feet from the side of the tower, and the bricks near it have been so knocked about by climbers that it is not difficult to scramble up to a small window, and thence to creep on to the parapet. But, after all, there

is no need to get up in this way, for there is little or no objection made to entering in the legitimate manner—so long as a cumshaw is to hand. The various instruments, cast in bronze by the Jesuits of the seventeenth century, are in wonderful preservation still, thanks to the climate—not, be sure, to any care that officials have taken of them. But these have been described over and over again, and so I will say nothing about them. Besides, I do not know an astrolabe from a—well, say from an “azimuth”; and I have a faint uneasy feeling that this last is not an instrument, whatever the first may be.

Looking down into the city in summer, very little was to be seen of the houses, so thickly are trees planted about them. Indeed, Peking might seem to be a green wood surrounded by a high wall, if it were not for the long line of Imperial buildings running from the Ch'ien Mên to Ching Shan. The latter is “Prospect Hill,” the artificial mound (it is said to be formed of coal) in the middle of the city, on which the last Emperor of the Ming hanged himself to escape capture by the rebel Li Tzŭ-ch'êng. Just before sunset the view from the top of one of the ramps over the city to the Western Hills is very beautiful. Nothing can be seen of the squalor and dirt of the streets and houses. Everything is hidden by the green foliage of the trees and the golden light of the setting sun, while all the picturesque outlines of the gate-house and the yellow-roofed palace buildings are clear against the sky, and in the distance are the hills, a purple haze.

Close to the East Wicket (the Tung pien Mên) the

canal from T'ung-chow approaches the city, and here, when the grain-junks arrive, is a busy scene. Chinese ingenuity has at this point thrown a bridge over the canal too low to let the barges pass (besides, I believe there is a difference of level hereabouts), so that every bag of rice has to be carried by coolies from a barge on one side of the bridge to a barge on the other, the granaries being a little way to the north, near the Ch'i-hua Gate. From the wall, where I have often sat to watch them, the coolies with their loads look very like a disturbed ants' nest, where the ants scurry about with their white sacks (are they grains or larvæ?) as big nearly as themselves.

I have no doubt that a philosopher would get much profit from a walk on the Peking wall. He would feel himself in his proper place, looking down upon the toiling crowds, and could moralise undisturbed, until one of the ubiquitous dogs became noisily suspicious. When Keary wanted to philosophise on the wall, he took his bull-dog with him. The bull-dog was cunning, and watched his opportunity to shut off his foe in a buttress. Then he made his approaches, and the other dog retreated to the parapet. Finally, seeing nothing for it, the enemy took refuge in a gargoyle, when the bull-dog dexterously butted him through—a drop of fifty feet or so—and came back to Keary with the self-satisfied air of one who had done his duty by dog-kind.

It was rather a long tramp right round the city on the wall, but some of us would do it, I suppose as the correct thing. Jackson, I know, declares that he makes a point of walking round every walled city he may be

stationed at or near. He contracted the habit, he says, from the book of Joshua. Formerly the mania was utilised, and best times put on record and betted against. As when Ellerby undertook to beat the best time by a quarter of an hour, and came within twenty yards of the finish with ten minutes to spare, eight of which he spent in sitting down and crowing over the discomfiture of the other side. When he thought he might as well win his wager he tried to stand up, but found he had taken cramp, and there was no chance of moving for half an hour or so. He describes their joy as most improper and unfeeling.

Jackson and some friends of his determined to try to see the late Emperor returning in the early morning from the Temple of Heaven. They managed to get on the wall near the Ch'ien Môn, through which the procession was to pass, unobserved. Then, seeing sentries posted, they were obliged to crouch down behind a guard-house. It was a frightfully cold night, and they shivered and shook till nature could stand it no longer, and they came out of their hiding-place and were politely requested to withdraw. Fortunately, just at this time the procession passed, and, having caught a glimpse of H. I. M.—all they wanted—they were only too glad to be ushered out, and get back to a place where early rising was not *de rigueur*.

The walls of the Chinese are much lower than those of the Tartar city, and, as the ramps are less strictly guarded, it is possible to ride up to the top. But they were seldom mounted at all, except by those who wished to see the Temple of Heaven without the trouble of

scaling it. The wall of the Northern City, on the other hand, is fast becoming a fashionable promenade for Europeans, especially on Sunday afternoons. It was suggested that we should ask for a key and formal permission; but there was so little likelihood of either being given, and it was so easy to dispense with them both, that the suggestion went no farther.

In the first part of *Margury's Journey* is an account of Peking Sundays as they were to the students of his day. It may serve, with modifications, for an account of ours. There was morning service at the Legation Chapel at 11 o'clock, and in the evening a Meeting at the house of one of the English or American missionaries. This was popularly known as "Conventicle."

Frere was speaking about his student days, and other things. "I came into my room one Sunday afternoon," he said, "just before dinner, and found Lovell and Jackson with my last bottle of Kummel. Jackson was proposing toasts, and Lovell drinking them—very solemnly, as his wont was. When I entered they proposed mine, and handed me the bottle to drink it. It was empty—insult added to injury, wasn't it? However, I forgave them and saw them safe into the Mess-room. I felt they needed it. At dinner Jackson was very talkative, but Lovell sat calm and solemn, gazing at me through the Chinese spectacles he insisted on wearing—things four inches or so in diameter, and more like bull's-eye lanterns than rational spectacles. I began to think that all would be well, in spite of the Kummel, when some rash man said he was going to Conventicle. Then Lovell rose and declared his intention of going too.

This' was strange and portentous--Lovell had never done anything of the sort before. We tried to discourage him; but he got obstinate and ordered a cart. We let him get inside, for there was no help for it; but we skilfully hung on behind, so as to give him time to change his mind. Do you know, that cart took twenty minutes getting from the Quarters to the Legation Gate, and all the time Lovell sat like a Buddha, and apparently thought he was going ahead. When he got outside the gate, we gave up, and took carts on our own account and followed.

“They had quite a flourishing congregation at Conventicle that night; it was held in Dr. Joseph's drawing-room. We let Lovell go in first. He walked straight in, to a chair right in front of everybody, and opposite the extemporised pulpit. I do not know whom it was meant for—it was a light cane chair with an open back—anyhow, Lovell sat down in it. But he stood up first and took a calm comprehensive survey of everybody through the spectacles; then removed his skull-cap, for it was summer, and he had shaved his head all but a small patch over each ear, and sat down to listen to the discourse. Apparently it attracted him, for he began to lean forward more and more, gazing gravely at the preacher. It was the Reverend Mr. X., I remember, and he seemed awfully struck by Lovell's earnest attention, and worked himself up to his most telling points. Just as he reached his finest climax, the laws of gravity proved too much for Lovell. The fore-legs of his chair slipped, and Lovell slid abruptly, but gravely, to the floor, while the back of the chair, falling forward, lay

gracefully on his shoulders, and formed a neat and effective frame for the bald head and big spectacles. The preacher paused and glared at Lovell. Lovell continued to beam on him, undisturbed. 'This conduct is very reprehensible!' said the preacher. Lovell took it for a pulpit utterance, which may not be answered aloud: so nodded gravely, in approbation. 'You're drunk; get up!' said the preacher. Lovell gazed at him in mild astonishment: this did not sound like a pulpit utterance. 'Remove him,' said the preacher. Then Dr. Josephs came forward, and requested Lovell to rise. When Lovell saw who it was, he got up, the chair still round his neck, observed, 'I don't agree with that article of yours, Doctor, about the Chinese and the Lost Ten Tribes,' drove the Doctor into a corner, and began a hot argument to prove his pet theory to be all wrong.

"The meeting then broke up, and resolved itself into a Committee of Elders in the remaining three corners, for the discussion of Lovell's behaviour. Before they had time to frame a resolution sufficiently condemnatory, Lovell shook hands with the Doctor, and walked rapidly out of the room, Mrs. Josephs dexterously removing the chair as he went by. They never passed that resolution, for Dr. Josephs said he was convinced, from the way in which Mr. Lovell had fallen in with his views about the Lost Ten Tribes, that there really was nothing at all the matter with him . . .

"Lovell," observed Frere, reflectively, "always managed to fall on his feet somehow. That is," he added, hastily, "metaphorically speaking, of course."

Service in the Legation Chapel was suspended for

some six weeks in the height of summer : when most people were at the hills, and those in town unequal to a walk in the middle of the day. The Chapel is a great boon to missionaries in Shansi or Kansu. Two of them were married there a few months ago, and in Chinese costume. The bridegroom had travelled several hundred miles to meet his bride, and possibly thought it less picturesque, or more inconvenient, to resume the garments of civilisation and the discomforts of a shirt collar. And a Chinese woman's dress is pretty enough to wear for its own sake.

When we were not busy in taking our walks abroad, or in paying calls, or in playing tennis, we could get a little mild excitement from looking after our garden. The piece of ground of which the Quarters and the Mess-room form the north and west sides respectively, was at first a mere yard. But presently a proper sense of the impropriety of this being aroused, Bertram, with the assistance of two or three of the then students, set to work to make a garden. Mud from the "Imperial Canal" just outside the gate of the Legation served for soil, and was brought in wheel-barrows by the amateur gardeners, while the dispossessed brick-ends and rubble went as return cargo to the canal. A few weeks of confusion and a few years of order produced the garden as we saw it. Then a large wistaria climbed along the front of the Quarters, and creepers overran the outer wall of the Mess-room and the little dressing-room of the Theatre. A cluster of flowering trees, lilac, rose, mimosa, nearly concealed the Mess-room, and set out in

pots or planted in the beds were fig-trees and scarlet or white pomegranates.

In autumn a great pit was dug and all the "bedding-out" plants put in it for the winter. It was covered with stalks of kao-liang and earth, and had air-holes with straw stoppers. It was in one of these stoppers that a hedgehog used to take up his abode in winter. He was an old friend of our dogs: they would hunt him out at 11 o'clock for several nights running, and bark till we got irritated and shied things at them. Everything in North China that has to be kept is buried: ice, grapes, *pai li* ("white pears"), as well as flowers. In the spring a rose-bush will be taken out with buds still undecayed and bright green leaves: indeed, our last season's roses supplied Gordon with button-holes for more than a fortnight after the pit had been opened.

Men from the nursery-gardens used to bring us plants to purchase—in spring a peach-tree nine feet high and in full bloom, that died a few days after it had been transplanted; later on, all kinds of flowers that required careful examination before buying—for many of them were rootless. Once, I remember, a small orange-tree with fruit, yellow fruit, on it, was brought, and looked so pretty that we thought of buying it for the Mess-room table, when someone discovered that every fruit was wired on to its bough; and as the seller could not guarantee their keeping fresh, negotiations were broken off.

When we first came up, a crowd of curio-sellers used to appear with their goods and get large prices out of our inexperience, until we grew more wary. Too wary

sometimes, perhaps, for we refused to give six dollars a pair for "Peking bowls" that the men would not sell under fourteen the year after. The Peking curio market has been spoilt by the high prices recklessly given by passing visitors or the agents of foreign shops. One curio-seller was always coming round. He was a most amusing fellow, named Wang. If any rival appeared he would put on quite a "Codlin's-the-friend" sort of air, and declare that we should not think of shifting our custom from such an old acquaintance. Randolph used to say he did not approve of wasting dollars over "crockery," and, as we knew, he did not go in for brass. But when we asked him how he came to be possessed of the cups and bowls on his mantelpiece, he explained that after all he did not wish to be singular; and, besides, he had bought them as a job lot at Kirkman's auction—a great bargain, didn't we think? And he had had a toasting-fork and an iron kettle thrown in.

Other tradesmen, too, would come with their wares. There was one man, an artist, who really had some excellent pictures of Chinese life. The perspective was extraordinary, but the work was wonderfully minute. He would bring you two or three dozen outlines to choose from, and these were afterwards filled in with the proper colours. The most amusing things in his collection were the pictures of the Signing of the Treaty of Tientsin, and the Audience before the Emperor T'ung-chih. In the former the English and French were carefully distinguished by their red and blue coats. In the foreground a man with a couple of epaulets was holding

in one hand an extraordinary affair intended to represent a rifle, and leading a horse with the other ; in the background were the plenipotentiaries seated at different tables, and apparently all talking at once. But though he was proud of these productions, we did him more justice, and judged him by his other works.

Three times a month a fair is held at a temple in the city known as Lung-fu Ssü. It is as crowded as, but less noisy than, a country fair at home, and it is intended rather for a market than a place of junketing. Here we used to go to buy the little mud figures that imitate so cleverly the scorpions, centipedes, and crickets that abound in the hills. Curios proper, porcelain and bronze, were sold for the most part in shops in the Chinese City. Here, too, was "Picture Street," where we bought our lanterns and scrolls. But shopping in Peking soon palled : you were obliged to go on foot, and that might involve a crowd, and certainly insured your getting dusty or dirty to a degree noticeable even in Peking.

Our gardener (in winter one of the bowling-alley coolies) was a queer character. He had only one eye, but plenty of zeal, and any number of new ideas ready to hand, should we be wanting in them. He it was who inspired us with a desire to keep gold-fish, and remotely hinted, as we supposed, at a bamboo grove. We thought we would try the bamboo grove first, and gave orders for fifty roots. The next day the gardener brought a bundle of sticks and left them in the middle of the garden. After they had been there some days we ventured to remind him of those bamboo roots. Then he introduced us to the bundle, and said that here were

bamboos, but what we wanted them for he could not quite make out. As for planting live bamboos, that, he said, was contrary altogether to reason and propriety : they would not thrive in a soil made up chiefly of brick-bats and broken tiles. So we fell back on the fish-pond.

A large earthenware jar stood half buried in the ground near the garden gate, filled with flowers. This the gardener proposed to unearth, empty, transfer to the middle of the garden, and fill with water. All went well till he discovered that the thing had no bottom to it. He was not therefore discouraged, but decided to get some wood from the carpenter to mend it. So he presently appeared with two or three boards and a few tools, and was very busy all the afternoon. When he had nearly finished, a sound of loud wrangling brought us out, and we found the carpenter abusing the gardener for having carried off his property, while an escort-man stood by and threatened to have him sent to the Yamén. It seems that he had gone to ask the carpenter for wood, but, not finding him at home, had walked away with the first planks he came across. We appeased the carpenter : we said that a one-eyed man could not be expected to look at things in the same way as he did. And we admonished our gardener. After that the jar remained unsightly and unrepaired for a week or so, when the gardener brought a friend of his to lay a plaster bottom. This took some time ; and when it was finished, he observed that we ought to have water-lilies in the thing and they required mud. So buckets of mud were brought, and finally some water-plants and a dozen

gold-fish. The gardener added a couple of frogs and a small eel, out of mere exuberance of spirits; and so, after many weeks of suspense, we were at last made happy. The jar is right in front of the entrance to the Quarters, and will doubtless be the scene of a comedy or two before a new generation of students send back it and the gardener who planted it to their original stations in life.

But our garden in winter had its dangers before the exodus of the jar (which O'Hara, by-the-bye, called the Hejara). Some enthusiastic spirits started a slide, and made themselves and the corridor wet and uncomfortable by lugging along buckets of water at unreasonable hours of the day and night. The danger to unwary strangers was great, and always present to us. One Christmas Eve we were sitting in the Mess-room, after dinner, on chairs—or the floor—in front of the fire, and had brewed a loving-cup, when Paley was called away. He was heard to lead the visitor carefully through the garden, then stop, and say, in an agitated voice, "Mind the slide"; but what happened after that is shrouded in mystery. One rumour has it that the visitor took it for a new edition of "Mind the step," and behaved like Naaman the Syrian when he remarked on the waters of Israel. Another declares that Paley could not be got to say anything else, and the visitor found it impossible to keep up a lengthy conversation on those terms. Anyhow, Paley came back presently, alone. We have examined him at intervals since, but he preserves a diplomatic and sphinx-like silence. It will be a question for future ages to publish monographs on, like the

Moabite Stone, or to discuss in the *Quarterly*, as the Authorship of the Letters of Junius.

The greatest luxury in the way of food at Peking was undoubtedly pork. We did not dare to eat the Peking pigs, because they are brought up so badly; but we thought we might safely venture on one that had been reared under our own eyes, as it were. So we bought a sucking-pig, and the gardener built him a sty. O'Hara undertook to be overseer, and to assess and collect the money for his keep. Unfortunately, after three months or so, O'Hara found he was a considerable loser by it: so laid the account before the Mess, who decided to make over the pig to O'Hara to defray expenses. So our experiment was not a brilliant success.

We had some amusement out of that pig, though, while he was in our possession. One evening when we had invited some men to dine with us, and among them a man who was great at mimicry, and really could do the cat-and-dog business to perfection, we determined, should he, as was expected, try the pig as well, to have an echo behind the curtains. At the last moment our arrangements went wrong, but we had the pig introduced all the same *in propria persona*, and ran him round the Mess-room table, amid an uproar of squeals from the victim and furious barkings from the astonished and excited dogs. After this introduction to polite society a good deal of notice was taken of our pig, and a rosette of pink ribbons to be tied to his tail on New Year's Day was promised by one lady-resident. He perished, unhappily, before the time, and his tail with him.

Besides the pig, four of us kept a cow for some months, fresh milk not being otherwise obtainable. But the cow was hardly more successful than the pig. In fact, we were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the garden and the boys' quarters did not comprise all that was necessary to make a stock-farm successful.

VIII. EXAM. AND EXIT.

WE were not deeply read in Domestic Economy, and we were ruled a great deal by precedent. But, fortunately, as a Mess we were under the management of a most capable caterer, and so kept within bounds. I have found the old Mess-bills I spoke of, and copy one of the heaviest of them here :—

MESS BILL.

Messing	\$15.00	
Guests	1.75	
Cook's bill, etc.	1.92	
Coolie's do	1.66	
Store Fund	2.00	
Mess Coffee (five months)	2.34	
„ Bread	0.70	
„ Washing	0.31	
Napkins	0.25	
Coal	1.56	
Christmas Puddings	1.12	
Glass	2.28	
Miscellaneous : Clock repaired, coffee-machine, window-panes, stove, screen, curtain-poles.	0.96	
		<hr/>
		\$31.85 = £5 17s

The “Store Fund” was raised to supply the cook with such condiments as, being foreign imports, he could not be expected to provide under the terms of his con-

tract. We procured them from Tientsin or Shanghai, or from one or other of the two European stores in Peking. It would, perhaps, have been better to have got them out from England, and it is a pity that a Students' Store has not been started with that object. It was suggested and approved, but fell through, chiefly for want of capital. The best method in future would be, immediately on the arrival of new students, to lay an attractive prospectus before them, and show by clear argument the advantage of taking shares in the concern. It is only new students who have superfluous dollars, and if these are not directed into some proper channel such as this, they will, in all probability, be squandered in curios.

Twice a year we were visited by the travellers of the large European stores in Shanghai and Tientsin, and received circulars to the effect that "our Mr. Z. will show at the French Hotel," or elsewhere, between certain hours—when it was considered proper to attend, and discuss the new fashions. But many things can now be got from Chinese shops; and there are plenty of native tailors—Canton men, for the most part—in the employ of Tientsin native firms, who will make a suit of clothes to any pattern. The English these men speak is almost as bad as their Pekingese, and I have sometimes had to interpret between the tailor and my teacher. For Sung used to take a great deal of interest in the trying-on of my coats; one day in particular I remember, when my tailor had brought home a black alpaca jacket, Sung could not be got to approve of it at all. He said it made me look too thin. The tailor

said it did not. Then they argued the point for a bit, till the tailor shifted his ground, and declared that if it did make me look thin, it was because I was thin. With this he prodded me in the waistcoat to show that it was wadded. I sternly rebuked him, and adjourned the discussion *sine die*. It was taking an unflattering turn.

Our dress in summer was simplicity itself—a patrol jacket of white drill, and trousers to match. But O'Hara could not easily divest himself of early prejudices, and clung to coat-tails and shirt-collars. We used to humour him when riding out to the hills together to pay our calls. A mafeo was taken with the impedimenta, and the garments of civilization were downed in some adjacent cemetery. O'Hara had long made up his mind to walk into town from the hills, and started one afternoon shortly after tiffin. Ellerby saw him safely off, and gave him much good advice, and two bottles of beer. Presently he disappeared on the horizon, the bottles bulging out from each coat-pocket like panniers. He was deposited at the Legation in the course of the evening by a carter. When asked for his story, he, like the knife-grinder, had none to tell. He had walked a mile or two, and had found the bottles heavy; another mile, and remembered they contained beer. At an opportune tea-house he had knocked off the tops of the bottles, the centre of an admiring crowd, and drunk their contents by instalments out of little tea-cups. After that he felt drowsy, but recollects hailing a cart. Exhausted nature somehow seemed to require a *siesta*.

Our coals were all brought from the Western Hills on camel-back. They were of different qualities, from "hard coal" to coal-balls. These last were simply balls of coal-dust mixed with a little clay and dried in the sun. Our chief difficulty at the beginning of winter was to decide how much we ought to pay the boy a month for supplying us with fuel, and in what proportion coal-balls might be used. The last quotation is eight dollars a month for hard coal, and seven dollars for "seconds."

The escort used to rear poultry in the stable-yard, and every December a certain number of turkeys were balloted for, or sold by private contract. Anything of foreign bringing-up was, naturally, a luxury in Peking. (O'Hara thinks this statement too general; Student Interpreters, he believes, were not so regarded.) But the Euro-Pekingese (or shall I say "Pekingites," to distinguish them from the Pekingese, just as the native Fokkienese from the foreign "Fookhovite"?) were better off in the way of food than the people at some of the southern ports, Amoy, for instance. I think it was at the latter place that great consternation was once caused among the foreign residents by the news that all the beef-butchers had been put under arrest. Mutton is very rare, for it has to be brought from Shanghai, and lamb is looked on as a curio; so famine, or worse—a course of Chinese diet—stared the unfortunate settlers in the face. Finally, diplomatic pressure was brought to bear, and strong expostulations with the native authorities at last restored hope and beef.

• The near approach of our Final Examination led us to review our financial positions, collectively and individually. As the second year drew to a close, Herington began to evolve many schemes for settling his accounts. After much thought he drew up a schedule: liabilities so much, assets so much; Jones & Co. to receive such a portion of their account at the end of the quarter, Robinson Bros. half theirs in four months' time, and so on. It was flawless, and really looked very well when neatly written out and ruled in red ink, and fastened on the wall with drawing-pins. But there were unexpected hitches, as Herington had to confess. "Here are Robinson Bros.," he said one day, "insisting on being paid at the end of the month. Now, would that be fair on Brown and Smith, who are down on the schedule for that date? Obviously not. But it is only proper to give Brown and Smith the opportunity of doing a generous action. I will write and put it to them whether, seeing that Robinson Bros. are so importunate, they are willing to change places. If they are not, I must make some arrangement with Jones.

"Talking of dues, did Bertram tell you I met Schmidt--the storekeeper, I mean--at Corry's *annium gatherrum* a month or two ago? Curious, wasn't it? but I did. Schmidt had been very rude to me last year, if you remember, about my little account--declined to accept a composition; declined to wait till July twelve-months for the first instalment; threatened all sorts of quaint proceedings. Well, I thought it was a good opportunity for showing that I bore no malice, so at supper-time I insisted on helping him to various luxu-

ries. I brought some ham along, and gave him some. He declined it; but I forced it on him, and he ate it. Also I engaged him in pleasing conversation—or tried to, at least; it wasn't much of a success. Still, I feel confident I should have melted him, metaphorically speaking, to tenderness at last, but for Bertram. He was between us at the supper-table, and he kept up a running accompaniment of encouraging remarks to me in a stage whisper: 'How nicely you do it!' 'He can't resist that!' 'Have at him again!' 'He'll send you a receipt to-morrow.' And all the time Schmidt was glowering at me in what struck me as an eminently unfriendly way. The next day he sent me a vindictive dun, reminding me, in his coarse, uncultured way, of the length of time that had elapsed since I last paid him anything. He wound up by demanding an immediate settlement. I considered this very ungracious, seeing how attentive I had been to him the night before, and I thought of writing to tell him so; but, after all, it seemed more becoming to pass over his ingratitude in silence. However, from the tone of his later letters (the correspondence has been all along a one-sided one) he hardly seems to have thoroughly appreciated my delicacy.

"I do not know," he went on, "why I am troubled in this way. It may be for my sins, but I rather think not. It is more probable that Fate is adverse, and must be propitiated." Here he rose (we were sitting on the balcony at the time, after dinner) and went into his room, and brought back something in his hand. "You see this cup? Yes. Well, it is one of a pair I bought

when I first came up, and I think it's pretty good, don't you? I mean to throw it away," and as he spoke he flung it into the garden. "The pair to it had a *miao ping* [flaw] in it, and I was strongly tempted to take that, but was resolved that the sacrifice should be complete." He sighed so lugubriously here that we could hardly help laughing. "And now to pick up the pieces." He was absent a minute or two, then came back with a very long face. "What is the matter?" "Look at this! Not broken—not even chipped! 'Poly-crates' ring,' you say? Maybe; but it's a bad omen for Brown and Smith.

"I am unfortunate in all my schemes, somehow. You know I started one for working that seemed admirable. Get up at 6 and work till 12, half an hour being allowed for breakfast. Tiffin, a light one, at noon, and sleep till 2. Then more work till 4. One hour's exercise, and Chinese till dinner-time; and as many hours after dinner as can be managed. There was a hitch in this scheme, too. If I worked in the evening I could not get up at 6; if I slept in the evening I woke at 2. This waking at 2 was annoying, for the fire would be going out, or the lamp; and so I tried sitting up a little later. It was just the same; I woke at 2. I got irritated; but I thought it was as well to do things systematically, so I made up my mind to wake at 1.30, and, after a few failures, succeeded. The next night I contrived to wake at 1; and so I went on, getting up a little earlier each night. At last perseverance was rewarded. I woke up before I went to sleep. But it ruined my system—oh no, I do not

mean my constitution; *that's* all right; I mean the scheme.

“But, talking of ruining the constitution, and harassing cares, and the rest of it, have you noticed Chapman since he has had charge of the keys of the chest? He ought really to stay in a tomb all daytime, and only haunt the place at night. I tried to get him to talk the other day; but his mind keeps running on keys and locks in the most gloomy way. *Apropos* of keys, X. was telling me that he was calling one day on the Z's. ‘It is curious,’ said Z., ‘how things turn up. You remember my losing the key of that safe a year ago, and how we hunted everywhere for it, and what trouble there was in getting the safe forced? Well, for the last few days there has been something wrong with the water-tank outside, and so I had it emptied, and found at the bottom—this.’ ‘Why, it must be the very key!’ exclaimed X., as he turned over the rusty bit of metal. ‘Without doubt,’ answered Z., wrapping it up again. Just then Mrs. Z. came in looking rather annoyed. ‘My dear, I wish you would speak to the coolie for me. I left the door of my store-closet open, and Johnny has been making himself ill with the candied fruits.’ ‘Give him a pill, my love,’ answered Z.; ‘he will be all right’ ‘Oh, but it is not that so much, only Johnny said he was not going to let the store-closet be locked up any more, and he has thrown the key into the water-tank.’ ‘It is remarkable,’ observed X., ‘how hastily we jump at conclusions.’ And so they parted.

“But here is my teacher coming, and I really cannot

have you fellows disturbing me any longer. You don't mind, do you? Good-night."

Student-life had much that was enjoyable; even our work was not without a certain fascination of its own. (The characters, we were told by an eminent authority, were particularly engrossing, and Herington used to read out part of the preface to the *Tzŭ erh Chi* with great emphasis, and earnestly entreat Gordon. "not to be led away by the attractions of the written character." Gordon said he would not.) The only drawback was the fact that we were working against one another, since our seniority in the Service was to be decided according to our place in the Final Examination. I hardly venture to say anything against the principle of competition, but it seemed a pity that it should be applied in this case. Competitive examinations and the preparation for them are natural to the modern school-boy, and comparatively harmless, perhaps, in the climate of England. But I think this is by no means the case in Peking; and, to increase the danger, it almost invariably happens that the examination is held in the middle of summer, when the thermometer may be standing at 105° or 106° in the shade.

Gordon took it into his head one evening to have a fit. He had wandered out of the room in an aimless sort of way, and so, as he did not come back, Ellerby went in search of him. He says, "I went outside, and called 'Gordon! Gordon!' but as nobody answered, I was coming in again. It was very dark, but I made out a sort of brown shadow in the gutter. I thought it

was a Chinaman, so I kicked it, and said, 'Shên mo?' ['What?'] It did not answer. Then I kicked it again, and said, 'Shui?' ['Who?']. Then I saw it was Gordon. He cannot have read much, can he? if he did not know what Shên-mo meant." After that we put Gordon to bed, and sat up to watch him. It is hungry work, watching in the small hours; so we decided to have supper, and ransacked Gordon's cupboard with that end in view. We found a ham, and some boxes of sardines, and other things, with bottled beer and whisky. Gordon was all right in a day or two; but he says it does not pay to have fits, especially if you are thinking of giving a picnic, and have laid in stores accordingly.

But to come back to our work. At the start all were the same, as the Chinese horn-book has it. Our teachers knew no English, and we soon found the value of such words as "just like" and "for instance." One man, some years ago, when about to be left alone for a few months, was asked by someone who thought him not altogether proficient in Pekingese, how he would manage? He answered, confidently enough, "Oh, I shall *pi-fang* ['for instance'] it through all right." And he probably did.

Our course was, as I have said, to a great extent laid down for us; but each man had his special *fáh-tzā*—his method of work. Not altogether rightly, perhaps, for, on the whole, it is better not to leave the beaten track. To bring your mind to bear in any way independently on the study of Chinese is to needlessly endanger it. For some time a growing fondness for

fál-tzäs on Duncan's part had given Ellerby great anxiety. One day, as he had seen nothing of Duncan for some time, he went round to his rooms. He found him bending over a saucepan, in which he was busily stirring something over the fire with a pair of chopsticks, muttering to himself the while. Ellerby said, "Hullo, Duncan ! what on earth are you up to now ? A new fáh-tzä ?" Duncan did not answer, but kept on stirring. Presently he murmured, "It will nearly do, now," and he fished out with one chop-sticks a sodden mass of pulp, that looked as though it might have been a book. Then he turned to Ellerby, and said, in a sad and subdued voice, "This was once the Elements of the philosopher Euclid, the symbol of hard materialistic fact. This"—and he took from the saucepan a second lump and held it up—"is a shred, a remnant. Before, it embodied the spirit of divine fancy. Then it was known as the *Idylls of the King*." Ellerby did not feel exactly cheerful ; but as Duncan seemed to expect some remark from him, he said encouragingly, "All right, old man ; go on." Duncan was gazing straight before him, with a far-away look in his eyes, and holding the dripping mass in each hand. He said, "Without these life exists not ; but man should drink of the essence of both. See, I have boiled them down ; and lo, the divine draught !" Here he snatched up the saucepan, and drank off its contents. Ellerby edged round to the door ; then, as Duncan began to wave the saucepan about, and to yell, he promptly slipped to the other side of it. He heard the saucepan crash against the panel ; then he turned the key, which

happened to be outside, and went for the escort men and an extemporised strait-waistcoat.

Later on in our reading, some of us used to engage professional story-tellers to come to our rooms and tell their tales. O'Hara, again, thought he was getting a little out of practice and ought to read aloud more; so he had his teacher in, and went through the "Hundred Lessons"—part of the *Tzŭ erh Chi*—as fast as he could. He noted the time, and afterwards took to reading against it with a stop-watch. The system, he thinks, is, on the whole, good, but distinctly dry; and too much beer, he is told, is bad for the liver.

O'Hara was a neat hand at map-making, and had a theory that the proper way to construct a map was to collect the latitude and longitude of as many places as possible, and then lay them down accordingly. He says he tried it with Korea. The first big town he fixed fell some hundred miles out to sea; but he was not discouraged, and decided that it was on an island. Then he got the bearings of the mouth of a river, and found that that lay a hundred and fifty miles or so from the nearest coast. After that he made several forcible remarks about his system, and gave up map-making for the time.

Our Examination was not, after all, a formidable affair; it erred, if anything, on the side of simplicity. But it was held in the height of summer, when even to hold the pen seemed to increase the heat we suffered from. Our paper-work was done in our own rooms, or in the Reception Hall of the Minister's residence. Here,

right opposite the entrance, is a life-size portrait of the Queen. (Dr. Rennie, in his *Peking and the Pekingese*, vol. i. p. 230, describes the excitement caused by its arrival.) While we were waiting for our examiner, a sudden desire seized Gordon to show his loyalty, after the custom of the country; so he dropped down in front of the portrait, and solemnly knocked his head nine times on the floor, kotowing in proper form. He seemed much inspirited by it, and had a feeling that he was now in some way under the special tutelage of Her Majesty, and could be trusted to floor the paper.

A few days after the result of the examination had been declared, a few of us received orders to go down South, as Acting Second Assistants at different ports. Then there was a bustle of packing-up, and a round of P. P. C. calls to be made. The visiting was done while the boy looked after one's things—there was no time to personally conduct both. We were obliged to leave others to arrange for the sale of our furniture, by auction or by private contract. Herington used to declare that, partly because he wished other people had done the same by him, and partly because he had no hope of selling it at its proper value, he meant to leave his furniture as a Bequest. It was not to be removed from the room under any pretence whatever, certainly not under any such frivolous pretence as a desire to have the floor scrubbed. He said that the places where great men had lived and thought should not be disturbed by mops and pails; the very dust should be held sacred. To add to the value of the Bequest, he

was prepared to affix his autograph to every article, and, provided Brown and Smith would give him credit, to have a brass plate fastened to the door, with an honorific inscription to himself and his many virtues, in English, Latin, and Chinese. Then, if O'Hara would paint on the lower panel, in his best German text, *Non omnis moriar*, he thought he might go down happy, to posterity and the Ports.

Gordon and I were among the first to leave, and we arranged (or he did ; he always, as he said, had to do the arranging in our joint expeditions) to send on the carts with our luggage to T'ungchow, to be placed on board the boats there, while we left by the Tung-pien Mên (the "East Wicket"), and went by canal to join them. He invited the friends who wished to see him off (to *sung* him, as we, following our teachers, used to call it) to breakfast at the "Princess's Tomb." A walled enclosure stands a little way back from the north bank of the canal that runs from T'ungchow to the city, and leading up to the entrance-gates (which are kept strictly locked) is an avenue of roughly-carved stone figures. Two large stone lions stand in front of the vestibule, one on each side. Six or seven of us rode down on ponies or donkeys to the East Wicket, and got on board one of the clumsy canal-boats moored to the bank near it. These in summer take the place of the winter sledges, or "beds," as the Chinese call them, that look like low tables on wooden runners, and get over the ground, or rather ice, at a tremendous pace. The boats are slow enough, as they are punted or pulled

along by men in whose lives an extra day or two is of no particular consequence.

It was still early morning when we pushed off, and the sun's rays lay level on the water or shone through green reeds on either shore. And so we paddled slowly on, till the city walls dropped out of sight. I do not think that I regretted then leaving them behind; the day was so fine, and, besides, we had just come to a lock, and were forced to tranship. A "lock" is rather a misnomer, for, though there are several levels between Peking and T'ungchow, at each of them there is now only a sluice, and no boats can be sent through. We got on board our second boat, and presently arrived at the Tomb, where we were joined by those who had ridden the whole way.

The boys were laying breakfast when we arrived, in the vestibule, on the pavement in front of the gates. There being no table, we had to lie on the stones, or extemporise seats out of hampers, while at a respectful distance (being kept off by our boys) stood a semi-circle of villagers and their children, gazing open-mouthed. We fed the youngsters and chaffed their fathers, and, when breakfast and speech-making were over, put the empty champagne-bottles on the top of the lions and potted them with brick-bats. Having thus given vent to our emotion, we felt equal to saying good-bye. Victor, who had an off-day, came with us; the rest went their several ways.

So we proceeded towards T'ungchow in a sufficiently lazy and pleasant manner, except for the nuisance of

having to tranship ourselves and our belongings at each weir, and bargain for a new boat to take us along the next level. I believe the Chinese have a system of through tickets, and get from Peking to T'ungchow by water cheaply and easily enough ; but we were strangers, and therefore, I suppose, they took us in. The canal is very pretty in parts, and nowhere, at least on a bright day, ugly, though its course is very straight, and the country around it very flat. As we came in sight of the Pagoda of T'ungchow, we found ourselves close to Pa-li Ch'iao, the bridge where the Chinese made their last stand in 1860, and whence the Comte de Palikao derived his title. How he came to spell it in that way I have never heard, for, extraordinary and eccentric as is the French system of transliterating Chinese characters, it is scarcely as bad as this. The only other title derived from a place in China is, as far as I know, that of Gough of Chinkiangfu, and there the spelling does, at any rate, approximate to the local pronunciation.

The water under the bridge looked so cool (for now the sun was hot upon the canal) that we had our boat brought up close to the arch, and stripped and plunged in. The inevitable villagers assembled on the bridge, meanwhile, and made audible remarks on our performance. Victor, who, though scarcely of age, has a great beard, of which he is not unjustly proud, was described as the "old-head," to his intense delight.

A Chinaman shaves beard and moustache till he is forty, and, judging from their scantiness, is wise in doing so, for, otherwise, he might not have them then.

Sung used to count the hairs on his upper lip with the aid of a small pocket-glass. He said that he had been growing a moustache for three years, and there were now nineteen hairs. His wife declared there were twenty-one; but she had better eyes than he. He thought the rate of progress very satisfactory. As a rule, he said, he admired the beards of Europeans, but sometimes they were too bushy, and the colour was not good. And, indeed, it seems rather a pity that a rigid rule has not been passed forbidding red-haired men to come to China, unless they will agree to dye. It is a cruelty to them. You might as well expect a green-haired man to walk down the Strand without attracting remarks from the City Arabs, as an Englishman with flame-coloured hair to pass unmolested in China. They probably will not heave half bricks at him (that is confined to our own Black Country), but they will use him to point the moral that the genuine English devil has hair like fire, and is not to be confounded with Parsees or Portuguese. And of all irritating things I know, the worst is to be pointed at as a boggy. The thing does not admit of argument; if you look like a boggy, to all intents and purposes you are one. The only thing to soothe your melancholy is, as of old, to dye.

As the Chinese resemble most other people in judging foreigners by themselves, a very callow moustache is sufficient to add twenty years or so to a European's age. They are equally unfortunate in distinguishing a man from a woman in a foreign picture. If only faces are given, they are often altogether at a loss; and even the dresses do not always help them, for in China, as

someone says, the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. But it seems to them most unreasonable that no difference of coiffure should necessarily distinguish a matron. My boy was very puzzled to know whom he should address as *ku-niung* (Miss) and whom as *t'ai-t'ai* (Madam). He carefully noticed how the ladies wore their hair, and, thinking that the youngest were most likely to be unmarried, settled the whole thing to his satisfaction. He was heard to explain to another boy that "after all, there was very little difference between the Chinese and the foreign fashions; the foreign girls wore their hair in a pig-tail, while the married women did it up in a top-knot."

It was past 5 o'clock when we drew near T'ungchow. The last reach of the canal is perfectly straight. On the right hand is the crumbling wall of the city; on the left, a bank overgrown with tall reeds. At the end of the vista so formed is the Pagoda, of thirteen storeys, and in front of the Pagoda trees overhang the water. Beyond is the landing-place, where a score or so of barges are moored. To reach the bank of the Peiho, and the house-boats we had ordered to be ready for us, we had to defile through a narrow lane, then trudge across the sandy common that is between the city walls and the river. We found our boats among a crowd of others, and stirred up the boys, and gave ourselves a dinner-tea. After this Victor left us, for his pony was waiting, and had to be ridden fast to reach Peking before the gates closed. Then our boatmen unmoored and pushed off into the stream.

So we began our journey southwards, and regretfully, perhaps, for many pleasant memories remained of those two years, but still with the feeling that this was the last of our pupilage, ended our

STUDENT LIFE AT PEKING.

N O T E.

PALEY objects to the title of this book. But it seemed necessary to have a title, and his suggestions I could not bring myself to approve. He was all for something sweet and mystic, after the fashion of "Sesame and Lilies," and he assured me that these elements were to be found in "Kaoliang and Cucumbers." I am not always able to follow Paley's reasonings, which are very subtle; but I was pained at the want of intelligence that refused to recognize the force and beauty, and general appropriateness of "Where Chineses drive." I turned out the passage in *Paradise Lost*—

On his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With wind and sail their cany wagons light—Bk. iii., 438.

but he was apathetic. I showed that this must refer to North China, because Chineses did not drive wagons, cany or otherwise, anyhow, anywhere else. He said I had not been there to see. I explained the almost

prophetic reference to Sung's coaching. Then he rose hurriedly, and said he would not countenance anything of that sort, and left. He was a very Egypt, a bruised reed, to lean upon in the matter of titles.

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